



U. S. Grant



Engd by A.B. Walker Phila.

W. T. Sherman

By the Press

THE
BLUE COATS,

AND HOW

THEY LIVED, FOUGHT AND DIED FOR THE UNION.

WITH SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

COMPRISING

NARRATIVES OF PERSONAL ADVENTURE, THRILLING INCIDENTS, DARING
EXPLOITS, HEROIC DEEDS, WONDERFUL ESCAPES, LIFE IN THE
CAMP, FIELD AND HOSPITAL, ADVENTURES OF SPIES AND
SCOUTS, TOGETHER WITH THE SONGS, BALLADS, ANECDOTES
AND HUMOROUS INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN TRUESDALE.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER 100 FINE PORTRAITS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

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desiring a copy should address the publishers, and an agent will call upon them.)

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J O N E S B R O T H E R S & C O.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern
District of Pennsylvania.

TO
THE SURVIVING
BLUE COATS

OF
THE ARMIES OF THE UNION

THIS
BOOK IS DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E .



AMONG the many productions which the late war has drawn forth, the editor has thought there is room for such a volume as this, which he now offers to the reader—a volume which shall present a full and complete picture of the various phases of the life of a soldier, his battles, marches, sufferings, and privations, and such instances of personal daring and adventure as shone forth conspicuously during the four years of our civil strife. He is well aware, that full justice cannot be done to those brave men who, on land and sea, carried the “Stars and Stripes” in triumph throughout the entire length and breadth of that portion of the Union so lately in arms against the General Government, but he hopes and believes that those who wore the glorious “blue coat,” will recognize the fidelity and truthfulness of the present volume, which aims solely to present to the country in a familiar and pleasant manner the claims of our heroes to the nation’s gratitude.

The selections herein embodied have been made carefully and faithfully from the current literature of the war, a task to which the editor has devoted considerable time and research. His aim has been to draw, from the mass before him, the most graphic and striking articles, those which would most forcibly recall, to the survivors of the army and navy, the stirring scenes through which they passed so bravely, which would depict most truthfully their fortitude and heroism in adversity, in the hospital and prison, and render the amplest justice to those who proved their faith by their deeds and now lie sleeping in the swamps and amid the pines of the South.

The book being devoted to such a purpose, it seemed but justice to give to it the title which it bears, a name now doubly dear to every true American heart.

J. T.

THIS work will be beautifully illustrated with groups of the following Naval and Military Heroes, and prominent Rebel Generals; and will contain an elegant full-page steel portrait of Lieutenant-General Grant, besides numerous fine engravings of battle-scenes, etc.

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PART I.

THE BLUE COATS, IN THE FIELD, THE CAMP, THE MARCH, AND THE BATTLE.

ADVENTURE OF A SPY.

I HAVE lately returned from the south, but my exact whereabouts in that region, for obvious reasons, it would not be politic to state. Suspected of being a northerner, it was often my advantage to court obscurity. Known as a spy, "a short shrift" and a ready rope would have prevented the blotting of this paper. Hanging, disguised, on the outskirts of a camp, mixing with its idlers, laughing at their jokes, examining their arms, counting their numbers, endeavoring to discover the plans of their leaders, listening to this party and pursuing that, joining in the chorus of a rebel song, betting on rebel success, cursing abolitionism, despising northern fighters, laughing at their tactics, and sneering at their weapons; praising the beauty of southern belles and decrying that of northern; calling New York a den of cut-throats and New Orleans a paradise of immaculate chivalry, is but a small portion of the practice of my profession as a spy. This may not seem honorable nor desirable. As to the

honor, let the country benefitted by the investigations and warnings of the spy be judge; and the danger, often incurred, is more serious and personal than that of the battle-field, which may, perhaps, detract from its desirability.

It was a dark night. Not a star on the glimmer. I had collected my quorem of intelligence, and was on the move for the northern lines. I was approaching the banks of a stream whose waters I had to cross, and had then some miles to traverse before I could reach the pickets of our gallant troops. A feeling of uneasiness began to creep over me; I was on the outskirts of a wood fringing the dark waters at my feet, whose presence could scarcely be detected but for their sullen murmurs as they rushed through the gloom. The wind sighed in gentle accordance. I walked forty or fifty yards along the bank. I then crept on all fours along the ground, and groped with my hands. I paused—I groped again—my breath thickened—perspiration oozed from every pore, and I was prostrated with horror. I had missed my landmark, and knew not where I was. Below or above, beneath the shelter of the bank, lay the skiff I had hidden ten days before, when I commenced my operations among the followers of Jeff Davis.

As I stood gasping for breath, with all the unmistakable proofs of my calling about me, the sudden cry of a bird, or plunging of a fish, would act like magnetism upon my frame, not wont to shudder at a shadow. No matter how pressing the danger may be, if a man sees an opportunity of escape he breathes with freedom. But let him be surrounded by darkness, impenetrable at two yards' distance, within rifle's length of concealed foes, for what knowledge he has to the contrary; knowing too, with painful certainty, the detection of his presence would reward him with a sudden and violent



HANCOCK

BALDY SMITH

WRIGHT

MEADE

HEINTZLEMAN

SICKLES

WARREN

W. H. L. & CO. N. Y.

death, and if he breathes no faster, he is more fitted for a hero than I am.

In the agony of that moment—in the sudden and utter helplessness I felt to discover my true bearings—I was about to let myself gently into the stream, and breast its current for life or death. There was no alternative. The northern pickets must be reached in safety before the morning broke, or I should soon swing between heaven and earth, from some green limb in the dark forest in which I stood.

At that moment the low, sullen bay of a bloodhound struck my ear. The sound was reviving—the fearful stillness broken. The uncertain dread flew before the certain danger. I was standing to my middle in the shallow bed of the river, just beneath the jutting banks. After a pause of a few seconds, I began to creep mechanically and stealthily down the stream, followed, as I knew, from the rustling of the grass and frequent breaking of twigs, by the insatiable brute; although, by certain uneasy growls, I felt assured he was at fault. Something struck against my breast. I could not prevent a slight cry from escaping me, as, stretching out my hand, I grasped the gunwale of a boat moored beneath the bank. Between surprise and joy I felt half choked.

In an instant I had scrambled on board, and began to search for the painter in the bow, in order to cast her from her fastenings. Suddenly a bright ray of moonlight—the first gleam of hope in that black night—fell directly on the spot, revealing the silvery stream, my own skiff (hidden there ten days before), lighting the deep shadows of the verging wood, and, on the log half buried in the bank, and from which I had that instant cast the line that had bound me to it, the supple form of the crouching bloodhound, his red eyes gleaming in the moonlight, jaws distended, and

poising for the spring. With one dart the light skiff was yards out in the stream, and the savage after it. With an oar I aimed a blow at his head, which, however, he eluded with ease. In the effort thus made, the boat careened over toward my antagonist, who made a desperate effort to get his fore paws over the side, at the same time seizing the gunwale with his teeth. Now or never was my time. I drew my revolver, and placed the muzzle between his eyes, but hesitated to fire, for that one report might bring on me a volley from the shore. Meantime the strength of the dog careened the frail craft so much that the water rushed over the side, threatening to swamp her. I changed my tactics, threw my revolver into the bottom of the skiff, and grasping my "Bowie," keen as a Malay creese, and glittering as I released it from the sheath, like a moonbeam on the stream. In an instant I had severed the sinewy throat of the hound, cutting through brawn and muscle to the nape of the neck. The tenacious wretch gave a wild, convulsive leap half out of the water, then sank and was gone. Five minutes' pulling landed me on the other side of the river, and in an hour after I was among friends within the northern lines.



"SET 'EM UP ON T'OTHER ALLEY."

AT Antietam our boys (one hundred and seventh New York volunteers), supported Cothorn's battery. The rebels advanced in a solid mass. One of our boys, a sporting character from Elmira, climbed a high rock, where he could view the whole scene. He occupied his place unmindful of the bullets whizzing like bees around him. The rebels came on

until we could see their faces, and then Cothorn poured the canister into them. The advancing column was literally torn to pieces by the fire. Our friend on the rock grew frantic in his demonstrations of delight, and as one of the battery sections sent a shrapnell which mowed down a long line of Johnnies, he swung his cap, and shouting so that the flying rebels could have heard him, sung out: "Bul-l-l-ee! *Set 'em up on t'other alley!*"



A CONTRABAND INCIDENT.

ONE of the Anderson Zouaves relates the following incident as having come under his observation:—

We were scouting one day in Alabama, when in a remote field we found a negro man and woman ploughing with a good horse. We paused, and the ploughers gazed at us with the greatest curiosity. I never saw a more thoroughly astonished individual. It was evidently his first sight at Yankee soldiers.

"Well, boy, won't you come along with us?" I said.

"De Lawd bless's—mars's, is you really de Fed'ral's?"

"That's it, old fellow."

"De rale Linkum sojers?"

"Exactly."

"De kind as wants counterbans?"

"Identically."

Here he proceeded with great deliberation to unhitch his horse from the plough. Gathering up divers small objects, that nothing might be lost, he slung himself on his steed, and cried over his shoulder, to his amazed work-fellow:—

"Good-by, M'ria. I'se off!"

And off he rode, stared at by "M'ria," whose eyes gazed after him in utter and complete bewilderment—"like the grandmother of all the owls when she first saw sunshine."



THE BADGE OF THE FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

THE troops from the Army of the Potomac, sent to join the army of the Cumberland, carried with them various ornamental habits and customs that were new to the western soldiers. Among them was the corps badge, which designated the corps to which officers and men were attached. For instance, the badge of the eleventh corps is a crescent, that of the twelfth a star. The badge is made of any material—gold, silver, or red flannel—and is worn conspicuously on some part of the clothing. The western corps had no such badge. How an Irishman explained the matter is thus told: A soldier came by the headquarters of General Butterfield—a tired, weather-beaten straggler. He was one of those who made Sherman's march from Memphis to Chattanooga, thence to Knoxville, and was now returning in the terrible cold of that returning march, thinly clad, one foot covered with a badly worn army shoe, the other with a piece of raw hide bound with strings about a sockless foot—both feet cut and bleeding. "Arms at will," he trudged past the headquarters' guard, intent only upon overtaking his regiment.

"Halt," said a sentinel with a bright piece, clean uniform, and white gloves. "What do you belong to?"

"Eighth Misshoory, sure."

"What division?"

"Morgan L. Smith's, av coorse."

"What brigade?"

"Giles Smith's second brigade of the second division."

"But what army corps?"

"The fifteenth, you fool. I am one of the heroes of Vicksburg. Any thing more, Mr. Sentinel?"

"Where is your badge?"

"My badge, is it? What is that?"

"Do you see this star on my cap? That is the badge of the twelfth corps. That crescent on my partner's cap is the badge of the eleventh corps."

"I see now. That's how yez Potomic fellers gits home of dark nights. Ye takes the moon and the shtars with ye."

"But what is the badge of your corps?"

Making a round about, and slapping his cartridge-box, our soldier replied, "D'ye see that? A cartridge-box, with a U. S. on a brash plate, and forty rounds in the cartridge-box, and sixty rounds in our pockets. That's the badge of the fifteenth, that came from Vicksburg to help ye fight Chattanooga."



PICKET REPARTEE AT VICKSBURG.

THE richness of rebel repartee and fecundity of Federal fun during the long and familiar *vis a vis* at Vicksburg is pretty well illustrated in the following verbatim colloquy:—

Rebel Picket.—What are you men doing over there?

Union Picket.—Guarding about twenty to thirty thousand rebels in and about Vicksburg. Guarding your army as prisoners, and *making you board yourselves*.

Reb.—Why, you — fools, Pemberton has a strong line of guards for the same purpose.

Reb.—How's Hooker? He had to recross the river, did he not?

Fed.—Yes, but he was not as big a fool as your general was. He did not burn the bridges before his men all got across!

Reb.—What do you think of the gunboat Cincinnati?

Fed.—Gunboat? Why, don't you know the difference between a gunboat and a hay-rack?

Reb.—(just in the act of throwing a hand-grenade)—Antn'y, over!

Fed.—(in the act of hurling it back)—Look out for the skilletts and camp-kettles!

Fed.—(addressing a rebel lieutenant of artillery)—Where's your gun?

Reb.—Turned it over to Grant at the Big Black, and I guess it's now in active service, by the way it plays into these works.

Reb.—Why don't you come and take Vicksburg?

Fed.—Oh, we're in no particular hurry. General Grant is not yet ready to transfer you north.

Reb.—(boastingly)—We've got a lot of your — old flags over here.

Fed.—Have you, though? You'd better make shirts of 'em, for they'd look better'n that butternut.

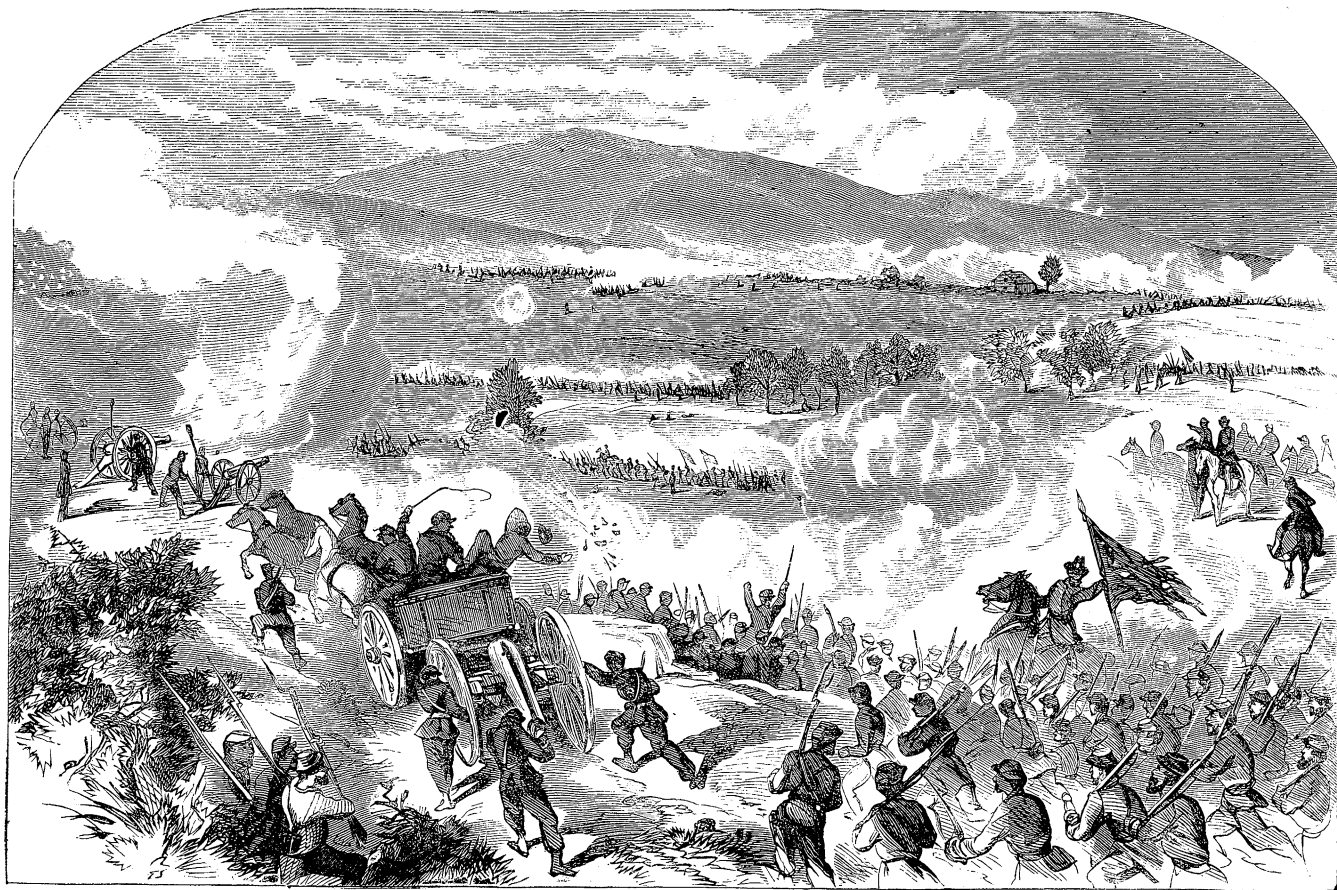
Reb.—(in a husky voice)—I want to trade some corn-meal for some coffee.

Fed.—What did you say?

Reb.—(louder)—Won't you trade some coffee for some corn-meal?

Fed.—You'd better get some coffee, or something else, for you've eat corn-meal till you can't talk plain.

Reb.—When are you going to make a change?



Battle of Gettysburg.

Fed.—Oh, in about two years. We are in no hurry—are living fine over here—have a pleasant place, and ammunition to last us the rest of the time.

AN OLD WOMAN'S WELCOME TO THE FLAG.

A CORRESPONDENT at Monticello, Kentucky, speaking of the manner in which the people received the national troops in the advance on that place, says, "One old lady, a mile beyond this place, said, as she saw the columns rushing on after the rebels, 'When I seed that old flag comin', I jist throwed my old bonnet on the ground and stomped it.'"

ROBBERY BY MISTAKE.

Two ladies, while General McClellan was at dinner at the Massasoit House, Springfield, Massachusetts, on his passage through that city, ventured to rob a military cap, which they supposed to be the general's, of both its buttons, tearing them out in a very unfeminine manner, to be preserved as mementoes of that military chieftain. The mortification of their feelings and the redness of their faces can only be imagined when one of the aids, carelessly, as usual, put on the mutilated cap, and the general put on his own, which was intact. Those buttons were *not* preserved, but the story has been—being told much oftener than was agreeable to the eager but disappointed curiosity-hunters.

A BLUE COAT IN LUCK.

WHEN the Federal troops made one of their raids into the State of Mississippi, in pursuit of Chalmers' forces, one of the privates of the Seventh Iowa Infantry, while excavating the ruins of an old house, for the purpose of fixing a bed for the night, suddenly struck upon a bottle, which, on being brought to light and examined, was found to exhibit the refreshing spectacle of seventy dollars in silver coin. Amazed at his un-dreamed-of good luck, he determined to follow the "lead," which soon changed from silver into gold—for, upon further digging, he turned up the glorious sum of seven hundred and eighty dollars in massive gold. A large and precious haul indeed for a "hard-up" soldier in an enemy's land. It had probably been deposited there for safe keeping by some of the "natives," who ludicrously expected it could thus escape a "Yankee's" scent.



A SPARTAN BOY.

AT the battle of Winchester a young soldier was detailed for duty in guarding army property. He stood to his post until about the time his regiment made its famous charge, when he "made a break" for that regiment, joined it, and helped in the two desperate charges that decided the day. The young soldier was brought before a court-martial, and he came up with tears streaming down his face, and between sobs said: "You may shoot me if you must, but 'dad' told me, on leaving home, that when there was any fighting going on I must be in the thickest, and I was. Now, if you

want your 'stuff' guarded when there is a fight, somebody besides me must do it." The boy "Alex," of Bedford, was let off on that plea, and ever after proved one of the best soldiers in his regiment.



VILLIAM AND HIS HAVELOCK.

THE members of the Mackerel Brigade, says the inimitable Orpheus C. Kerr, now stationed on Arlington Heights, to watch the movements of the Potomac, which is expected to rise shortly, desire me to thank the ladies of America for supplies of havelocks and other delicacies of the season just received. The havelocks, my boy, are rather roomy, and we took them for shirts at first; and the shirts are so narrow-minded that we took them for havelocks. If the women of America could manage to get a little less linen into the collars of the latter, and a little more into the other department of the graceful "garment," there would be fewer colds in this division of the Grand Army. The havelocks, as I have said before, are roomy—very roomy, my boy. Villiam Brown, of company G, put one on last night when he went on sentry duty, and looked like a broomstick in a pillow-case, for all the world. When the officer came round, and caught sight of Villiam in his havelock, he was struck dumb with admiration for a moment. Then he ejaculated:

"What a splendid moonbeam!"

Villiam made a movement, and the sergeant came up.

"What's that white object?" says the officer to the sergeant. "Thunder!" roared the officer; "tell him to go to his tent, and take off that nightgown."

"You're mistaken," says the sergeant; "the sentry is William Brown, in his havelock, which was made by the women of America."

The officer was so justly exasperated at his mistake, that he went immediately to his head-quarters and took the oath three times running, with a little sugar.

The oath is very popular, my boy, and comes in bottles. I take it medicinally myself.

The shirts made by the ladies of America are noble articles, as far down as the collar, but would not do to use as an only garment. Captain Mortimer de Montague, of the skirmish squad, put one on when he went to the President's reception, and the collar stood up so high that he couldn't put his cap on, while the other department didn't reach quite to his waist. His appearance at the White House was picturesque and interesting, and as he entered the drawing-room, General Scott remarked, very feelingly :

"Ah! here comes one of the wounded heroes."

"He's not wounded, general," remarked an officer standing by.

"Then why is his head bandaged up so?" asked the venerable veteran.

"O," says the officer, "that's only one of the shirts made by the patriotic women of America."

In about five minutes after this conversation I saw the venerable veteran and the wounded hero at the office taking the oath together.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

ON receipt of the notice from Washington of the purpose of the Government to provision Sumter—peaceably if it could, forcibly if it must—General Beauregard telegraphed the purport to Montgomery, and received in reply from Secretary Walker, on the 10th of April, an order to demand at once the evacuation of the fort, and, in case of refusal, to proceed to reduce it. The demand was not made, however, till two o'clock, P. M., of the 11th, when time was allowed Major Anderson till six o'clock to answer. Major Anderson replied that "his sense of honor and his obligations to his Government prevented his compliance."

At one o'clock on the morning of the 12th, Major Anderson received another communication from Beauregard, stating that, as he understood the garrison was short of provisions and would soon have to evacuate, he wished him to set a day when he would do so. Major Anderson, on consultation with his officers, replied, "Provided Fort Sumter or the flag it bore was not fired on, he would be obliged to evacuate by Monday, the 15th." But it did not suit the purpose of the Rebels to wait. They had made great preparations to bombard the fort; "a blow must be struck to fire the Southern heart," as Pryor had said; and they were too eager for the fray, not to prefer force to evacuation. After a few moments' consideration, Beauregard's deputies informed Major Anderson that the batteries would open their fires in one hour. Thereupon, they immediately left the fort, it being then 3:30 A. M., and in one hour it commenced.

After the deputation had left, the sentinels were immediately removed from the parapets of the fort, the posterns

closed, the flag drawn up, and the troops ordered not to leave the bomb-proofs, on any account, till summoned by the drum.

At 4:30 A. M., one bomb-shell was thrown, bursting directly over the fort. After a short pause, the firing became general on the part of the Rebel batteries, doing the greatest credit to the artillerists. The command did not return a single shot until the men had their breakfasts. As the number of men was small, and the garrison so nearly exhausted by the several months' siege they had endured, it was necessary to husband their strength; the command was therefore divided into three relief, or equal parties, who were to work the different batteries by turns, each four hours.

The first relief opened upon the iron batteries at Cummings' Point, at a distance of sixteen hundred yards; the iron floating battery, distant eighteen hundred or two thousand yards, at the end of Sullivan's Island; the enfilading battery on Sullivan's Island, and Fort Moultrie. This was at seven o'clock A. M., Captain Doubleday firing the first gun; all the points named being opened upon simultaneously. For the first four hours, the firing was kept up with great rapidity; the enthusiasm of the men, indeed, was so great, that the second and third reliefs could not be kept from the guns.

Shells burst with the greatest rapidity, in every portion of the work, hurling the loose brick and stone in all directions, breaking the windows and setting fire to whatever wood-work they burst against. The solid shot firing of the enemy's batteries—particularly Fort Moultrie—was directed at the barbette guns of Sumter, disabling four and tearing away a large portion of the parapet.

The explosion of shells, and the quantity of deadly mis-

siles that were hurled in every direction, constantly, rendered it almost certain death to go out of the lower tier of casements ; and also made the working of the barbette, or upper, uncovered guns, which contained all the heaviest metals, and by which alone shells could be thrown, quite impossible. During the first day there was hardly an instant of time that there was a cessation of the whizzing of balls, which were sometimes coming half a dozen at once. Before dinner, several vessels of the fleet, beyond the bar, were seen through the port-holes ; they dipped their flags, but it was impracticable to pass the bar ; Sumter's flag was dipped in return, while the shells were bursting in every direction.

About noon the cartridges were exhausted, and a party was sent to the magazine to make more out of blankets and shirts, the sleeves of the latter readily answering the purpose. The great misfortune was, nothing for weighing powder.

When it became so dark as to render it impossible to see the effect of their shot, the port-holes were closed for the night ; while the Rebels continued to fire all night.

During Friday, seventeen mortars, firing ten-inch shell, and thirty-three heavy guns, mostly columbiads, were engaged in the assault. The iron battery was of immense strength, and most of our shot struck and glanced off. We succeeded in dismounting two of the guns on Cummings' Point battery ; but the full effect of our firing could not be ascertained.

During the day the officers' barracks were three times set on fire by the shells, and three times put out, under the most destructive firing.

The firing of the rifled guns from the iron battery on Cummings' Point, became very accurate on Friday afternoon : cutting out large quantities of masonry about the embrasures

at every shot, throwing concrete among the cannoniers, slightly wounding some, and stunning others. One piece struck Sergeant Kearnan on the head and knocked him down. On reviving and being asked if he was badly hurt, he replied: "No; I was only knocked down temporarily:" and went to work again.

Meals were served at the guns of the cannoniers, while the guns were being pointed and fired.

For the fourth time, the barracks were set on fire, early on Saturday morning, and attempts were made to put out the fire; but, on account of the rapidity with which hot shot were being thrown into the fort, it was found impossible to check the conflagration.

As many of the garrison as could be spared were set to work to remove the powder from the magazines. This was desperate work, as they had to roll the barrels of powder through the fire. Ninety barrels were thus got out, when the heat became so great as to make it impossible to get out any more.

The doors were then closed and locked, and the fire spread and became general. The wind so directed the smoke as to fill the fort so full that the men could not see each other, and were nearly suffocated with hot air. Soon they were obliged to cover their faces with wet cloths, in order to get along at all, so dense was the smoke and so scorching the heat.

After the barracks were well on fire, the Rebel batteries increased the rapidity of their cannonading upon Fort Sumter. About this time, the shells and ammunition in the upper service magazines exploded, scattering the towers and upper portions of the building in every direction.

The crash of the beams, the roar of the flames, the rapid explosion of the shells, and the shower of fragments of the

fort, with the blackness of the smoke, made the scene indescribably terrific and grand.

This continued for several hours. Meanwhile, the main gates were burned down, the chassis of the barbette guns were burned away on the gorge, and the upper portions of the towers had been demolished by shells.

The fire spread to the men's quarters, on the right hand and on the left, and endangered the powder which had been taken out of the magazines. The men went through the fire and covered the barrels with wet cloths; but the danger of the fort's blowing up became so imminent, that they were obliged to throw the barrels out through the embrasures. All but four barrels were thus disposed of, and those four remaining were wrapped in wet blankets. But three cartridges were left, and those were in the guns. While this was being done, all the guns of Moultrie and the batteries were worked with increased vigor.

The flag-staff of Fort Sumter was now shot down, some fifty feet from the truck, being the ninth time it had been struck by shot. The men cried out "The flag is down! it has been shot away!" and in an instant Lieutenant Hall rushed forward and brought the flag away. It was then nailed to the staff and planted upon the ramparts, while batteries in every direction were playing upon them.

Ex-Senator Wigfall now appeared at an embrasure, with a white handkerchief upon the end of a sword, and begged admittance. He asked to see Major Anderson, and was told that he was at the main gate; but he crawled in through the embrasure, paying no attention to what had been told him.

He was met by Captain Foster, Lieutenant Mead and Lieutenant Davis, to whom he said: "I wish to see Major Anderson. I am General Wigfall, and come from General

Beauregard;" adding, in an excited manner, "Let us stop this firing. You are on fire and your flag is down. Let us quit."

Lieutenant Davis replied; "No, sir, our flag is not down. Step out here and you will see it waving over the ramparts."

"Let us quit this," said Wigfall. "Here's a white flag; will anybody wave it out of the embrasure?"

One of the officers replied: "That is for you to do, if you choose."

Wigfall responded: "If there is no one else to do it, I will;" and jumping into the embrasure, waved it toward Moultrie.

The firing still continued from Moultrie and the batteries of Sullivan's Island. In answer to Wigfall's request that one of our men might hold the flag, Corporal Binghurst jumped into the embrasure; but, the shot continuing to strike all around him, after waving the flag a few moments, he jumped down again, saying: "Damn it, they don't respect this flag; they are firing at it."

Wigfall replied: "They fired at me two or three times, and I should think that you might stand it once."

Wigfall then said: "If you will show a white flag from your ramparts, they will cease firing."

Lieutenant Davis replied: "If you request that a flag shall be shown there, while you hold a conference with Major Anderson, and for that purpose only, it may be done."

At this point, the Major came up. Wigfall said: "I am General Wigfall, and come from General Beauregard, who wishes to stop this."

Major Anderson replied: "Well, sir?"

"Major Anderson," said Wigfall, "you have defended your flag nobly, sir. You have done all that it was possible



for men to do; and General Beauregard wishes to stop the fight. On what terms, Major Anderson, will you *evacuate* this fort?"

Major Anderson replied: "General Beauregard knows my only terms."

"Do I understand that you will evacuate upon the terms proposed the other day?"

"Yes, sir, and on those conditions only;" was the reply of the major.

"Then, sir," said Wigfall, "I understand, major, that the fort is to be ours?"

"On those conditions only, I repeat."

"Very well," said Wigfall, and retired.

Shortly after his departure, the staff of General Beauregard approached the fort with a white flag, saying that they came from General Beauregard, who had observed that the flag had been down and raised again soon afterward, and had sent over desiring to know if he could render any assistance, as he had observed that the fort was on fire.

Major Anderson, in replying, requested them to thank General Beauregard, on his behalf, for his offer, but it was too late, as he had just agreed with General Beauregard for an evacuation. The gentlemen were surprised, and asked with whom? Major Anderson, observing that something was wrong, remarked that General Wigfall, who had just left, had represented himself as the aid of General Beauregard, and that he had come to make the proposition. They replied that Wigfall had not been with General Beauregard for two days. Major Anderson then stated that General Wigfall's offer, and its acceptance, had placed him in a peculiar position. They then requested him to put in writing what Wigfall had said to him, and they would lay it before Beauregard.

Before this reached Beuregard, he sent his adjutant-general to say that the terms had been accepted, and that he would send the Isabel, or any other vessel at his command, to convey Major Anderson and the troops to any port in the United States that he might elect.

The evacuation took place on Sunday afternoon, April 14th, after the burial, with military honors, of private Hough, who had been killed by the bursting of a gun.

It was a painful sight to all, to see the stars and stripes finally hauled down; but we felt that we had done our duty and must submit. The fort was not surrendered, but *evacuated*, almost on our own terms, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting our flag with fifty guns.

Major Anderson and his brave band shipped on board the Baltic, Captain Fletcher, for New York, where they arrived on the Thursday following. Thus ended the second act in the Great Rebellion drama.

O star-spangled banner, the flag of our pride !
Though tempted by traitors, and basely defied,
Fling out to the glad winds your red, white and blue,
For the heart of the North-land is beating for you !

AN ARMY SCENE.

STEPPING to my door one evening, to take a view of the varied life of Market Street, I saw a refreshing spectacle. Coming down the centre of that broad thoroughfare, with musket at right shoulder shift, head bent slightly forward, and the step and air of a veteran, was a negro boy of about

twenty years, wearing the army blue. Following behind, crowding close up around, and in a line extending far behind him, were about two hundred officers and soldiers of the so-called Confederate States army. On passed the colored sergeant—such was his rank—and onward crowded and followed the late southern warriors. Not another guard about them, not another menacing bayonet in sight. The gleam of the negro's bayonet told them of rations and quarters ahead, and of danger behind. I saw him pass on with his charge, never looking behind him, yet losing none, until he handed them over to the authorities at the military prison, from which they were next day paroled.—*Letter from a Soldier.*

PETS IN THE ARMY.

THE following shows that nature is the same in the army as out of it:—

“They have the strangest pets in the army, that nobody would dream of ‘taking to’ at home, and yet they are little touches of the gentler nature that give you some such cordial feelings, when you see them, as I am told residents of Bourbon County, Kentucky, habitually experience at so much a gallon! One of the boys has carried a red squirrel, through ‘thick and thin,’ over a thousand miles. ‘Bun’ eats hard tack like a veteran, and has the freedom of the tent. Another’s affections overflow upon a slow-winking, unspeculative little owl, captured in Arkansas, and bearing a name with a classical smack to it—Minerva. A third gives his heart to a young Cumberland Mountain bear. But chief

pets among camp pets are dogs. Riding on the saddle-bow, tucked into a baggage-wagon, mounted on a knapsack, growling under a gun, are dogs, brought to a premature end as to ears and tails, and yellow at that; pug-nosed, square-headed brutes, sleek terriers, delicate morsels of spaniels, 'Tray, Blanche, Sweetheart, little dogs and all.' A dog, like a horse, comes to love the rattle and crash of musket and cannon. There was one in an Illinois regiment, and I rather think regarded as belonging to it, though his name may not be on the muster-roll, that chases half-spent shot as a kitten frolics with a ball of worsted. He has been under fire, and twice wounded, and left the tip of his tail at the battle of Stone River. Woe to the man that shall wantonly kill him. But I was especially interested in the fortunes of a little white spaniel that messed with a battery, and delighted in the name of 'Dot.' No matter what was up, that fellow's silken coat must be washed every day; and there was need of it, for when the battery was on the march they just plunged him into the sponge-bucket—not the tidiest chamber imaginable—that swings like its more peaceful cousin, the tar-bucket, under the rear axle of the gun-carriage—plumped into that, clapped on the cover, and Dot was good for an inside passage. One day the battery crossed a stream, and the water came well up to the guns. Nobody thought of Dot, and when all across, a gunner looked into the bucket; it was full of water, and Dot was as dead as a dirty door-mat."

A CONTRABAND INCIDENT.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Munfordville, Kentucky, gives the following:—

“While on the other side of the river, my attention was attracted to a quiet group coming up the hill. First were two intelligent-looking contrabands, next a little ‘go-cart,’ drawn by a mule, in which was a female slave and about a dozen little negroes, carefully wrapped in sundry and divers coats. An Uncle Tom sort of a chap, with a Miss Dinah, brought up the rear. As they came by I addressed Tom :

“‘Well, uncle, where did your party come from?’

“‘We’s from de town, dar, sah.’

“‘And where are you going?’

“‘Gwine home, sah.’

“‘Then you do not live in the village?’

“‘No; we lib right ober yonder, ’bout a mile; de secesh druv us from home.’

“‘Ah! well, now stop a minute, and tell me all about it.’

“‘Dat I do, sure, massa. Jim [to the leader of the mule-cart], you go on wid de wagon, an’ I kotch you fore you gits home. Now, I tells you, massa, all about ’um. My massa am Union, an’ so is all de niggers. Yesterday, massa wor away in de town, an’ de firs’ ting we know, ’long come two or free hundred ob dem seceshers, on horses, an’ lookin’ like cutfroats. Golly, but de gals wor scared. Jus’ right back ob us wor de Union soldiers—God bless ’um [reverentially], for dey keep de secesh from killin’ nigger. De gals know dat, an’ when dey see de secesh comin’ dey pitch de little nigger in de go-cart, an’ den we all broke for de Union soldiers.’”

“‘So you are not afraid of the Union soldiers?’

“‘God bless you, massa, nebber. Nigger gets ahind dem

Union soldiers, secesh nebber gets 'um. Secesh steal nigger—
Union man nebber steal 'um. Dat's a fac', massa.'

“And, with a smile on his face, the clever old darky bade me good morning, and trotted on after the go-cart.”



ON THE CHICKAHOMINY.

THE Confederates had been waiting two months for McClellan's advance. Emboldened by his delay they had gathered the whole of their available strength from remote Tennessee, from the Mississippi, and from the coast, until, confident and powerful, they crossed Meadow Bridge on the 26th of June, 1862, and drove in our right wing at Mechanicsville. The Reserves of General McCall were stationed here; they made a wavering resistance,—wherein four companies of Bucktails were captured bodily,—and fell back at nightfall upon Porter's corps, at Gaines's Mill. Fitz John Porter commanded the brigades of Generals Sykes and Morrell,—the former made up solely of regulars. He appeared to have been ignorant of the strength of the attacking party, and he telegraphed to McClellan, early on Thursday evening, that he required no reinforcements, and that he could hold his ground. The next morning he was attacked in front and flank; Stewart's cavalry fell on his right, and turned it at Old Church. He formed at noon in a new line of battle, from Gaines's House, along the Mill Road to New Coal Harbor; but stubbornly persisted in the belief that he could not be beaten. By three o'clock he had been driven back two miles, and all his energies were unavailing to recover a foot of ground. He hurled lancers and cavalry upon the masses

of Jackson and the Hills, but the butternut infantry formed impenetrable squares, hemmed in with rods of steel, and as the horsemen galloped around them, searching for pervious points, they were swept from their saddles with volleys of musketry. He directed the terrible fire of his artillery upon them, but, though the gray footmen fell in heaps, they steadily advanced, closing up the gaps, and their lines were like long stretches of blaze and ball. Their fire never slackened nor abated. They loaded and moved forward, column on column, like so many immortals that could not be vanquished. The scene from the balloon, as Lowe informed me, was awful beyond all comparison,—of puffing shells, and shrieking shrapnel, with volleys that shattered the hills, and filled the air with deathly whispers. Infantry, artillery, and horse, turned the Federal right, from time to time, and to preserve their order of battle the whole line fell back toward Grapevine Bridge. At five o'clock, Slocum's division of volunteers crossed the creek from the south side, and made a desperate dash upon the solid columns of the Confederates. At the same time, Toombs's Georgia brigade charged Smith's redoubt from the south side, and there was a probability of the whole of both armies engaging before dark.

My fever of body had so much relinquished to my fever of mind, that at three o'clock I called for my horse, and determined to cross the bridge, that I might witness the battle.

It was with difficulty that I could make my way along the narrow corduroy, for hundreds of wounded were limping from the field to the safe side, and ammunition wagons were passing the other way, driven by reckless drivers who should have been blown up momentarily. Before I had

reached the north side of the creek, an immense throng of panic stricken people came surging down the slippery bridge. A few carried muskets, but I saw several wantonly throw their pieces into the flood, and as the mass were unarmed, I inferred that they had made similar dispositions. Fear, anguish, cowardice, despair, disgust, were the predominant expressions of the upturned faces. The gaunt trees, towering from the current, cast a solemn shadow upon the moving throng, and as the evening dimness was falling around them, it almost seemed that they were engulfed in some cataract. I reined my horse close to the side of a team, that I might not be borne backward by the crowd; but some of the lawless fugitives seized him by the bridle, and others attempted to pull me from the saddle.

"Gi' up that hoss!" said one, "what business you got wi' a hoss?"

"That's my critter, and I am in for a ride; so you get off!" said another.

I spurred my pony vigorously with the left foot, and with the right struck the man at the bridle under the chin. The thick column parted left and right, and though a howl of hate pursued me, I kept straight to the bank, cleared the swamp, and took the military route parallel with the creek, toward the nearest eminence. At every step of the way I met wounded persons. A horseman rode past me, leaning over his pommel, with blood streaming from his mouth and hanging in gouts from his saturated beard. The day had been intensely hot and black boys were besetting the wounded with buckets of cool lemonade. It was a common occurrence for the couples that carried the wounded on stretchers to stop on the way, purchase a glass of the beverage, and drink it. Sometimes the blankets on the stretchers were closely folded,

and then I knew that the man within was dead. A little fellow, who used his sword for a cane, stopped me on the road, and said—

“See yer! This is the ball that ’jes fell out o’ my boot.”

He handed me a lump of lead as big as my thumb, and pointed to a rent in his pantaloons, whence the drops rolled down his boots.

“I wouldn’t part with that for suthin’ handsome,” he said; “it’ll be nice to hev to hum.”

As I cantered away he shouted after me—

“Be sure you spell my name right! It’s Smith, with an E’—S-M-I-T-H-E.”

In one place I met five drunken men escorting a wounded sergeant; the latter had been shot in the jaw, and when he attempted to speak, the blood choked his articulation.

“You let go him, pardner,” said one of the staggering brutes, “he’s not your sergeant. Go way!”

“Now, sergeant,” said the other, idiotically, “Ill see you all right, sergeant. Come, Bill, fetch him over to the corner-crib and we’ll give him a drink.”

Here the first speaker struck the second, and the sergeant, in wrath, knocked them both down. All this time the enemy’s cannon were booming close at hand.

I came to an officer of rank, whose shoulder-emblem I could not distinguish, riding upon a limping field-horse. Four men held him to his seat, and a fifth led the animal. The officer was evidently wounded, though he did not seem to be bleeding, and the dust of battle had settled upon his blanched, stiffening face, like grave-mould upon a corpse. He was swaying in the saddle, and his hair—for he was bare-headed—shook across his white eyeballs. He reminded me of the famous Cid, whose body was sent forth to scare the Saracens.

A mile or more from Grapevine Bridge, on a hill-top, lay a frame farm-house, with cherry trees encircling it, and along the declivity of the hill were some cabins, corn-sheds, and corn-bins. The house was now a surgeon's headquarters, and the wounded lay in the yard and lane, under the shade, waiting their turns to be hacked and maimed. I caught a glimpse through the door, of the butchers and their victims; some curious people were peeping through the windows at the operation. As the processions of freshly wounded went by, the poor fellows, lying on their backs, looked mutely at me, and their great eyes smote my heart.

Something has been written in the course of the war upon straggling from the ranks, during battle. But I have seen nothing that conveys an adequate idea of the number of cowards and idlers that so stroll off. In this instance, I met squads, companies, almost regiments of them. Some came boldly along the road; others skulked in woods, and made long detours to escape detection; a few were composedly playing cards, or heating their coffee, or discussing the order and consequences of the fight. The rolling drums, the constant clatter of file and volley-firing—nothing could remind them of the requirements of the time and their own infamy. Their appreciation of duty and honor seemed to have been forgotten; neither hate, ambition, nor patriotism could force them back; but when the columns of mounted provosts charged upon them, they sullenly resumed their muskets and returned to the field. At the foot of the hill to which I have referred the ammunition wagons lay in long lines, with the horses' heads turned from the fight. A little beyond stood the ambulances; and between both sets of vehicles, fatigue-parties were going and returning to and from the field. At the top of the next hill sat many of the

Federal batteries, and I was admonished by the shriek of shells that passed over my head and burst far behind me, that I was again to look upon carnage and share the perils of the soldier.

The question at once occurred to me: Can I stand fire? Having for some months penned daily paragraphs relative to death, courage, and victory, I was surprised to find that those words were now unusually significant. "Death" was a syllable to me before; it was a whole dictionary now. "Courage" was natural to every man a week ago; it was rarer than genius to-day. "Victory" was the first word in the lexicon of youth yesterday noon; "discretion" and "safety" were at present of infinitely more consequence. I resolved, notwithstanding these qualms, to venture to the hill-top: but at every step fitting projectiles took my breath. The music of the battle-field, I have often thought, should be introduced in opera. Not the drum, the bugle, or the fife, though these are thrilling, after their fashion; but the music of modern ordnance and projectile, the beautiful whistle of the minnie-ball, the howl of shell that makes unearthly havoc with the air, the whiz-z-z of solid shot, the chirp of bullets, the scream of grape and canister, the yell of immense conical cylinders, that fall like redhot stoves and spout burning coals.

All these passed over, beside, beneath, before, behind me. I seemed to be an invulnerable something at whom some cunning juggler was tossing steel, with an intent to impinge upon, not to strike him. I rode like one with his life in his hand, and so far as I remember, seemed to think of nothing. No fear, *per se*; no regret, no adventure; only expectancy. It was the expectancy of a shot, a choking, a loud cry, a stiffening, a dead, dull tumble, a quiver, and—blindness.

But with this was mingled a sort of enjoyment, like that of the daring gamester, who has played his soul and is waiting for the decision of the cards. I felt all his suspense, *more* than his hope; and withal, there was excitement in the play. Now a whistling ball seemed to pass just under my ear, and before I commenced to congratulate myself upon the escape, a shell, with a showery and revolving fuse, appeared to take the top off my head. Then my heart expanded and contracted, and somehow I found myself conning rhymes. At each clipping ball—for I could hear them coming—a sort of coldness and paleness rose to the very roots of my hair, and was then replaced by a hot flush. I caught myself laughing, syllabically, and shrugging my shoulders, fitfully. Once, the rhyme that came to my lips—for I am sure there was no mind in the iteration—was the simple nursery prayer—

“Now I lay me down to sleep,”

and I continued to say “down to sleep,” “down to sleep,” “down to sleep,” till I discovered myself, when I ceased. Then a shell, apparently just in range, dashed toward me, and the words spasmodically leaped up: “Now’s your time. This is your billet.” With the same insane pertinacity I continued to repeat “Now’s your time, now’s your time,” and “billet, billet, billet,” till at last I came up to the nearest battery, where I could look over the crest of the hill; and as if I had looked into the crater of a volcano, or down the fabled abyss into hell, the whole grand horror of a battle burst upon my sight. For a moment I could neither feel nor think. I scarcely beheld, or beholding did not understand or perceive. Only the roar of guns, the blaze that flashed along a zigzag line and was straightway smothered in smoke, the creek lying glassily beneath me, the gathering twilight, and the brownish blue of woods! I only knew

that some thousands of fiends were playing with fire and tossing brands at heaven,—that some pleasant slopes, dells, and highlands were lit as if the conflagration of universes had commenced. There is a passage of Holy Writ that comes to my mind as I write, which explains the sensation of the time better than I can do:—

“He opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit.

*“And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth.”—*Revelation, ix. 2, 3.

In a few moments, when I was able to compose myself, the veil of cloud blew away or dissolved, and I could see fragments of the long columns of infantry. Then from the far end of the lines puffed smoke, and from man to man the puff ran down each line, enveloping the columns again, so that they were alternately visible and invisible. At points between the masses of infantry lay field pieces, throbbing with rapid deliveries, and emitting volumes of white steam. Now and then the firing slackened for a short time, when I could remark the Federal line, fringed with bayonets, stretching from the low meadow on the left, up the slope, over the ridge, up and down the crest, until its right disappeared in the gloaming of wood and distance. Standards flapped here and there above the column, and I knew, from the fact that the line became momentarily more distinct, that the Federals were falling stubbornly back. At times a battery would dash a hundred yards forward, unlimber and fire a score of times, and directly would return two hundred yards and blaze again. I saw a regiment of lancers gather at the foot of a protecting swell of field; the bugle rang thrice, the red pennons went upward like so many song birds, the mass

turned the crest and disappeared, then the whole artillery belched and bellowed. In twenty minutes a broken, straggling, feeble group of horsemen returned; the red pennons still fluttered, but I knew that they were redder for the blood that dyed them. Finally, the Federal infantry fell back to the foot of the hill on which I stood; all the batteries were clustering around me, and suddenly a column of men shot up from the long sweep of the abandoned hill, with batteries on the left and right. Their muskets were turned toward us, a crash and a whiff of smoke swept from flank to flank, and the air around me rained buck, slug, bullet, and ball!

The incidents that now occurred in rapid succession were so thrilling and absorbing that my solicitude was lost in their grandeur. I sat like one dumb, with my soul in my eyes and my ears stunned, watching the terrible column of Confederates. Each party was now straining every energy, —the one for victory, the other against annihilation. The darkness was closing in, and neither cared to prolong the contest after night. The Confederates, therefore, aimed to finish their success with the rout or capture of the Federals, and the Federals aimed to maintain their ground till night-fall. The musketry was close, accurate, and uninterrupted. Every second was marked by a discharge,—the one firing, the other replying promptly. No attempt was now made to remove the wounded; the coolness of the fight had gone by, and we witnessed only its fury. The stragglers seemed to appreciate the desperate emergency, and came voluntarily back to relieve their comrades. The cavalry was massed, and collected for another grand charge. Like a black shadow gliding up the darkening hillside, they precipitated themselves upon the columns: the musketry ceased for the time, and shrieks, steel strokes, the crack of carbines and

revolvers succeeded. Shattered, humiliated, sullen, the horse wheeled and returned. Then the guns thundered again, and by the blaze of the pieces, the clods and turf were revealed, fitfully strewn with men and horses.

The vicinity of my position now exhibited traces of the battle. A caisson burst close by, and I heard the howl of dying wretches, as the fires flashed like meteors. A solid shot struck a field-carriage not thirty yards from my feet, and one of the flying splinters spitted a gunner as if he had been pierced by an arrow. An artillery-man was standing with folded arms so near that I could have reached to touch him; a whistle and a thumping shock and he fell beneath my nag's head. I wonder, as I calmly recall these episodes now, how I escaped the death that played about me, chilled me, thrilled me,—but spared me! "They are fixing bayonets for a charge. My God! See them come down the hill."

In the gathering darkness, through the thick smoke, I saw or seemed to see the interminable column roll steadily downward. I fancied that I beheld great gaps cut in their ranks though closing solidly up, like the imperishable Gorgon. I may have heard some of this next day, and so confounded the testimonies of eye and ear. But I knew that there was a charge, and that the drivers were ordered to stand by their saddles, to run off the guns at any moment. The descent and bottom below me, were now all ablaze, and directly above the din of cannon, rifle and pistol I heard a great cheer, as of some salvation achieved.

"The Rebels are repulsed! We have saved the guns!"

A cheer greeted this announcement from the battery-men around me. They reloaded, rammed, swabbed, and fired, with naked arms, and drops of sweat furrowed the powder-

stains upon their faces. The horses stood motionless, quivering not half so much as the pieces. The grisly officers held to their match-strings, smothering the excitement of the time. All at once there was a running hither and thither, a pause in the thunder, a quick consultation—

“’Sdeath! They have flanked us again.”

In an instant I seemed overwhelmed with men. For a moment I thought the enemy had surrounded us.

“It’s all up,” said one; “I shall cross the river.”

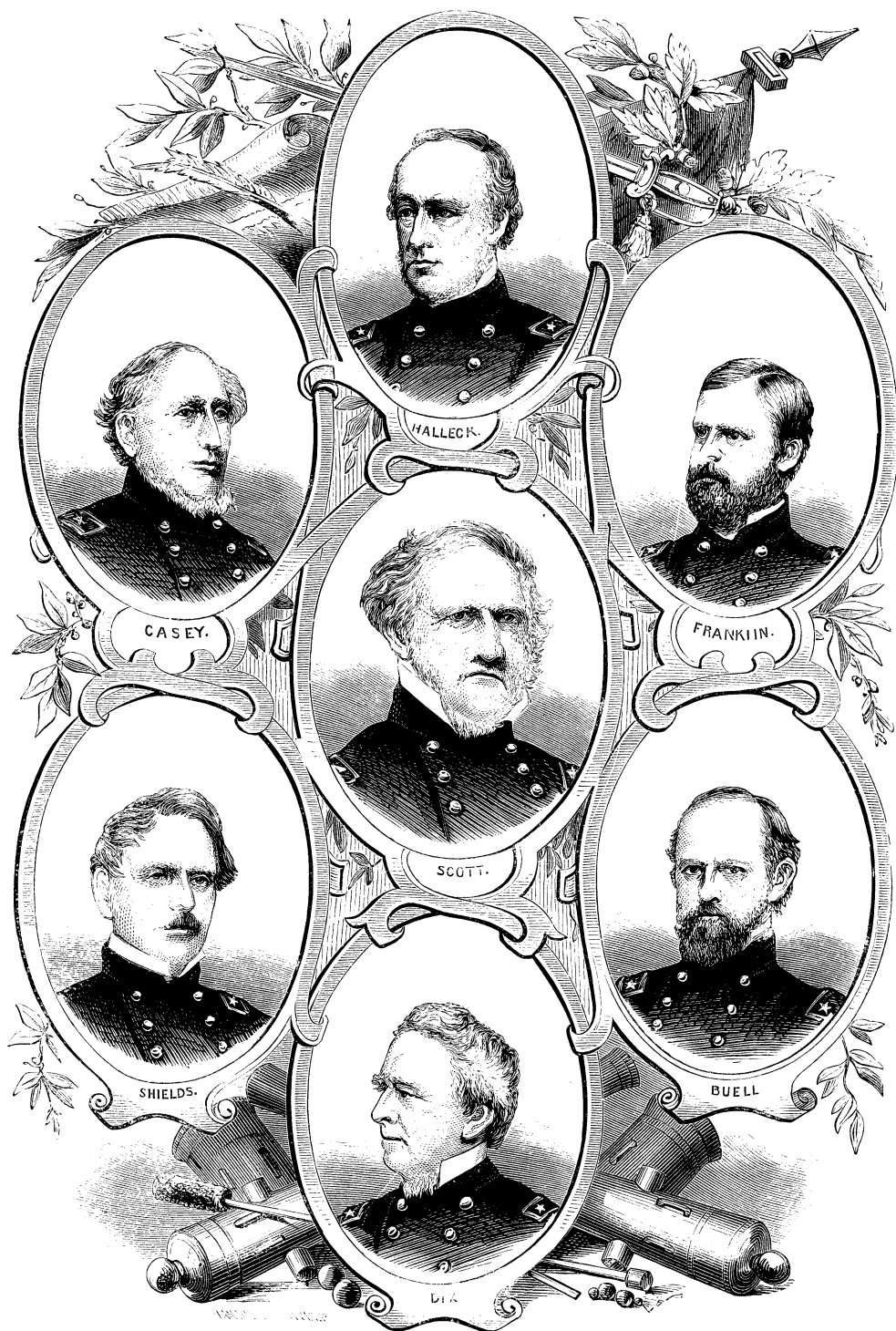
I wheeled my horse, fell in with the stream of fugitives, and was borne swiftly through field and lane and trampled fence to the swampy margin of the Chickahominy. At every step the shell fell in and among the fugitives, adding to their panic. I saw officers who had forgotten their regiments or had been deserted by them, wending with the mass. The wounded fell and were trodden upon. Personal exhibitions of valor and determination there were; but the main body had lost heart, and were weary and hungry.

As we approached the bridge, there was confusion and altercation ahead. The people were borne back upon me. Curses and threats ensued.

“It is the provost-guard,” said a fugitive, “driving back the boys.”

“Go back!” called a voice ahead. “I’ll blow you to h—ll, if you don’t go back! Not a man shall cross the bridge without orders!”

The stragglers were variously affected by this intelligence. Some cursed and threatened; some of the wounded blubbered as they leaned languidly upon the shoulders of their comrades. Others stoically threw themselves on the ground and tried to sleep. One man called aloud that the “boys” were stronger than the Provosts, and that, therefore, the “boys” ought to “go in and win.”



"Where's the man that wants to mutiny?" said the voice ahead; "let me see him!"

The man slipped away; for the provost officer spoke as though he meant all he said.

"Nobody wants to mutiny!" called others.

"Three cheers for the Union."

The wounded and well threw up their hats together, and made a sickly hurrah. The grim officer relented, and he shouted stentoriously that he would take the responsibility of passing the wounded. These gathered themselves up and pushed through the throng; but many skulkers plead injuries, and so escaped. When I attempted to follow, on horseback, hands were laid upon me, and I was refused exit. In that hour of terror and sadness, there were yet jests and loud laughter. However keenly I felt these things, I had learned that modesty amounted to little in the army; so I pushed my nag steadily forward, and scattered the camp vernacular, in the shape of imprecations, left and right.

"Colonel," I called to the officer in command, as the line of bayonets edged me in, "may I pass out? I am a civilian!"

"No!" said the Colonel, wrathfully. "This is no place for a civilian."

"That's why I want to get away."

"Pass out!"

I followed the winding of the woods to Woodbury's Bridge,—the next above Grapevine Bridge. The approaches were clogged with wagons and field-pieces, and I understood that some panic-stricken people had pulled up some of the timbers to prevent a fancied pursuit. Along the sides of the bridge, many of the wounded were washing their wounds in the water, and the cries of the teamsters echoed weirdly

through the trees that grew in the river. At nine o'clock we got under way,—horsemen, batteries, ambulances, ammunition teams, infantry, and, finally, some great siege thirty-two pounders that had been hauled from Gaines's House. One of these pieces broke down the timbers again, and my impression is that it was cast into the current. When we emerged from the swamp timber, the hills before us were found brilliantly illuminated with burning camps. I made toward head-quarters, in one of Trent's fields; but all the tents save one had been taken down, and lines of white-covered wagons stretched southward until they were lost in the shadows. The tent of General McClellan alone remained, and beneath an arbor of pine boughs, close at hand, he sat, with his corps commanders and aides, holding a council of war. A ruddy fire lit up the historical group, and I thought at the time, as I have said a hundred times since, that the consultation might be selected for a grand national painting.

The crisis, the hour, the adjuncts, the renowned participants, peculiarly fit it for pictorial commemoration.

The young commander sat in a chair, in full uniform, uncovered. Heintzelman was kneeling upon a fagot, earnestly speaking. De Joinville sat apart, by the fire, examining a map. Fitz John Porter was standing back of McClellan, leaning upon his chair. Keyes, Franklin, and Sumner, were listening attentively. Some sentries paced to and fro, to keep out vulgar curiosity. Suddenly, there was a nodding of heads, as of some policy decided; they threw themselves upon their steeds, and galloped off toward Michie's.

As I reined at Michie's porch, at ten o'clock, the bridges behind me were blown up, with a flare that seemed a blazing of the northern lights. The family were sitting upon the

porch, and Mrs. Michie was greatly alarmed with the idea that a battle would be fought round her house next day.

O'Ganlon, of Meagher's staff, had taken the fever, and sent anxiously for me, to compare our symptoms.

I bade the good people adieu before I went to bed, and gave the man "Pat" a dollar to stand by my horse while I slept, and to awake me at any disturbance, that I might be ready to scamper. The man "Pat," I am bound to say, woke me up thrice by the exclamation of—

"Sure, yer honor, there's—well—to pay in the yard! I think ye and the doctor had better ride off."

On each of those occasions, I found that the man Pat had been lonesome, and wanted somebody to speak to.

What a sleep was mine that night! I forgot my fever. But another and a hotter fever burned my temples—the fearful excitement of the time! Whither were we to go, cut off from the York, beaten before Richmond—perhaps even now surrounded—and to be butchered to-morrow, till the clouds should rain blood? Were we to retreat one hundred miles down the hostile Peninsula—a battle at every rod, a grave at every footstep? Then I remembered the wounded heaped at Gaines's Mill, and how they were groaning without remedy, ebbing at every pulse, counting the flashing drops, calling for water, for mercy, for death. So I found heart; for I was not buried yet. And somehow I felt that fate was to take me, as the great poet took Dante, through other and greater horrors.

HAPPY TO MAKE GENERAL GORDON'S ACQUAINTANCE.

GENERAL Gordon was a strict disciplinarian, who would never have any words with a private; and hence a joke. One day, one of the 107th New York Volunteers got ahead of the brigade, when the general halted him and ordered him back. The soldier stopped, turned around, stared at General Gordon, and replied, "Who are you?" "I am General Gordon." "Ah, general, I am very happy to make your acquaintance!" was the complacent answer. A roar of laughter burst from the general's staff.

DON'T KNOW THE ROPES.

WESTERN officers were proverbial for shocking bad uniforms, and, in a majority of instances, it was rather difficult to distinguish them from the privates. Among this class was a brigadier-general named James Morgan, who looked more like a wagon-master than a soldier. On a certain occasion, a new recruit had just arrived in camp, lost a few articles, and was inquiring around among the "Vets" in hopes of finding them. An old soldier, fond of his sport, told the recruit the only thief in the brigade was in Jim Morgan's tent. The recruit immediately started for "Jim's" quarters, and, poking his head in, asked:

"Does Jim Morgan live here?"

"Yes," was the reply, "my name is James Morgan."

"Then I want you to hand over those books you stole from me!"

"I have none of your books, my man."

"It's an infernal lie," indignantly exclaimed the recruit. "The boys say you are the only thief in the camp; turn out them books, or I'll grind your carcass into apple sass."

The general relished the joke much, but observing the sinewy recruit peeling off his coat, informed him of his relations to the brigade, and the recruit walked off, merely remarking: "Wall, blast me if I'd take you for a brigadier. Excuse me, general, I don't know the ropes yet."

THE WESTERN SOLDIER.

A WAR correspondent thus sketches that gallant specimen of the "Blue Coat," known as the "Western Soldier:"—

"If there are men in the world gifted with the most thorough self-reliance, western soldiers are the men. To fight in the grand anger of battle seems to me to require less manly fortitude, after all, than to bear without murmuring the swarm of little troubles that vex camp and march. No matter where or when you halt, there they are at once at home. They know precisely what to do first, and they do it. I have seen them march into a strange region at dark, and almost as soon as fires would show well, they were twinkling all over the field, the Sibley cones rising like the work of enchantment everywhere, and the little dog-tents lying snug to the ground, as if, like the mushrooms, they had grown there, and the aroma of coffee and tortured bacon, suggesting creature comforts, and the whole economy of a life in canvas cities moving as steadily on as if it had never intermitted. The movements of regiments, you know as

blind as fate. Nobody can tell to-night where he will be to-morrow, and yet with the first glimmer of morning the camp is astir, and the preparations begin for staying there forever; cozy little cabins of red cedar, neatly fitted, are going up; here a boy is making a fire-place, and quite artistically plastering it with the inevitable red earth; he has found a crane somewhere, and swung up thereon a two-legged dinner-pot; there a fellow is finishing out a chimney with bricks from an old kiln of secession proclivities; yonder a bower-house, closely woven of evergreens, is almost ready for the occupants; tables, stools, bedsteads, are tumbled together by the roughest of carpenters; the avenues between the lines of tents are cleared and smoothed—'policed,' in camp phrase—little seats with cedar awnings, in front of the tents, give a cottage look; while the interior, in a rude way, has a genuine home-like air. The bit of a looking-glass hangs against the cotton wall; a handkerchief of a carpet, just before the 'bunk,' marks the stepping-off place to the land of dreams; a violin case is strung up to a convenient hook, flanked by a gorgeous picture of some hero of somewhere, mounted upon a horse rampant and saltant, 'and what a length of tail behind!'

"Every wood, ravine, hill, field, is explored; the productions, animal and vegetable, are inventoried, and one day renders these soldiers as thoroughly conversant with the region round about, as if they had been dwelling there a lifetime. They have tasted water from every spring and well, estimated the corn to the acre, tried the water-melons, 'gagged' the peaches, knocked down the persimmons, milked the cows, roasted the pigs, picked the chickens; they know who lives here, and there, and yonder, the whereabouts of the native boys, the names of the native girls. If there is a

curious cave, a queer tree, a strange rock anywhere about, they know it. You can see them with the chisel, hammer and haversack, tugging up the mountain, or scrambling down the ravine in a geological passion that would have won the right hand of fellowship from Hugh Miller, and home they come with specimens that would enrich a cabinet. I have in my possession the most exquisite fossil buds just ready to open, beautiful shells, rare minerals, collected by these rough and dashing naturalists. If you think the rank and file have no taste for the beautiful, it is time you remembered of what material our armies are made. Nothing will catch a soldier's eye quicker than a patch of velvet moss, or a fresh little flower, and many a letter leaves the camp enriched with faded *souvenirs* of these expeditions.

"The business of living has fairly begun again.

"But at five o'clock, some dingy morning, obedient to sudden orders, the regiment marched away in good cheer; the army wagons go streaming and swearing after them; the beat of the drum grows fainter; the last straggler is out of sight; the canvas city has vanished like a vision. On such a morning, and amid such a scene, I have loitered, till it seemed as if a busy city had passed out of sight, leaving nothing behind for all that life and light, but empty desolation. Will you wonder much, if I tell you that I have watched such a vanishing with a pang of regret; that the trampled field looked dim to me, worn smooth and beautiful by the touch of those brave feet, whose owners have trod upon thorns with song—feet, alas, how many, that shall never again in all this coming and going world make music upon the old thresholds! And how many such sites of perished cities this war has made! how many bonds of good-fellowship have been rent to be united no more!"

A PHILOSOPHICAL DARKEY.

AN elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting upon his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His appearance and dress indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation, found he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned him further. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein, that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory will serve me.

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, an' would hab run soona hab I know'd it was coming."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my profession."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly."

"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis world—more dan a million ob dollars, sa, for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out ob him? Self-preserbashun am de fust law wid me, sa."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Cause, sa, different men sets different value upon dar-selves. My life is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, when de power ob feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you!"

"Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sa, dar would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in the scale 'ginst any government dat eber existed, for no government could replace de loss to me. 'Spect, dough, dat de government *safe* if dey all like me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"May be not, sa. A dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga, but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

ROUGH ON THE CAVALRY.

AN anecdote is told of General Hooker, which shows that his opinion of one branch of the military service was just right. Soon after he assumed command of the Army of the Potomac he summoned to headquarters all the principal

cavalry officers in his command, twenty-five or thirty in number. Arranged in a semicircle, facing him, he addressed them after this manner, very coolly and with low voice at first, but warming as he proceeded:—"Gentleman: I have called you together to consult with you in regard to the cavalry arm of the service. I think it should be, and may be, made more efficient. It seems to me to be at present a very costly show—very expensive and very useless. Why, gentlemen," moving up and taking a step forward, "I'll be — if I have ever seen or have ever heard of a dead cavalry-man!"

THE RETREAT TO THE JAMES RIVER.

I now proceeded to Savage Station. I shall not attempt to describe the sombre picture of gloom, confusion and distress, which oppressed me there. I found officers endeavoring to fight off the true meaning. Anxiety at headquarters was too apparent to one who had studied that branch of the army too sharply to be deluded by thin masks. Other external signs were demonstrative. The wretched spectacle of mangled men from yesterday's battle, prone upon the lawn, around the hospital, the wearied, haggard, and smoke-begrimed faces of men who had fought, were concomitants of every battle-field, yet they formed the sombre coloring of the ominous picture before me. Then there were hundreds who had straggled from the field, sprawled upon every space where there was a shadow of a leaf to protect them from a broiling sun; a hurry and tumult of wagons and artillery trains, endless almost, rushing down the roads toward the new base, moving with a sort of orderly confusion, almost as

distressing as panic itself. But I venture that few of all that hastening throng, excepting old officers, understood the misfortune. Strange to say, that even then, almost eleven o'clock, communication with White House by railroad and telegraph was uninterrupted, but soon after eleven the wires suddenly ceased to vibrate intelligibly.

From headquarters I passed along our lines. The troops still stood at the breastworks ready for battle; but it was evident they had begun to inquire into the situation. Some apprehensive officers had caught a hint of the mysteries which prevailed. The trains were ordered to move, troops to hold themselves in readiness to march at any moment. So passed that day, dreadful in its moral attributes as a day of pestilence, and when night closed upon the dreary scene, the enterprise had fully begun. Endless streams of artillery-trains, wagons, and funeral ambulances, poured down the roads from all the camps, and plunged into the narrow funnel which was our only hope of escape. And now the exquisite truth flashed upon me. It was absolutely necessary, for the salvation of the army and the cause, that our wounded and mangled braves, who lay moaning in physical agony in our hospitals, should be *deserted* and left in the hands of the enemy. Oh! the cruel horrors of war. Do you wonder, my friends, that the features of youth wrinkle, and that the strong man's beard silvers soon, amid such scenes? The signature of age indites itself full soon upon the smoothest face of warriors and those who witness war's cruelty. Ah! well, another night of sorrow, without catastrophe. Officers were on horseback nearly all night, ordering the great caravan and its escorts. No wink of sleep again; no peace of mind for any who realized the peril of our country in those blank hours.

At daylight, General McClellan was on the road. Thousands of cattle, of wagons, and our immense train of artillery, intermingled with infantry and great troops of cavalry, choked up the road already. Gen. Sumner's, Heintzelman's, and Franklin's corps, under Sumner's command, had been left to guard the rear, with orders to fall back at daylight, and hold the enemy in check till night. A noble army for sacrifice, and some, oh! how many, must fall to save the rest. The very slightest movement from the front was critical. At no point along the line were we more than three fourths of a mile from the enemy, and in front of Sedgwick's line they were not over six hundred yards distant. The slightest vibration at any point was apt to thrill the rebel lines from centre to wings. But fortunately, by skilful secrecy, column after column was marched to the rear—Franklin first, Sedgwick next, then Richardson and Hooker, and lastly the knightly Kearney.

A mile had been swiftly traversed, when these splendid columns quickly turned at bay. The moment was most thrilling, most trying to stoutest nerves. The enemy, keen-scented and watchful, had discovered the retrograde, and quick as thought were swarming through our late impassable entanglements, and came yelling at our heels like insatiate savages. Full soon our camps had hived countless numbers, and red battle began to stamp his foot. Gallant Burns was first to feel the shock. One of his favorite regiments—Baxter's Philadelphia Fire Zouaves—had been assigned to support a battery. As the enemy advanced it opened hotly upon them, but undismayed, they pressed to the charge. Burns held firm his men until the enemy seemed almost ready to plunge upon the guns. Then, waving his sword, he ordered his trusty fellows to fire. A bas-

ketful of canister, fearful volleys of musketry, and all who were left of that slaughtered column of rebels fled howling to the rear. Fresh masses poured out and were sent surging back again, until finally they stood aloof, content to watch and wait a happier moment to assail that desperate front. Meantime, almost every vestige of camp-furniture, which had been left in camp, had been examined by the enemy with disappointment and rage. We had destroyed all we could not transport.

Toward noon the line had retired several miles, and rested behind Savage Station, to destroy the public property which had accumulated there. A locomotive on the railway was started swiftly down the road, with a train of cars, and soon plunged madly into the Chickahominy, a mangled wreck. The match was applied to stores of every description, and ammunition was exploded, until nothing was left to appease the rebel appetite for prey. Destruction was complete, and the ruins were more touchingly desolate amid the mangled victims of war's ruthlessness, who lay on the hillside mourning the departure of friends with whom they had bravely fought. Would that such pictures could be sealed up in the book of memory, never to be opened to the human heart. Many a manly fellow has told me since that all human sorrow seemed condensed into that one woeful parting. If it were ever manful to shed tears, men might then have wept like Niobe. Let us draw the veil to hide the wounds more agonizing than rude weapon ever rent. Hundreds—I don't know how many—were left upon the green sward and in our too limited hospitals, to wait the cold charities of bitter enemies.

The advance column and all that mighty train had now been swallowed in the maw of the dreary forest. It swept onward, onward, fast and furious like an avalanche. Every

hour of silence behind was ominous, but hours were precious to us. Pioneer bands were rushing along in front, clearing and repairing our single road; reconnoissance officers were seeking new routes for a haven of rest and safety. The enemy was in the rear pressing on with fearful power. He *could press down flankward to our front*, cutting off our retreat. Would such be our fate? The vanguard had passed White Oak Bridge and had risen to a fine defensive post, flanked by White Oak Swamps, where part of the train at least could rest. How sadly the feeble ones needed it, those who having suspected their friends were about to abandon them, trusted rather to the strength of fear to lead them to safety, than to the fate which might await them at the hands of the foe. But the march was orderly as upon any less urgent day, only swifter—and marvellous, too, it seemed that such caravans of wagons, artillery, horsemen, soldiers, camp-followers, and all, should press through that narrow road with so little confusion.

Two miles beyond the bridge the column suddenly halted. A tremor thrilled along the line. A moment more, and the dull boom of a cannon and its echoing shell fell grimly upon our ears. Were we beleaguered? An hour later, and there was an ominous roar behind. The enemy was thundering on our rear. I know that the moment was painful to many, but no soldier's heart seemed to shrink from the desperate shock. Back and forth dashed hot riders. Messengers here, orders there, *composure and decision where it should be*, with determination to wrest triumph from the jaws of disaster. As yet every thing had prospered, and at noon a brighter ray flashed athwart our dreary horizon. Averill—our dashing "Ashby"—had moved with the vanguard, met eight companies of rebel cavalry, charged them, routed them, pursued them

miles beyond our reach, and returned in triumph with sixty prisoners and horses, leaving nine dead foes on the field. He explained it modestly, but I saw old generals thank him for the gallant exploit—not the first of his youthful career. General Keyes had sent a section of artillery with the vanguard, Averill's cavalry escorting it. The rebels charged at the guns, not perceiving our cavalry, which was screened by thickets. The artillery gave them shell and canister, which checked their mad career. Averill charged, and horse, rider and all were in one red burial blent. Dead horses are scattered over that field, and dead men lie under the shadows of the forests. We lost but one brave trooper.

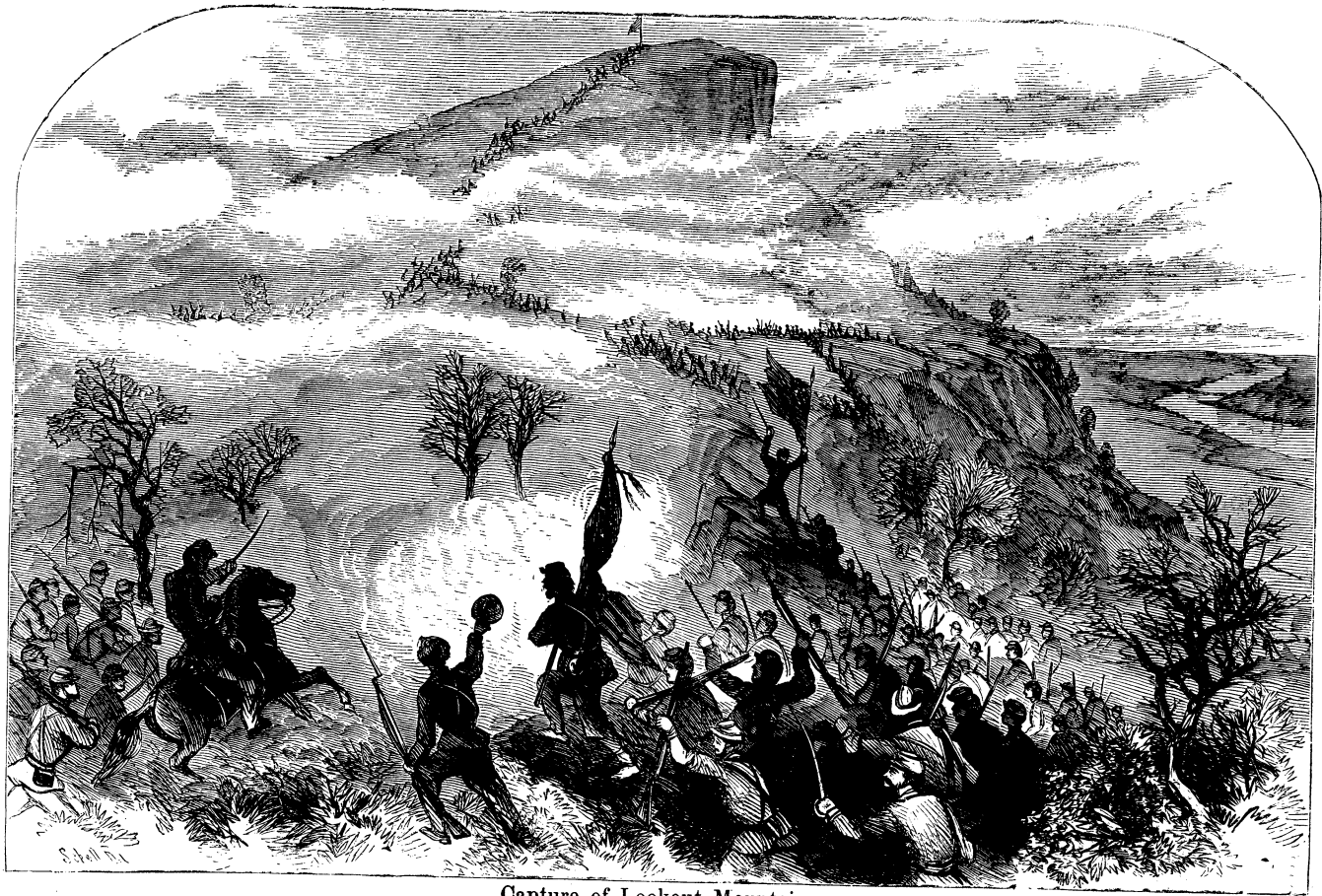
Headquarters, which had tarried near the bridge, were now moved two miles beyond. Keyes' corps was forwarded, Sykes was guarding our flanks, Morell was moving behind Keyes, Fitz John Porter stood guard around the camp. Day was wearing away. An awful tumult in rear, as if the elements were contending, had been moving senses with exquisite power. Foaming steeds and flushed riders dashed into camp. Stout Sumner was still holding his own. The enemy was raging around him like famished wolves. There seemed to be a foe behind every tree; but the old hero and his gallant soldiers fought like lions. You could see the baleful fires of cannon flashing against the dusky horizon, playing on the surface of the evening clouds like sharp magnetic lights. Long lines of musketry vomited their furious volleys of pestilential lead through the forests, sweeping scores of brave soldiers into the valley of the shadow of death. And nature now, as if emulous of man's fury, flashed its red artillery, and rolled its grand thunder over the domes of Richmond, now miles to the right of us. Moment after moment elapsed before even practiced soldiers

could decide which was the power of God and which was the conflict of man, so strangely similar were the twin reverberations. But the deep glare of electricity recorded the truth in vivid lines of fire. No combination of the dreadful in art and the magnificent in nature was ever more solemnly impressive.

Nothing struck me so keenly during all that gloomy day and more desolate night, as the thinly disguised uneasiness of those to whom the country had intrusted its fate. It was well that soldiers who carry muskets did not read the agony traced upon the face of that leader whom they had learned to love. A few in that gloomy bivouac folded their arms to sleep, but most were too exhausted to enjoy that blessed relief. That dreadful tumult, but a few short miles in the distance, raged till long after the whippoorwill had commenced his plaintive song. Late at night, couriers, hot from the field, dashed in with glad tidings. Sumner had beaten the enemy at every point, until they were glad to cease attack. The warrior was advised by Gen. McClellan to retire quietly to our main body; but the old man, game as a king-eagle, begged to be permitted to drive the rebels home. Said a general to me: "Old Bull Sumner didn't want to quit. The game old fellow had to be choked off."

That battle in the forests was a contest of desperation. A haughty and revengeful foe, confident in victory and numbers, pressed us to the wall, and that spirit of resistance which should inflame every army of the north against those who war upon constitutional liberty, met them hand to hand, steel to steel, and drove them to their dens. It was a Sunday battle.

That night there was another strange meteorological phenomenon. I suppose it was about midnight. The lights at



Capture of Lookout Mountain.

headquarters were still blazing. The commander was yet working with unyielding devotion; aids were still riding fast, but all else was silent. I had just fallen into slumber—the first during two weary nights—when I was startled by what we all thought was the terrific uproar of battle. Again and again it thundered, and rolled sublimely away off on the borders of Chickahominy. For some moments we feared the enemy had crossed the river behind our rear-guard and was destroying our right wing in the darkness. Many who suspected they might be victims of a delusion—most natural in that critical period, when nothing but the sound of cannon and musketry had been the most familiar sounds of our camps for months—criticised their senses sharply, but still the uproar was so wonderfully like battle, that we could not shake the opinion from our minds that a night-fight was going on. Five minutes elapsed, I suppose, before the ragged crown of a black cloud in the distance reared itself above the forests, and dispelled the gloomy deception.

Morning beamed upon us again brilliantly but hotly. We thanked Heaven that it had not rained. The enemy had not yet appeared in our front. Sumner had brought off his splendid command; Franklin was posted strongly on the south bank of White Oak creek; Heintzelman was on his left; Keyes' corps was moving swiftly to James river, down the Charles City and Quaker road; Porter and part of Sumner's corps were following rapidly.

Moving to the rear to learn the fate of friends, the history of yesterday's bitter conflict was sketched for me in the haggard features of the weary men who had fallen exhausted in their forest bivouac. Brave old Sumner's face bore traces of the excoriating fire of battle, but his features were radiant with smiles. He was eloquent in his praises of his com-

mand. "Burns had borne the brunt of the fight, and he did it magnificently, sir." Sedgwick, who had been sick for days, had stemmed the torrent grimly. His first words were: "B., that was Burns' fight. He showed himself a splendid soldier. Let the world know his merits. He deserves all you can say." Sedgwick seldom praises men. But he is a gallant soldier himself, and he appreciates merit. I found General Burns stretched under a lofty pine, and his warriors were slumbering around him painfully. His eyes were hollow and bloodshot, his handsome features pale and thin, his beard and his clothing were clotted with blood, his face was bandaged, concealing a ragged and painful wound in his nether jaw. It was enough to make a sphynx weep to look upon the work of an awful day upon such a man. His voice was husky from his exhortations and battle-cries, and tremulous with emotion, when grasping my hands, he said, with exquisite pathos: "My friend, many of my poor fellows lie in those forests. It is terrible to leave them there. Blakeney is wounded, McGonigle is gone, and many will see us no more. We are hungry and exhausted, and the enemy—the forest is full of people—are thundering at our heels. It is an awful affliction. We will fight them, feeble as we are—but with what hope!" To know such a man; to feel how keenly he realized his situation; to watch his quivering lips and sad play of features, usually so joyous—O friends! it was anguish itself. And there was a townsman of yours there, who won imperishable honor—William G. Jones, lieutenant-colonel, who but one short week ago took command of the First California regiment. He handled it like a veteran, and behaved like a Bayard. His new command, fired by his enthusiasm and daring even beyond their old prowess, did deeds which General Sumner himself said enti-

tled them to the glory of heroes. So hot was the fight and so hot the work, that Jones once fell headlong from his horse, from exhaustion, but recovering soon, he resumed his sword and again led his gallant fellows to the charge. General Burns speaks so warmly of the devotion and heroism of George Hicks, of Camblos, and Blakeney, and Griffiths, his staff and his colonels, Morehead, Baxter and Owens, their countrymen should know their worth. So Sedgwick speaks of his adjutant, Captain Sedgwick, and of Howe, his aid. So Sumner speaks of Clark, and of Kipp, and of Tompkins, and of all in his command. In that fray Sedgwick's division lost six hundred men, and four hundred more of various corps are not among their comrades. General Brooks also was wounded in the right leg, but not seriously. The enemy first attacked at Orchard Station, near Fair Oaks, in the morning, but were soon driven off. At about noon they returned in heavy force from the front of Richmond, while a strong column was thrown across Chickahominy, at Alexander's bridge, near the railway crossing. They first appeared in the edge of the woods south of Trent's and opened upon our column on the Williamsburg road with shell. At the same time they trained a heavy gun upon our line from the bridge they had just crossed. They still seemed deluded with the belief that General McClellan intended to retreat to the Pamunkey, and all day long they had marched heavy columns from their camps in front of Richmond across New bridge, to strengthen Jackson still more. Happy delusion!

Their first shells exploded around and over the hospitals at Savage Station, but it is just to say it was not intentional. They next opened upon a cluster of officers, including Sumner, Sedgwick, Richardson, Burns, and their staffs, missing them fortunately, but covering them with dust. Our own

batteries were now in full clamor, and both sides handled their guns skilfully. The object of the enemy seemed to be to break our right centre, and, consequently, Burns' brigade was the recipient of the principal share of their favor. As the afternoon wore away, the combatants drew closer together, and the conflict became one of the sharpest of the battles on Virginia soil. Two companies of one regiment stampeded. General Burns flung himself across their track, waved his bullet-shattered hat, expostulated, exhorted, entreated, threatened, imprecated, under a storm of lead, and at last, throwing his hat in an agony of despair upon the ground, begged them to rally once more, and preserve them and him from disgrace. The last appeal touched them. The men wheeled with alacrity, and fought like heroes until the carnage ceased. Each regiment distinguished itself so conspicuously, that in happier times their names will be inscribed in general orders, but there was such a number of regiments and officers engaged, that the record would make a volume. Suffice it that none but those I expected, and who redeemed themselves subsequently, faltered in the fight. Sumner's corps held the field till Heintzelman's corps had retired, and then moved quietly and swiftly back, under cover of night and the forests, across White Oak bridge.

Our trains had now passed White Oak bridge. Such an achievement, in such order, under the circumstances, might well be regarded wonderful. The retreat was most ably conducted. Until this day (Monday), the enemy seems constantly to have operated upon the supposition that our army was intending to retire to the Pamunkey. They had been deluded into this belief by the seventeenth New York and eighteenth Massachusetts regiments, together with part of the first, second and sixth regular cavalry, which had been

sent out to Old Church on Thursday morning, to impress the enemy with that notion. (Par parenthèse, they retired safely to Yorktown, and are now at Malvern Hill.) But our true object must now have become apparent, and it was vitally necessary to get the trains through before the enemy could push columns down the Charles City, Central and New-Market roads. But until eight o'clock in the morning, we had no knowledge of any but the Quaker road to the point at which **we now aimed**—Harding's Landing and Malvern Hill, in Turkey Bend. Sharp reconnoissance, however, had found another, and soon our tremendous land-fleet was sailing down two roads, and our long artillery train of two hundred and fifty guns and equipments were lumbering after them with furious but orderly speed. So perfect was the order—although to an unpracticed eye it would have seemed the confusion of Babel—that the roads were blockaded but two or three times. The topography of the country had now become such, that infantry could **march** through the woods, in parallel lines, on both sides of the trains, while White Oak Swamp fortunately protected our flanks from cavalry. We were getting on admirably, and it was apparent that the whole army would be safely in position before sunset, unless the enemy should attack.

At about ten o'clock, General McClellan pushed to the river, communicating with Commodore Rodgers, and had the gunboat fleet posted to aid us against the enemy. The case was desperate, but it was a relief to reach the river, where we could turn at bay, with our rear protected by the James, and flanks partially covered by gunboats. Tidings, however, had been received that the enemy was pushing swiftly upon us in several columns of immense numbers, apparently determined to crush us or drive us into the river that night. They

opened fiercely with shell upon Smith's division at White Oak bridge. After burning down the house of a good secessionist, and breaking his leg, the enemy extended his line of fire, and soon engaged our entire rear-guard, striking at Slocum, who was guarding against a flank movement designed to cut our column in twain.

Long before this, our vanguard had debouched from the road into the field before Turkey Bend, and our reserve artillery was powerfully posted on Malvern Hill, a magnificent bluff covering Harding's Landing, where our gunboats were cruising. Here was a glorious prospect. Though our gallant fellows were bravely holding the fierce enemy at bay to cover the swiftly escaping trains, it was clear our troubles were not ended. We had again deceived the enemy by going to Turkey Bend. He had imagined we were marching to New-Market, destined to a point on Cliff Bottom road, near Fort Darling. It was not far away, and the enemy was massing his troops upon us on the left and on our new front; for when we arrived at Malvern Hill, the wings of the army as organized were reversed, Keyes taking the right, Porter's corps the left, as we faced Richmond. Our line now described a great arc, and there was fighting around three fourths of the perimeter.

General McClellan, who had already communicated with the gunboats, returned from the front to Malvern Hills, which were made his battle headquarters, and dispositions for a final emergency were made. Fitz John Porter was marched from the valley under the hill to his post on the western crest of the hill, where he could rake the plains toward Richmond. Our splendid artillery was picturesquely poised in fan shape at salient points, and its supports were disposed in admirable cover in hollows between undulations

of the bluff. Powerful concentrating batteries were also posted in the centre, so that, to use the language of Colonel Sweitzer: "We'll clothe this hill in sheets of flame before they take it." It was a magnificent spectacle. The roar of combat grew tremendous as the afternoon wore away. There was no time then nor afterward to ascertain dispositions of particular organizations. They were thrown together whenever emergency demanded. White Oak bridge, the Quaker road, Charles City road, the banks of Turkey creek, were enveloped in smoke and flame; iron and lead crashed through forests and men like a destroying pestilence. A masked battery, which had opened from the swamp under Malvern Hill, began to prove inconvenient to Porter. It ploughed and crashed through some of our wagons, and disturbed groups of officers in the splendid groves of Malvern mansion. The gunboat Galena, anchored on the opposite side of Turkey island, and the Aroostook, cruising at the head of the island, opened their ports and plunged their awful metal into the rebel cover with Titanic force. Toward sunset the earth quivered with the terrific concussion of artillery, and huge explosions. The vast aerial auditorium seemed convulsed with the commotion of frightful sounds. Shells raced like dark meteors athwart the horizon, crossing each other at eccentric angles, exploding into deadly iron hail and fantastic puffs of smoke, until ether was displaced by a vast cloud of white fumes, through which even the fierce blaze of a setting summer's sun could but grimly penetrate. Softly puffing above the dark curtain of forest which masked the battlefield, there was another fleece which struggled through the dense foliage like heavy mist-clouds, and streaming upward in curious eddies with the ever-varying current of the winds, mingled with and absorbed the canopy of smoke which

floated from the surface of the plains and river. The battle-stained sun, sinking majestically into the horizon behind Richmond, burnished the fringe of gossamer with lurid and golden glory; and as fantastic columns capriciously whiffed up from the woods, they were suddenly transformed into pillars of lambent flame, radiant with exquisite beauty, which would soon separate into a thousand picturesque forms, and fade into dim capacity. But the convulsion beneath was not a spectacle for curious eyes. The forms of smoke-masked warriors, the gleam of muskets on the plains where soldiers were disengaged, the artistic order of battle on Malvern Hill, the wild career of wilder horsemen plunging to and from and across the field, formed a scene of exciting grandeur. In the forest where eyes did not penetrate there was nothing but the exhilarating and exhausting spasm of battle. Baleful fires blazed among the trees, and death struck many shining marks. Our haggard men stood there with grand courage, fighting more like creatures of loftier mould than men. Wearied and jaded, and hungry and thirsty, beset by almost countless foes, they cheered and fought and charged into the very jaws of death, until veteran soldiers fairly wept at their devotion. It was wonderful how our noble fellows fought; wonderful how their hearts swelled with greatness; and, as the enemy, in very madness at the terrible bitterness with which they resisted, plunged fresh columns against them—one, two, three, *four*, *five* lines of battle, fresh men each time, and stronger than each predecessor, our glorious soldiers still fought and still repelled the revengeful foe. "History," said a general, "never saw more splendid self-immolation. It was agonizing to see the men stand in the ranks and fight till exhausted nature could do no more." At last deep darkness ended the fight. The enemy withdrew and sat himself

down to watch his prey. We had beaten him back. But the morrow! Would the enemy strike our ragged columns again?

Perhaps one of the noblest spectacles in martial history was improvised in Fitz John Porter's camp, when his veteran volunteers were ordered to the battle-field. They had eaten nothing for thirty-six hours. Thursday some of them had fought. Friday they fought all day long and into night. That night they marched across the river. Next day they marched again. That night they kept watch in White Oak Swamp. And Monday they marched again. The fiery sun had parched their feet, hunger and thirst and labor had enfeebled their bodies, but Monday afternoon, when orders came to move again to the field, the color-bearers stepped to the front with their proud standards; the drums beat a rallying rataplan, and those devoted followers of the "banner of beauty and glory" swung aloft their hats, and shouted with soul-stirring enthusiasm. The eyes of their generals flashed fire as their faces lighted up with sudden glory; and officers stepped together in clusters, and swore solemnly that life should be sacrificed before that flag should fall. "My life," said one, "is nothing, if I have no country." And again the noble fellows shouted their war-notes. Weak as they were, I saw them move to the field at double-quick. When *they* fly, the Army of the Potomac will be no more.

Night seemed to bring a little more relief. The enemy could not press us then. But would he to-morrow? It was believed that he was massing all his power to crush us in combined attack. Oh! that our soldiers could rest a day, even. Alas! they could not rest *at night*. Their salvation, it seemed, depended more upon their labor now than upon their guns. Into the trenches, ye braves, and work till morn summons

you to battle. And so they labored, some dropping listlessly in the trenches, exhausted nature refusing to endure more.

I cannot detail the battle of Monday. Brigades, and regiments, and companies, and fragments of each, were fought as they could be used. It matters not who were here or there. It was a terrible battle. General McCall was lost. General Sumner was twice wounded, but not seriously. His wounds were bound on the field, and he remained in the saddle, and in the fiery torrent. Colonel Wyman, too, of the eighteenth Massachusetts, was killed. General Meade was severely wounded. How many others I cannot tell. It was a bloody day. There will be weeping at many a hearthstone, and many a loved one was lost who will be sought for long and never found.

Sumner, and Heintzelman, and Franklin, and Hooker, and Smith, and Sedgwick, and McCall—Hancock, and Davidson, and Meade, and Seymour, and Burns, and Sickles, and Sully, and Owens, and dead Wyman, and all the galaxy of brave leaders, won title to glorious honors. They *tell* me that the rebel General Longstreet was wounded, and two other generals lay dead on the field, with long lines of rebel officers and hecatombs of men. Melancholy satisfaction for such dead as ours.

The enemy was beaten again, thank God! beaten badly, driven back, slaughtered fearfully. The gunboats had at least a moral agency in the fight. It did not appear that their guns could do more than protect the left flank, which was much, and the enemy was shy of that point.

Tuesday, the first of July, was not a cheerful day. The prospect was not happy. It was gloomy at headquarters. The troops were intrenching the hill, and standing to arms. The enemy were reported massing their forces. We were preparing to repel them. At noon silence was broken by

hostile cannon in the extreme front. As afternoon wore away, the bombardment increased. At five o'clock there was a battle, and the Aroostook was hurling shell into the woods. At about seven o'clock the firing was heavy, but it was confined to a narrow circle. Ayres was driving the enemy from his batteries. Our boat pushed from the landing. At dark we moved from Harrison's Landing, seven miles below. The army had not moved there; the trains had. Soon after we steamed into the channel, the bombardment grew heavier. The gunboats were thundering into the forests.

When I left the prospect was cheerless. That night we met reinforcements. Before morning the army was strengthened. Pray God it was made strong enough to go to Richmond.

This retreat of General McClellan was masterly. He carried all that army, and all his trains, successfully through one narrow road, while encompassed by enemies two-fold as strong as his army.



A CHARACTERISTIC INDORSEMENT.

FRANKLIN W. SMITH, a Boston contractor, was tried by court-martial, and found guilty of pocketing a thousand or two dollars out of a contract with the navy department for supplies. The report of the court-martial was sent to President Lincoln for his examination, who returned it with this characteristic indorsement:—

" *Whereas*, Franklin W. Smith had transactions with the United States Navy Department, to a million and a quarter of dollars, and had the chance to steal a quarter of a million; and *whereas*, he was charged with stealing only ten thousand

dollars, and from the final revision of the testimony, it is only claimed that he stole one hundred dollars, I don't believe he stole any thing at all.

"*Therefore*, the records of the court-martial, together with the finding and sentence, are disapproved, declared null and void, and the defendant is fully discharged.

"A. LINCOLN."



A STIRRING SCENE.

THE night after the battle of Mission Ridge, General Sheridan went in pursuit of the flying enemy, and met with a sharp resistance, near Chickamauga Station, some two miles beyond the Ridge. At about seven o'clock of that November evening, he sent a regiment to take possession of a little promontory jutting out into the valley, which would give him a vast advantage. The musketry were briskly playing all the while, time was precious, the position important, the regiment a long time executing the movement, and Sheridan, anxious and impatient, was watching the sky line to see the troops emerge from the shadows, and move along the clear-cut crest of the promontory. The moon, then near the full, had just risen above the edge of the hill, when the battalions moved out of the darkness, and exactly across the moon's disc. There for an instant, was the regiment, colors and gleaming arms in bold relief and motionless—a regiment transferred to heaven! And there was the moon, a great medallion struck in the twinkling of an eye, as if in honor of that deathless day. The general's eye brightened at the sight. Even there and then it was something to be thought of; to be seen but a moment—to be remembered forever.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE.

WITH bray of the trumpet
And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugles,
The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the green sward
That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit,
The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons,
The order—"Trot out."

One hand on the sabre,
And one on the rein,
The troopers move forward
In line on the plain.
As rings the word "Gallop!"
The steel scabbards clank,
And each rowel is pressed
To a horse's hot flank;
And swift is their rush
As the wild torrent's flow,
When it pours from the crag
On the valley below

“Charge!” thunders the leader.

Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!
For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
Like wind-shattered reeds!

Vain—vain the red volley
That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
Are waisted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
Unerring as death,—
No sabre that’s stainless
Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
By that murderous steel
Will never yield case
For the surgeons to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
Who but linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses,
And call in your men ;
The trumpet sounds " Rally
To color" again.
Some saddles are empty,
Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
Lie stark on the plain ;
But war's a chance game, boys,
And weeping is vain.

A STRANGE BATTLE SCENE.

At the battle of Stone River, while the men were lying behind a crest, waiting, a brace of frantic wild turkeys, so parlyzed with fright that they were incapable of flying, ran between the lines, and endeavored to hide among the men. But the frenzy among the turkeys was not so touching as the exquisite fright of the birds and rabbits. When the roar of battle rushed through the cedar thickets, flocks of little birds fluttered and circled above the field in a state of utter bewilderment, and scores of rabbits fled for protection to the men lying down in the line on the left, nestling under their coats, and creeping under their legs in a state of utter distraction. They hopped over the field like toads, and as perfectly tamed by fright as household pets. Many officers witnessed it, remarking it as one of the most curious spectacles ever seen upon a battle-field.

THE PERILS OF A SCOUT.

AMONG the scouts sent out during the battles on the Potomac, was Dic B., of Ohio. He had seen some perilous and thrilling adventures among the rebels, which cannot be better told than in his own words:—

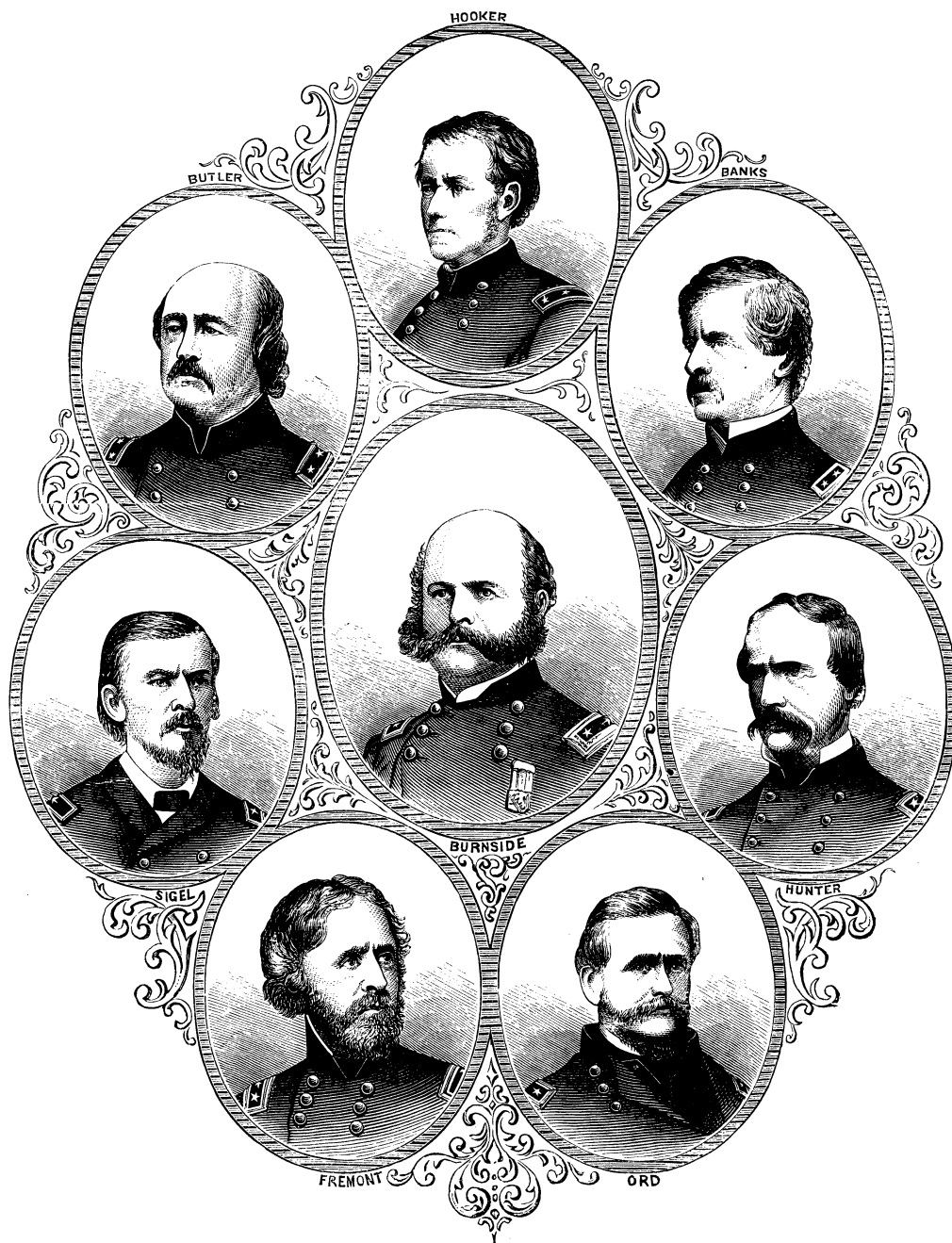
“I was out scouting, with three or four others, when we got separated, and on turning a bend in the road, I suddenly came upon a party of rebel cavalry. They commanded me to halt. I replied by firing my revolver at the foremost, and then putting spurs to my horse, galloped away; but the rebels were not disposed, so easily, to lose their prey, and they followed, all of us going at a break-neck pace, and they firing upon me as they could get near enough. Presently I perceived a pathway in the woods, that laid off from the main road. Into this path I turned my horse, as I thought the trees would afford me a better chance to escape them and their bullets. My horse was fleet and used to brush, and I gained on them a little. I began to think my chance was tolerable, when I came to a large tree that had blown down directly across my path, and when I attempted to leap it, my horse stumbled and fell, throwing me off, and before I could remount the rebels were upon me.

“Surrender!” shouted a sergeant, “surrender, you d—d blue-bellied Yankee, or I’ll blow your heart out!”

And he pointed his revolver at me, which motion was followed by the rest of the crowd.

“See here, old covy,” said I, “put up your pop-gun, and take me prisoner if you like; but don’t murder a fellow in that barbarous manner.”

Of course I was a prisoner, and thought it was the better part of valor to fall in and trust to chance and strategy to



get me out. So I was soon in line, and toted up to the rebel camp, and brought before the notorious Stonewall. The general eyed me about one minute, and then said:

"Well, sir, they tell me you are a Yankee spy."

Whew! thought I, this is more than I bargained for; but I was determined to put a jolly face on the matter, and I said:

"Yes, general, that's what they say; but you rebels are such blamed liars, there's no knowing when to believe what they say. I thought the Yankees could outlie any other nation, but hang me if you fellows can't beat us."

"Ah," said the general, "you don't seem to have a very exalted opinion of your brethren."

"Why should I have?" said I. "I've lost and suffered a good deal in that same Yankee nation."

"That's strange," said the general. "Don't the Union officers treat their soldiers well?"

"They're like all other officers," said I, "good and bad among them; but that's not where the shoe pinches. To make a long story short, although I live in Virginia, I was favorably disposed to the Union cause, but the beggarly Lincolnites wouldn't believe it; so they fed their troops on my granary and cupboard till I was about ruined, and when I wanted pay they told me I was a fool, and said if I was a good Union man, I ought to be glad to aid the government. One day one of the officers told me if I would enlist they would think better of me, and instead of destroying my property, they would protect it. So the upshot of it was, as my loyalty was doubted, I was compelled to enlist to save my property."

"That's a plausible story," said the general, "but not a very probable one. Why didn't you come into our lines at once if you wanted protection?"

"That's just what I was coming at," said I. "I was sent out with a scouting party, and so I kept on scouting till I got within your lines and was taken by your cavalry."

"Take care, young man," said the general, sternly; "I understand you attempted to escape."

This was a poser; but as I had got under way, I thought I must try and make the ripple. I felt tolerable streaked about the result, too, but I said, earnestly:

"Of course I did. Who wouldn't, with half a dozen horses and bullets after him? I hadn't time to say surrender, and besides the officer cursed me. I don't like to be cursed, it's against my principles; and then I was so mighty mad to see such beastly cowards, that I half made up my mind to get away from both sides, and go to Canada."

The general looked at me and then at his staff, and they all smiled, while I looked as sober as a deacon. I had heard that the general was a pious old fellow, and I thought this would tickle him.

"Are you willing," said he, "to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, and fight in our cause?"

"To be sure," said I; "I told you before that I had been trying to get into your lines. But I don't want to fight for you if I am not protected in my rights. I want my property respected."

"Where do you live?" asked he.

"At Philippi," said I, "and I've a nice property up there, and I want it to be taken care of."

"Well," said the general, "we're going up that way shortly, and, whether you go with us or not, we will protect your property. In the meantime I will think of your offer, but for the present, as the evidence is against you, you will be placed under guard, for you Yankees are too slippery to

be trusted with too much liberty. Events show that you don't know how to use it."

After this I was kept under guard, and was treated, perhaps, as well as they were, and nothing to brag of at that. The next day there was a great battle. There was much commotion in the rebel camp; and, for fear that I should be recaptured, a guard of two was detailed to take me far back to the rear. We could distinctly hear the thundering of the cannon, and we knew that a great battle was commenced. I overheard the guard chuckling at the idea that they were exempt. This put a flea in my ear. I knew they were cowards, and I determined to manage them accordingly. My canteen had not been taken from me, and, as luck would have it, was half full of tolerable "rot-gut." I also had in my pocket a large powder of morphine, which the surgeon had given me a few days before, to take occasionally; this I slipped into the canteen. After this was accomplished, I appeared to take long swigs at the canteen. At last the bait took; the boys got a smell at the whiskey, and one of them, turning to me, said:

"Look here, Yankee, that whiskey smells mighty good. Let us help you drink it, or you'll be so drunk, soon, that we shall have to carry you."

"All right boys," said I, "help yourselves."

They did help themselves. The beggarly rebels soon finished the whiskey, morphine and all.

"It tastes mighty bitter," said one. "What's in it?"

"Quinine," said I. "I always put quinine in my whiskey this time o' year."

This satisfied them, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing my guard tolerably drunk,—too drunk to walk, and so they tumbled down, and they did not get up again soon.

Finding they **were** getting pretty stupid and sleepy, I shook them and said :

"See here, guard, this is a shame. How do you expect to guard me, drunk as you are?"

"Yes, guard," muttered one. "Your—turn now—you guard us. Don't leave—or—by —, I'll shoot you when—wake up."

"But hold on," said I, "how do you expect me to guard you when I don't know the password?"

By vigorous strokes and punches, I so far routed him that he muttered: "Rattlesnake!"

I had no doubt but this was the magical "*open sesame*" that was to give me my liberty. In five minutes the men were sound asleep. The place where we were was a deep gulley in the woods, and about a mile distant was the rebel camp. My purpose was soon fixed. I swapped clothes with one, which was considerable trouble, as he was as flimsy as a rag; but I succeeded at last in making the exchange, and had the satisfaction of seeing the drunken rebel nicely buttoned up in Yankee regimentals. Taking his arms I hurried away. When I got out through the woods I came into a road, and had no sooner done so, than I saw a squad of rebel soldiers.

"Halt!" was the word, which I responded to with soldierly precision.

"What are you doing here?" said the lieutenant commanding.

I told him that two of us were guarding a prisoner, and that my comrade and the prisoner were both so dead drunk, I could do nothing with them.

"That's a h—l of a story," replied the lieutenant, "I believe you're some d—d Yankee spy. I've a mind to clip your head off, on suspicion." And he raised his sword.

"Let him prove what he says by showing us the men," suggested one of the squad.

At this they all laughed, supposing I was bluffed. But when I readily assented to this, they followed me, cautiously, however, as I suppose they feared I was leading them into ambush. When the lieutenant saw the men—one in butter-nut and one in Yankee blue—as I had represented, he gave each a hearty kick and said:

"Well, this *is* a h—l of a mess. What are you going to do about it?"

"Going to hunt a wagon and have them carried on," said I.

This was satisfactory, and we parted. Finding it would not do to take the road I skulked around in the woods all day. When night came I took, as I supposed, a route that would lead me to the Union camp. All night I climbed about over the hills; twice I was hailed by rebel pickets, but *rattlesnake* carried me safely by. Just at daylight I discovered a camp. I could see the tents twinkling through the strip of woods before me, and I felt certain it was the Federal camp.

When I had got about half way through the piece of woods, I saw something that completely took all the exultation of my delivery out of me. Well, I've been in many a perilous position. I have had bayonets, bullets and bowies rummaging round in the region of my loyal bosom; but never, in all my life, was I so astonished and chagrined—so utterly taken down. There, in the bottom of a broad, deep ravine, not ten steps from me, lay the two drunken guards! Lord! this was a pretty fix, to be sure. I had accomplished a feat equal to the hero of Mother Goose, who went,

“Fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.”

One of the guard was sitting up, and endeavoring to rouse the supposed prisoner; for he was still too much stupefied to recognize the cheat. Perceiving me, he sung out:

“Say, Bill, this d—d Yankee’s too drunk to wake up. What’s to be done with him? Have we been here all night? Lord, what’ll the old general say? Come over here.”

“No,” said I, feigning his comrade’s voice. “We’ve been drunk here all night, and I’m going to report before he wakes up, or they’ll have us in the guard house. You stay and watch him, while I go.”

“No, let’s wake the devilish lubber up, and take him where we’re going to. But blame me if I know where that is. Don’t go.”

“But I will,” said I; and, hurrying away, I was soon out of sight. This day I hid myself in a hollow tree, and, when night came, I took a good look at the stars, and, getting my bearings, started again for the Union camp. I several times came upon the rebel pickets, but the “Rattlesnake” snaked me along without any trouble; all but one, the last one I came to. He was a sprightly little fellow, and appeared to be determined that I should go with him to headquarters. I offered every excuse I could think of, but it was of no avail, so I at last agreed to go, and we started. I went with him about half a mile, and during this time, I engaged him in conversation about the affairs of the war, playing the rebel, of course, and talking in a jolly way, till, finding him a little unguarded, I sprang upon him and took him down, and before he knew what was the matter he was unarmed.

“Now, you beggarly whelp,” said I, as I snatched his gun and sprang away from him, “about face, and put, or I’ll shoot you in a minute.”

The fellow was scared, sure, and lost no time in getting out of my sight. It was now beginning to grow light, and I found myself on the banks of the Potomac, with the Federal camp far in the distance. As there was no other mode of conveyance, I was forced to swim the river, which was no easy job, considering I had two muskets to carry. However, I got safely over, and was just climbing the bank, when a musket was leveled at me, and a clear voice rung out:

"Stand! who goes there?"

This I knew was a Union picket; so I told him I had been taken prisoner, and had escaped; had been two days without eating; and I wanted him to let me go, or take me at once into camp, where I could get something to eat, and some dry clothes. I had no doubt but he believed this, and would immediately comply; but the answer was an ominous click of the trigger.

"I believe you're a real butternut rebel," said the picket, "and I've a notion to give you a pop, any how."

"But I ain't," said I.

"What are you doing with them butternut regimentals on then, and them two muskets?" said he.

I saw my fix, and hungering, dripping and shivering as I was, I stood there before that grinning musket till I had told the whole story. Finally, upon my giving him the names of our colonel and captain, and mentioning several other matters familiar to him, he was satisfied, for he belonged to the same regiment that I did.

"MOST THAR."

DURING the march of McClellan's army up the Peninsula, from Yorktown, a tall Vermont soldier got separated from his regiment, and was trudging along through the mud, endeavoring to overtake it. Finally, coming to a crossing, he was puzzled as to which road he should take; but on seeing one of the "natives," his countenance lighted up at the prospect of obtaining the desired information, and he inquired, "Where does this road lead to?" "To hell!" was the surly answer of the "native." "Well," drawled the Vermonter, "judging by the lay of the land, and the appearance of the inhabitants, I kalkerlate I'm most thar."

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH RHODE ISLAND.

ONE of the Rhode Island boys out on picket near Yorktown, Va., found himself in close proximity to one of the enemy's pickets, and after exchanging a few shots without availing any thing, they mutually agreed to cease and go to dinner. "What regiment do you belong to?" asked our inquisitive Yankee friend of his neighbor. "The seventeenth Georgia," was the response; "and what regiment do you belong to?" asked Secesh. "The *one hundred and fifth* Rhode Island," answered our Yankee friend. Secesh gave a long, low whistle, and—evaporated.

GENERAL BUTLER'S ACCOUNT OF HIS RECRUITING OPERATIONS IN LOUISIANA.

EXTRACTED FROM HIS TESTIMONY BEFORE THE COMMITTEE
ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

"I ISSUED an order that any Confederate soldier who chose to desert and leave the rebel army, might come into New Orleans and register his name.

"There had come into New Orleans, up to this time, something over six thousand men, who had been soldiers in the rebel army, and registered themselves as paroled prisoners; so that I had in New Orleans nearly twice as many men who had been soldiers in the Confederate army as I had of Union soldiers.

"I had asked for leave, which had been granted, to recruit my regiments. I recruited in Louisiana all my old regiments up to the full standard; raised two new white regiments, and four companies of cavalry—all of men living in Louisiana. They fought bravely at Baton Rouge. Out of four hundred and sixty men of the fourteenth Maine, who were in line, two hundred of them were recruits from Louisiana. They, of course, were healthy men, not having suffered the troubles either of Camp Parapet or Vicksburg.

"I ordered eight dollars a month to be paid out of the provost fund to the widows and mothers of quite a number of Louisiana soldiers that were killed under our flag, because I knew it would take a long time to get it from Washington, and I wanted to encourage others to enlist. The provost fund was made up of fines and forfeitures, sales of confiscated property, and two dollars charged for each pass, etc.

"I asked for liberty to raise five thousand native Louisianians, and raised nearly that number, including recruits in the

old regiments. White recruiting began then to fall off, because of the high wages beginning to be paid for white labor on the plantations, in order to save the sugar crop where the negroes had left.

"I had written to Washington for reinforcements, but they replied that they could not give me any, though they wrote that I must hold New Orleans at all hazards. I determined to do that, if for no other reason, because the rebels had offered a reward for my head, and it would have been rather inconvenient to me to have lost it.

"Upon examining the records, I found that Governor Moore, of Louisiana, had raised a regiment of free colored people, and organized and officered it; and I found one of his commissions. I sent for a colored man, as an officer of that regiment, and got some fifteen or sixteen of the officers together—black, and mulatto, light and dark colored—and asked them what they meant by being organized under the Rebels.

"They said they had been ordered out, and could not refuse; but that the Rebels had never trusted them with arms. They had been drilled in company drill. I asked them if that organization could be resuscitated, provided they were supplied with arms. They said that it could. Very well, I said, then I will resuscitate that regiment of Louisiana militia.

"I, therefore, issued an order, stating the precedent furnished by Governor Moore, and in a week from that time, I had in that regiment a thousand men, reasonably drilled, and well-disciplined; better disciplined than any other regiment I had there, because the blacks had always been taught to do as they were told. It was composed altogether of freemen; made free under some law.

"There was a very large French and English population in Louisiana. I ascertained that neither French nor English law permitted French or English subjects to hold slaves in a foreign country. According to the French law, any French citizen holding slaves in a foreign country, forfeits his citizenship. According to the British law, any Englishman holding slaves in a foreign country, forfeits one hundred pounds.

"I, thereupon, issued an order, that every person should register himself; the loyal as loyal; French subjects as French subjects; English subjects, as English subjects, etc., under their own hands, so that there could be no mistake in the books of the Provost Marshal. That was accordingly done.

"I then said to those who claimed to be French and English subjects; 'According to the law of the country to which you claim, by this register, to owe allegiance, all the negroes claimed by you as slaves are free, and being free, I may enlist as many of them as I please.' And I accordingly enlisted one regiment and part of another, from men in that condition.

"We had a great many difficulties about it. But the English consul came fairly up to the mark, and decided that the negroes claimed as slaves by those who had registered themselves as British subjects, were free; so that I never enlisted a slave. Indeed, it was a general order, that no slave should be enlisted.

* * * * *

"I sent an expedition under General Weitzel to Donaldsonville, and swept down through that country to Berwick Bay; drove out the enemy, who were there in considerable force, and brought the whole of that region, from one end to the other, within the Union lines.

* * * * *

"In taking possession of that district, which had heretofore

been in possession of the enemy, we obtained possession of a region of country containing more sugar plantations, and more slaves, than any other portion of Louisiana. Some fifteen thousand, perhaps twenty thousand slaves came, by that one expedition, under our control; and, as Congress had passed a law declaring that all slaves held by rebels, in regions that afterward should come into our possession, should be free, all those slaves became free.

"I enlisted a third regiment, and two batteries of heavy artillery, from among those negroes thus made free. Two of these colored regiments were employed in guarding the Opelousas railroad, running from Algiers to Berwick Bay, and when I left there they were still thus employed.

* * * * *

"I turned over to my successors, of soldiers, seventeen thousand eight hundred, including the black regiments, though I had but thirteen thousand seven hundred to start on."



ZAGONYI'S CHARGE.

BOLD captain of the body-guard,
 I'll troll a stave to thee!
 My voice is somewhat harsh and hard,
 And rough my minstrelsy.
 I've cheered until my throat is sore
 For how our boys at Beaufort bore,
 Yet here's a cheer for thee!

I hear thy jingling spurs and reins,
 Thy sabre at thy knee;
 The blood runs lighter through my veins,

As I before me see
Thy hundred men, with thrusts and blows,
Ride down a thousand stubborn foes,
The foremost led by thee.

With pistol snap, and rifle crack—
Mere salvos fired to honor thee—
Ye plunge, and stamp, and shoot, and hack,
The way your swords made free ;
Then back again, the path is wide
This time. Ye gods ! it was a ride,
The ride they took with thee !

No guardsman of the whole command,
Halts, quails, or turns to flee ;
With bloody spur and steady hand,
They gallop where they see
Thy leading plume stream out ahead,
O'er flying, wounded, dying, dead—
They can but follow thee.

So, captain of the body-guard,
I pledge a health to thee !
I hope to see thy shoulders starred,
My Paladin ; and we
Shall laugh at fortune in the fray,
Whene'er you lead your well-known way
To death or victory.

A PRACTICAL JOKE ON A TEAMSTER.

OUR boys are furious for practical jokes, and are constantly on the watch for subjects. One was recently found

in the person of a new teamster, who had the charge of six large shaggy mules. John was the proprietor of two bottles of old Bourbon—a contraband in camp—which a wag discovered, and resolved to possess. Being aware that the driver's presence was an impediment to the theft, he hit upon the following plan to get rid of him:

Approaching the driver, who was busy currying his mules, he accosted him with—"I say, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see?" replied John, gruffly.

"Certainly," responded wag, "but that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired here, by the general, who curries all the mules and horses brought in after tattoo."

The mule driver bit at once, and desired to know where the hair-dresser kept himself. Whereupon he was directed to General Nelson's tent, with the assurance that there was where the fellow "*hung out*."

"You can't mistake the man," said wag; "he is a large fellow, and puts on a thundering sight of airs for a man in his business. He will probably refuse to do it, and tell you to go to the devil; but don't mind that, he has been drinking to-day. Make him come out *sure*."

John posted off, and entering the tent where our Napoleon of the 4th division sat in deep reverie, probably considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native State, slapped him on the back with force sufficient to annihilate a man of ordinary size. Springing to his feet, the general accosted his uninvited guest with—"Well, sir, who are you, and what the devil do you want?"

"Old hoss, I've got a job for you now; six mules to be

curried, and right off, too," said the captain o mules, nothing daunted at the flashing eye of the general.

"Do you know whom you are addressing, sir?" asked the indignant commander.

"Yes," said John, elevating his voice to a pitch which rendered the words audible a square off; "you are the fellow hired by Uncle Sam to clean mules, and I won't have any foolishness. Clean them mules and I'll give you a drink of busthead."

"You infernal villain!" exclaimed the general, now perfectly furious, "I am General Nelson, commander of this division!"

John placed the thumb of his right hand against his nose, and extending his fingers, waved them slowly, in a manner supposed by some to be indicative of great wisdom. The general's sword leaped from its scabbard and John from the tent just in time to save his head.

Our boys drank the "big mule driver's" health in the Bourbon, the story soon got out, and became the popular joke of the season.



ENLISTING NEGROES.

THE following matter of fact occurred at Nashville, as stated by the *Nashville Union*:—

A slaveholder from the country approached an old acquaintance, also a slaveholder, residing in the city, and said: "I have several negro men lurking about here, somewhere. I wish you would look out for them, and when you find them do with them as if they were your own."

"Certainly I will," replied his friend.

A few days after the parties met again, and the planter asked, "Have you found my slaves?"

"I have."

"And where are they?"

"Well, you told me to do with them as if they were my own, and as I made my men enlist in the Union army, I did the same with yours."

The astounded planter absquatulated.

CASH PAYMENTS.

"SLICK" was known as a *case* in Company I, and was familiarly called by the *soubriquet* in question, when the army was at Murfreeboro.'

Slick was passing General Johnson's headquarters one day, and without any ceremony fired his gun almost in the face of the general himself.

"What?" says the general; "do you not know the penalty of firing your gun without orders to do so?"

"Why, no, sir!" says Slick, very innocently.

"Well," replied the general, "I will tell you. It is the loss of a month's pay."

"You don't say so!" says Slick, and very coolly puts his hand in his pocket, and draws therefrom an old greasy wallet, opens it and offers the general *thirteen dollars* in greenbacks, saying, "Well, general, I guess I am able to stand the pressure!"

It is needless to say that the general discontinued the conversation immediately. Slick was not fined.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
 stored ;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword :
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps ;
 They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
 I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
 lamps :
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel :
 " As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
 deal ;
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
 Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat ;
 Oh ! be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant, my feet !
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

AN ADVENTURE OF GENERAL HOWARD.

AN unrecorded incident of the midnight fight between Hooker's and Longstreet's forces, in Lookout Valley, on the night of the 30th of October, 1863, is related by C. D. Brigham, correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, as follows:—

"A short time subsequent to this magnificent charge on the enemy in their breastworks, by General Geary's brigade, General Howard, taking with him a small escort of calvary, started for that part of the field where General Geary was supposed to be. He had not gone far when he came up with a body of infantry. 'What cavalry is that?' was the hail. 'All right,' responded General Howard, at the same time calling out, 'What men are these?' 'Longstreet's,' was the reply. 'All right—come here,' said General Howard. The men approached. 'Have we whipped those fellows?' asked the general, in a manner to keep up the deception. 'No, d——n them, they were too much for us, and drove us from our rifle-pits, like devils. We're whipped ourselves.' By this time the rebels had gathered nearer. 'Lay down your arms!' demanded General H., in a stern voice. The men surrendered.

"Taking his prisoners in charge, General H. proceeded on his way. He had not gone far, before another party of rebel infantry called out, 'What cavalry is that?' 'All right,' was the response, again, of General Howard, as he proceeded. On approaching the position occupied by Geary, that officer had observed the advancing horsemen and infantry, as he supposed the prisoners to be, and taking them to be rebels, he had ordered his guns to be loaded with canister, and in a moment more would have given the intrepid Howard and his little force the benefit of it.

"But the general, who had successfully deceived the enemy, found a way to make himself known to his friends, and so escaped a reception of that kind."



THE ASSAULT.

THE sun of Saturday rose bright and clear, and more than one asked if it were an omen for us, or for the foe. The morning passed as did the day before; but about noon, word came up that far down on our right the rebels had attempted to cut their way out. They were driven back, but the fight was bloody, and it was said we had lost five hundred men. We were warned to be watchful—it was thought they might re-attempt it near us. I have said we were in front of a large glen or ravine; on our right were numerous regiments, making a chain which stretched to the river. On our left was the second Iowa. This was all that I had seen of our position, and, consequently, is all that I shall describe now, inasmuch as I am giving it to you precisely as it appeared to me. Soon a mounted orderly rode by, who told us that a large body of rebels were moving up opposite us. Our men were called together, and stood near their stacked arms. A little while and General Smith and his staff came up—they passed by in front of us, but said nothing. At the same time the sharpshooters along the glen were unusually active, and there were repeated shots by them. We thought they saw the rebels mustering behind the breastworks. Every thing seemed to indicate a sally from the rebels, and that we were to drive them back as they had been driven back in the morning. The men took their arms, officers loosened their

pistol holsters. I hooked up my cavalry sabre, unbuttoned my great coat so that I could quickly throw it off, and took my place beside the lieutenant-colonel with whom I was to act. Then there came a painful, unpleasant pause; we heard nothing—saw nothing—yet knew that something was coming; what that something was no one could tell. A messenger came from the general—we were to move to the left and support the second Iowa. We supposed the rebels were crossing a little higher up, and that the gap between us and the second was to be closed. The colonel gave the order “left face,” “forward march,” and the regiment passed along through the thick trees in a column of two abreast. But the second were not where they had been in the morning; we marched on, but did not come to them. In a few moments we passed their camp fires—a few more, and we emerged on an open field.

At a glance, the real object of the movement was apparent. It came upon us in an instant, like the lifting of a curtain. The fourteenth were hurrying down through the field. The second, in a long line, were struggling up the opposite hill, where two glens met and formed a ridge. It was high and steep, slippery with mud and melted snow. At the top, the breastworks of the rebels flashed and smoked, whilst to the right and left, up either glen, cannon were thundering. The attempt seemed desperate. Down through the field we went, and began to climb the hill. At the very foot I found we were in the line of fire. Rifle balls hissed over us, and bleeding men lay upon the ground, or were dragging themselves down the hill. From the foot to the breastworks the second Iowa left a long line of dead and wounded upon the ground. The sight of these was the most appalling part of the scene, and, for a moment, completely diverted my

attention from the firing. A third of the way up we came under fire of the batteries. The shot, and more especially the shell, came with the rushing, clashing of a locomotive on a railroad. You heard the boom of the cannon up the ravine—then the sound of the shell—and then *felt* it rushing at you. At the top of the hill the firearms sounded like bundles of immense powder crackers. They would go r-r-r-rap; then came the scattered shots, rap, rap—rap-rap, rap; then some more fired together, rrrrrrap. This resemblance was so striking that it impressed me at the moment.

The bursting of the shells produced much less effect—apparent effect, I mean—than I anticipated. Their explosion, too, was much like a large powder cracker thrown in the air. There was a loud bang—fragments flew about, and all was over. It was so quickly done, that you had no time to anticipate or think—you were killed or you were safe, and it was over. But the most dispiriting thing was that we saw no enemy. The batteries were out of sight, and at the breastworks nothing could be seen but fire and smoke. It seemed as though we were attacking some invisible power, and that it was a simple question of time whether we could climb that slippery steep before we were all shot or not. But suddenly the firing at the summit ceased. The second Iowa had charged the works, and driven out the regiments which held them. Then came the fire of the second upon our flying foes, and then loud shouts along the line, “Hurrah, hurrah, the second are in—hurry up, boys, and support them—close up—forward—forward.” We reached the top and scrambled over the breastwork. I saw a second hill rising gradually before us, and on the top of it a second breastwork—between us and it about four hundred yards of broken ground. A second fire opened upon us from these

inner works. We were ordered back, and, recrossing those we had taken, lay down upon the outer side of the embankment.

The breastwork that had sheltered the enemy now sheltered us. It was about six feet high on our side, and the men laid close against it. Occasionally a hat was pushed up above it, and then a rifle ball would come whistling over us from the second intrenchment. The batteries also continued to fire, but the shot passed lower down the hill, and did little execution. Having no specific duty to discharge, I turned, as soon as our troops reached the breastworks, and gave my aid to the wounded.

A singular fact for which I could not account was, that those near the foot of the hill were struck in the legs; higher up the shots had gone through the body, and near the breastworks through the head. Indeed, at the top of the hill I noticed no wounded; all who lay upon the ground there were dead. A little house in the field was used as a hospital. I tore my handkerchief into strips, and tied them round the wounds which were bleeding badly, and made the men hold snow upon them. I then took a poor fellow in my arms to carry to the little house. "Throw down your gun," I said, "you are too weak to carry it." "No, no," he replied, "I will hold on to it as long as I am alive." The house happened to be in the exact line of one of the batteries, and as we approached it, the shot flew over our path. Fortunately, the house was below the range, but one came so low as to knock off a shingle from the gable end. For a few minutes we thought they were firing on the wounded. We had no red flag to display; but I found a man with a red handkerchief, and tied it to a stick, and sent him on the roof with it. Within the house there were but three surgeons at this time.

One of them asked me to take his horse and ride for the instruments, ambulances, and assistants; for no preparations had been made. It was then I passed Major Chipman carried by his soldiers.

When I returned, the ambulances were busy at their work; numerous couples of soldiers were supporting off wounded friends, and occasionally came four, carrying one in a blanket. The wounded men generally showed the greatest heroism. They hardly ever alluded to themselves, but shouted to the artillery that we met to hurry forward, and told stragglers that we had carried the day. One poor boy, carried in the arms of two soldiers, had his foot knocked off by a shell; it dangled horribly from his limb by a piece of skin, and the bleeding stump was uncovered. I stopped to tell the men to tie his stocking round the limb, and to put snow upon the wound. "Never mind the foot, captain," said he, "we drove the rebels out, and have got their trench, that's the most I care about." Yet I confess the sights and sounds were not as distressing as I anticipated. The small round bullet holes, though they might be mortal, looked no larger than a surgeon's lancet might have made. Only once did I hear distressing groans. A poor wretch, in an ambulance, shrieked whenever the wheels struck a stump. There was no help for it. The road was through the wood, the driver could only avoid the trees, and drive on regardless of his agony.

You will, perhaps, ask how I felt in the fight. There was nothing upon which I had had so much curiosity as to what my feelings would be. Much to my surprise I found myself unpleasantly cool. I did not get excited, and felt a great want of something to do. I thought if I only had something—my own company to lead on, or somebody to order, I should

have much less to think about. There seemed such a certainty of being hit, that I felt certain I should be, and after a few minutes had a vague sort of a wish that it would come, if it were coming, and be over with. The alarming effect of the bullets and shells was less than I supposed it would be, and my strongest sensations of danger were produced by the sight of the dead and wounded. The thing I was most afraid of was a panic among our men, and when the seventh Illinois was ordered to fall back down the hill, I so much feared that the men might deem it a retreat, that I entirely forgot the firing, and walked down in front of them talking to their major, so that any frightened man in the ranks might be reassured by our "matter of course" air. Take it altogether, I think I felt and acted pretty much as I do in any unusual and exciting affair. I know I found myself looking for an illustration of the effect of the shells, and wondering if there was no greater and grander illustration of the musketry than a bunch of powder crackers. I remember that I did little things from habit, as usual; when I threw off my overcoat, for example, I took a pipe, which a friend had given me, from my pocket, lest it should be lost; and I remember that I once corrected my grammar, when I inadvertently adopted the western style of telling the men to *lay* down, and as I did so, I thought that one or two people, at North Moore street, would have been very apt to laugh, if they had heard it. Yet for all this, I was by no means unconscious of danger. Some officers seemed utterly indifferent to it. Thus, in the fight of Thursday, Colonel Shaw, of the fourteenth, after ordering his men to lie down, not only remained on horseback, but crossed his legs over the pommel of the saddle, sitting sideways to be more comfortable. The sharpshooters of the enemy concentrated their fire on him, he being the only person visible. As

the bullets thickened about him, the colonel said, indignantly, "those rascals are firing at me, I shall have to move," and he threw his leg back, and walked his horse down to the other end of the line.

Our men lay in the trench all night, exposed to the western wind, which blew keenly round the summit of the hill—a large force of the enemy, within a few yards, able to rush upon them at any moment.

I had gone back just after dark, with the adjutant, who had been hurt by the explosion of a shell, and my return with him saved me this. When morning came, we went back. As we reached the foot of the hill, we were told that a white flag had been displayed, and an officer had gone into the fort, but that the time was nearly up and the attack was now to be renewed. We hurried on, expecting in a few moments to be in a second assault. We had nearly reached the trenches, when the men sprang from the ditch to the top of the breast-work, waving the colors and giving wild hurrahs. The fort had surrendered.

There was a load lifted off my mind, and I stopped to look around. The first glance fell on the blue coats scattered through the felled trees and stumps. The march of our troops up the hill had been somewhat in the form of a broom. Until near the top they had been in column, leaving a long, narrow line like the handle, and, as they rushed at the breast-work, they had spread out like the broom. This ground was plainly marked by the dead. Now that my attention was given, I was surprised to find how many were strewn upon the narrow strip. Here was one close to me; about the width of a class-room beyond was another; a little further on two had fallen, side by side. In a little triangle I counted eighteen bodies, and many I knew had been carried

off during the night. Still the scene was not so painful as the dead-room of the hospital at St. Louis. The attitudes were peaceful. The arms were in all but one case thrown naturally over the breast, as in sleep; and no face gave any indication of a painful death. I passed on and entered the breastwork. It was about the height of a man. On top was a large log, and between the log and the earthwork a narrow slip. Through this they had fired on us. The log had hidden their heads, so that, while we were in plain view, they were to us an invisible foe. Immediately within were six more bodies of the second Iowa, and one in simple homespun. He was the only one of the enemy upon the ground. The soldiers, gathering around him, looked, as I did myself, with some curiosity upon one who had thus met the punishment of his treason. He had been shot through the back of the head while running, and his face expressed only wonderment and fright. It showed him a country-bred youth, illiterate, uncultivated—a contrast to the still intelligent faces that lay around him.

Meanwhile our troops were forming along the hill to take possession of the fort. All voices declared that the second Iowa should lead. As it moved past the other regiments to the head of the column, the men cheered them, and the officers uncovered; but they seemed sad and wearied. I looked along their line, and found of the officers I knew hardly one was there.

It was a beautiful sight to see regiment after regiment mount the second breastwork, and watch them successively halt and cheer, and wave their colors as they crossed. I pushed on, scrambled over it, and found myself in the midst of five hundred of the prisoners. They were strange figures, in white blanket or carpet coats, having the same unintelli-

gent faces as the one who had been killed outside. I stared at them, and they at me. They looked crestfallen and confused, but showed little feeling; and during the day I saw but few faces of common soldiers that awakened any pity. They, poor fellows, sat sadly looking at the scene. To one of them I spoke. He said he had done nothing to bring on the war; he had been for the Union, and had only enlisted a month before to avoid being impressed. His family lived, or had lived (he did not know where they were now), within a mile, and he would give a great, great deal to see them for only a minute. "Will your officers let me write to tell them I am alive?" "To be sure they will." "And will we be furnished with food?" "Yes, the same as our own soldiers." "Most of our men expected, if we surrendered unconditionally, that you would kill us." "You see we have not done so." "No, they have treated us very kindly: we have been deceived." Such was the tenor of our conversation. I may here say that our men behaved admirably; and I did not hear of a single indignity being offered to any of our prisoners. A few sentinels were placed around a regiment of prisoners, and, so far as appearances went, half of them might have escaped. But the woods around the fort contained regiments of our troops, and they knew the attempt would be hopeless. We were assigned the quarters of the fiftieth Tennessee, and I slept in what had been the colonel's. It was a nice little house of oak blocks, laid up so that the wood and bark alternated, giving a very pretty tessellated appearance. They had all sorts of comforts, which we had never even hoped for at Camp Benton; and while we supposed they had been roughing it, found we had been roughing it ourselves.

We invited the colonel and some of his officers to spend

the night with us. I confess they behaved with dignity. They made no complaints, and submitted with quiet resignation to their changed circumstances; but they were Tennesseans, and though they made no professions in words, convinced us that they had been Union men at heart, and wished the Union back again. One of us remarked, that if those who had been released heretofore had not abused it, and violated their pledges and oaths, the prisoners at Fort Donaldson would probably be released in the same way. The lieutenant-colonel said he wished it could be so; he was confident none of his men would be thus guilty. "But," he added, "I don't blame the government for sending us north; I acknowledge that I am a rebel taken in arms, and it is fully justified in treating me accordingly."

It was a novelty indeed, thus spending the evening with our late opponents. We made no allusions that could hurt their feelings, but talked over the events of the siege until a late hour. They told us the surrender was a thunder-clap to all. The men, and most of the officers, had not seen how completely they were surrounded, and had been made to believe that they were successful. The evening before they were told this, and in the morning it was announced that their generals had run away, and they were prisoners of war.

I now began to look about me and feel a little of the confusion that follows a battle. My trunk had been left on the steamer, and the steamer had moved; my blankets had been left in a hospital tent, and the hospital tent had disappeared; my regiment was fourteen miles off, at Fort Henry; the biscuit and coffee on which we had lived were gone, and provisions had not followed us into the fort. I procured a captured horse, and the next morning started at daylight for

Fort Henry. As I passed a regiment in the woods, the commissary was dealing out a biscuit and a handful of sugar to each man for breakfast. He good naturedly said he would give me my share. After a long ride, I found my men camped in some woods, all well, and bitterly disappointed at not having been at Fort Donelson.

GRANT'S UNSELFISHNESS

IN the first action in which Grant commanded, his troops at first gained a slight advantage over the Confederates. They began to plunder the Confederate camp, in spite of all that Grant could do to stop them. At last, Grant, who knew that Confederate reinforcements were coming up, got some of his friends to set fire to the camp so as to stop the plundering. Then he got his troops together as well as he could, and retreated; but, in the mean time, the Confederate reinforcements came up, attacked Grant, and defeated him. There were five colonels under Grant, who had not by any means supported him efficiently in his attempts to stop the plundering and collect his troops. Mr. Osborn saw Grant a day or two afterwards, when he expected to be deprived of his command on account of the defeat. He said:

"Why do you not report these colonels? They are the men to blame for not carrying out your orders."

"Why," said Grant, "these officers had never before been under fire; they did not know how serious an affair it was; they have had a lesson which they will not forget. I will answer for it they will never make the same mistake again. I can see by the way they behaved in the subsequent action,

that they are of the right stuff, and it is better that I should lose my command, if that must be, than the country should lose the services of five such officers when good men are scarce."

Grant did not lose his command, and three out of the five officers subsequently greatly distinguished themselves.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

THE charge of Fremont's Body Guard and the Prairie Scouts of Major Frank White, upon the rebel garrison in Springfield, Missouri, under the leadership of Major Charles Zagonyi, is justly regarded as one of the most daring and gallant achievements of the war.

Charles Zagonyi was a Hungarian refugee who, like so many of his countrymen, had fled to this country after the suppression of the revolution in his native country by the iron hand of the Russian Czar. His daring character brought the young officer to the notice of the invincible General Bem, by whom he was placed in command of a troop of picked cavalry for extraordinary service. His story, after that hour, up to the date of his capture by the enemy, was one of unparalleled daring. His last act was to charge upon a heavy artillery force. Over one half of his men were killed and the rest made prisoners, but not until after the enemy had suffered terribly. He was then confined in an Austrian dungeon, and finally released, at the end of two years, to go into exile in America.

Fremont drew around him a large number of such refugees from European tyranny, and found in them men of great

value, in all departments of the service. Zagonyi enlisted three hundred carefully chosen men, who, as a "Body Guard," served as pioneers and scouts in Fremont's advance. The exploit at Springfield was only one of many similar services for which they were designated by Fremont; but, the suspension of his command in Missouri broke up the Guard, and Zagonyi withdrew from the service until his leader should again be given a command.

The Guard was mounted, and was armed with German sabres and revolvers—the first company only having carbines. The horses were all bay in color, and were chosen with special reference to speed and endurance.

The expedition to Springfield was planned, as it afterward appeared, upon false information. Instead of Springfield being held by a small force, it was in possession of twelve hundred infantry and four hundred cavalry. Major Frank White had been ordered by General Sigel to make a reconnoissance toward Springfield—the Union army then being at Camp Haskell, south of the Pomme de Terre river, thirty-four miles from Warsaw and fifty-one from Springfield. The major had just come in with his dashing "Prairie Scouts," one hundred and fifty-four strong, from their gallant dash into Lexington; and the order to strike out for the reconnoissance found them jaded from over service. The major, however, put out, and was far on his way when, on the 24th (of October), he was joined by Zagonyi, who assumed command of the expedition, by order of Fremont. Zagonyi had with him one half of his Guard, provided with only one ration. The march to Springfield was to be forced, in order that the enemy should be surprised and the place secured before rebel reinforcements could reach it. The combined Scouts and Guard marched all Thursday (October

24th) night; briefly rested Friday morning, then pushed on and were before Springfield at three P. M. on the 25th—the fifty-one miles having been accomplished in eighteen hours.

Eight miles from Springfield five mounted rebels were caught; a sixth escaped and gave the alarm to the forces in the town, whose strength, Zagonyi learned from a Union farmer, was fully two thousand strong. Nothing was left but a retreat or bold dash. Zagonyi did not hesitate. His men responded to his own spirit fully, and were eager for the adventure, let it result as it would. Major White was so ill from overwork that, at Zagonyi's entreaty, he remained at a farm-house for a brief rest. The Union farmer offered to pilot the Body-Guard around to the Mount Vernon approach on the west—thus hoping to effect a surprise in that direction, as the enemy was, doubtless, aligned to receive the assault on the Boliver road, on the north. Of this detour White knew nothing, and after his rest he pushed on with his guard of five men and a lieutenant, to overtake his troops. He travelled up to the very outskirts of the town, and yet did not come up to his men. Supposing them in possession of the place, he kept on and soon found himself in a rebel camp—a prisoner. He was immediately surrounded by a crew of savages, who at once resolved to have his life. Captain Wroton, a rebel officer, only saved the Federal officer and his men from murder by swearing to protect them with his life. The blood-thirsty wretches were only kept at bay by the constant presence of Wroton.

The particulars of the charge are given by Major Dorscheimer in his admirable papers on Fremont's Campaign, in the *Atlantic Monthly* :—



The foe were advised of the intended attack. When Major White was brought into their camp, they were preparing to defend their position. As appears from the confession of prisoners, they had twenty-two hundred men, of whom four hundred were cavalry, the rest being infantry, armed with shot guns, American rifles and revolvers. Twelve hundred of their foot were posted along the edge of the wood upon the crest of the hill. The cavalry were stationed upon the extreme left, on top of a spur of the hill, and in front of a patch of timber. Sharpshooters were concealed behind the trees close to the fence alongside the lane, and a small number in some underbrush near the foot of the hill. Another detachment guarded their train, holding possession of the county fair ground, which was surrounded by a high board fence.

This position was unassailable by cavalry from the road, the only point of attack being down the lane on the right; and the enemy were so disposed as to command this approach perfectly. The lane was a blind one, being closed, after passing the brook, by fences and ploughed land: it was in fact a *cul-de-sac*. If the infantry should stand, nothing could save the rash assailants. There are horsemen sufficient to sweep the little band before them as helplessly as the withered forest-leaves in the grasp of the autumn winds; there are deadly marksmen lying behind the trees upon the heights and lurking in the long grass upon the lowlands; while a long line of foot stand upon the summit of the slope, who, only stepping a few paces back into the forest, may defy the boldest riders. Yet, down this narrow lane, leading into the very jaws of death, came the three hundred.

On the prairie, at the edge of the woodland in which he knew his wily foe lay hidden, Zagonyi halted his command.

He spurred along the line. With eager glance he scanned each horse and rider. To his officers he gave the simple order, "Follow me! do as I do!" and then, drawing up in front of his men, with a voice tremulous and shrill with emotion, he spoke:

"Fellow-soldiers, comrades, brothers! This is your first battle. For our three hundred, the enemy are two thousand. If any of you are sick, or tired by the long march, or if any think that the number is too great, now is the time to turn back." He paused—no one was sick or tired. "We must not retreat. Our honor, the honor of our general and our country, tell us to go on. I will lead you. We have been called holiday soldiers for the pavements of St. Louis; to-day we will show that we are soldiers for the battle. Your watchword shall be—'*The Union and Fremont!*' Draw sabre! By the right flank—quick trot—march!"

Bright swords flashed in the sunshine, a passionate shout burst from every lip, and, with one accord, the trot passing into a gallop, the compact column swept on in its deadly purpose. Most of them were boys. A few weeks before they had left their homes. Those who were cool enough to note it say that ruddy cheeks grew pale, and fiery eyes were dimmed with tears. Who shall tell what thoughts, what visions of peaceful cottages, nestling among the groves of Kentucky, or shining upon the banks of the Ohio and Illinois—what sad recollections of tearful farewells, of tender, loving faces, filled their minds during those fearful moments of suspense? No word was spoken. With lips compressed, firmly clenching their sword-hilts, with quick tramp of hoofs and clang of steel, honor leading and glory awaiting them, the young soldiers flew forward, each brave rider and each straining steed members of one huge creature, enormous, terrible, irresistible.

“'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at that array.”

They pass the fair ground. They are at the corner of the lane where the wood begins. It runs close to the fence on their left for a hundred yards, and beyond it they see white tents gleaming. They are half way past the forest, when, sharp and loud, a volley of musketry bursts upon the head of the column; horses stagger, riders reel and fall, but the troop presses forward undismayed. The farther corner of the wood is reached, and Zagonyi beholds the terrible array. Amazed, he involuntarily checks his horse. The rebels are not surprised. There to his left they stand crowning the height, foot and horse ready to engulf him, if he shall be rash enough to go on. The road he is following declines rapidly. There is but one thing to do—run the gauntlet, gain the cover of the hill, and charge up the steep. These thoughts pass quicker than they can be told. He waves his sabre over his head, and shouting, “Forward! follow me! quick trot! gallop!” he dashes headlong down the stony road. The first company, and most of the second follow. From the left a thousand muzzles belch forth a hissing flood of bullets; the poor fellows clutch wildly at the air and fall from their saddles, and maddened horses throw themselves against the fences. Their speed is not for an instant checked; farther down the hill they fly, like wasps driven by the leaden storm. Sharp volleys pour out of the underbrush at the left, clearing wide gaps through their ranks. They leap the brook, take down the fence, and draw up under shelter of the hill. Zagonyi looks around him, and to his horror sees that only a fourth of his men are with him. He cries, “They do not come—we are lost!” and frantically waves his sabre.

He has not long to wait. The delay of the rest of the

Guard was not from hesitation. When Captain Foley reached the lower corner of the wood and saw the enemy's lines, he thought a flank attack might be advantageously made. He ordered some men to dismount and take down the fence. This was done under a severe fire. Several men fell, and he found the woods so dense that it could not be penetrated. Looking down the hill, he saw the flash of Zagonyi's sabre, and at once gave the order, "Forward!" At the same time, Lieutenant Kennedy, a stalwart Kentuckian, shouted, "Come on, boys! remember Old Kentucky!" and the third company of the Guard—fire on every side of them—from behind trees, from under the fences—with thundering strides and loud cheers—poured down the slope and rushed to the side of Zagonyi. They have lost seventy dead and wounded men, and the carcasses of horses are strewn along the lane. Kennedy is wounded in the arm, and lies upon the stones, his faithful charger standing motionless beside him. Lieutenant Goff received a wound in the thigh; he kept his seat, and cried out, "The devils have hit me, but I will give it to them yet!"

The remnant of the Guard are now in the field under the hill, and from the shape of the ground the rebel fire sweeps with the roar of a whirlwind over their heads. Here we will leave them for a moment, and trace the fortunes of the Prairie Scouts.

When Foley brought his troops to a halt, Captain Fairbanks, at the head of the first company of Scouts, was at the point where the first volley of musketry had been received. The narrow lane was crowded by a dense mass of struggling horses, and filled with the tumult of battle. Captain Fairbanks says, and he is corroborated by several of his men who were near, that at this moment an officer of the Guard rode

up to him and said, "They are flying; take your men down that lane and cut off their retreat"—pointing to the lane at the left. Captain Fairbanks was not able to identify the person who gave this order. It certainly did not come from Zagonyi, who was several hundred yards farther on. Captain Fairbanks executed the order, followed by the second company of Prairie Scouts, under Captain Kehoe. When this movement was made, Captain Naughton, with the third Irish dragoons, had not reached the corner of the lane. He came up at a gallop, and was about to follow Fairbanks, when he saw a guardsman, who pointed in the direction in which Zagonyi had gone. He took this for an order, and obeyed it. When he reached the gap in the fence, made by Foley, not seeing any thing of the Guard, he supposed they had passed through at that place, and gallantly attempted to follow. Thirteen men fell in a few minutes. He was shot in the arm and dismounted. Lieutenant Connolly spurred into the underbrush, and received two balls through the lungs, and one in the left shoulder. The dragoons, at the outset not more than fifty strong, were broken; and, dispirited by the loss of their officers, retired. A sergeant rallied a few, and brought them up to the gap again, and they were again driven back. Five of the boldest passed down the hill, joined Zagonyi, and were conspicuous for their valor during the rest of the day. Fairbanks and Kehoe, having gained the rear and left of the enemy's position, made two or three assaults upon detached parties of the foe, but did not join in the main attack.

I now return to the Guard. It is forming under the shelter of the hill. In front, with a gentle inclination, rises a grassy slope, broken by occasional tree-stumps. A line of fire upon the summit marks the position of the rebel infantry, and nearer and on the top of a lower eminence to the right stand

their horse. Up to this time no Guardsman has struck a blow, but blue coats and bay horses lie thick along the bloody lane. Their time had come. Lieutenant Maythenyi with thirty men is ordered to attack the cavalry. With sabres flashing over their heads, the little band of heroes spring toward their tremendous foe. Right upon the centre they charge. The dense mass opens, the blue coats force their way in, and the whole rebel squadron scatter in disgraceful flight through the cornfields in the rear. The boys follow them, sabering the fugitives. Days after, the enemy's horses lay thick among the uncut corn.

Zagonyi holds his main body until Maythenyi disappears in the cloud of rebel cavalry; then his voice rises through the air: "In open order—charge!" The line opens out to give play to their sword-arm. Steeds respond to the ardor of their riders, and quick as thought, with thrilling cheers, the noble hearts rush into the leaden torrent which pours down the incline. With unabated fire the gallant fellows press through. Their fierce onset is not even checked. The foe do not wait for them—they waver, break, and fly. The guardsmen spur into the midst of the rout, and their fast-falling swords work a terrible revenge. Some of the boldest of the Southrons retreat into the woods, and continue a murderous fire from behind trees and thickets. Seven Guard horses fall upon a space not more than twenty feet square. As his steed sinks under him, one of the officers is caught around the shoulders by a grape-vine, and hangs dangling in the air until he is cut down by his friends.

The rebel foot are flying in furious haste from the field. Some take refuge in the fair ground, some hurry into the cornfields, but the greater part run along the edge of the wood, swarm over the fence into the road, and hasten to the

village. The Guardsmen follow. Zagonyi leads them. Over the loudest roar of battle rings his clarion voice—"Come on, old Kentuck! I'm with you!" And the flash of his sword-blade tells his men where to go. As he approaches the barn, a man steps from behind a door, and lowers his rifle; but before it had reached a level, Zagonyi's sabre-point descends upon his head, and his life-blood leaps to the very top of the huge barn-door.

The conflict now raged through the village—in the public square, and along the streets. Up and down the Guards ride, in squads of three and four, and wherever they see a group of the enemy, charge upon and scatter them. It is hand to hand. No one but has a share in the fray.

There was at least one soldier in the southern ranks. A young officer, superbly mounted, charges alone upon a large body of the guard. He passes through the line unscathed, killing one man. He wheels, charges back, and again breaks through, killing another man. A third time he rushes upon the Federal line, a score of sabre-points confront him, a cloud of bullets fly around him, but he pushes on until he reaches Zagonyi—he presses his pistol so close to the major's side, that he feels it, and draws convulsively back, the bullet passes through the front of Zagonyi's coat, who at the instant runs the daring rebel through the body; he falls, and the men, thinking their commander hurt, kill him with a dozen wounds.

"He was a brave man," said Zagonyi afterward, "and I did wish to make him prisoner."

Meanwhile it has grown dark. The foe have left the village, and the battle has ceased. The assembly is sounded, and the Guard gathers in the *Plaza*. Not more than eighty wounded men appear: the rest are killed, wounded, or un-

horsed. At this time one of the most characteristic incidents of the affair took place.

Just before the charge, Zagonyi directed one of his buglers, a Frenchman, to sound a signal. The bugler did not seem to pay any attention to the order, but darted off with Lieutenant Maythenyi. A few moments afterward, he was observed in another part of the field, vigorously pursuing the flying infantry. His active form was always seen in the thickest of the fight. When the line was formed in the *Plaza*, Zagonyi noticed the bugler, and approaching him, said; "In the midst of battle you disobeyed my order. You are unworthy to be a member of the Guard. I dismiss you." The bugler showed his bugle to his indignant commander—the mouth-piece of the instrument was shot away. He said: "The mouth was shoot off. I could not bugle viz mon bugle, and so I bugle viz mon pistol and sabre." It is unnecessary to add, the brave Frenchman was not dismissed.

I must not forget to mention Sergeant Hunter of the Kentucky company. His soldierly figure never failed to attract the eye in the ranks of the Guard. He had served in the regular cavalry, and the Body Guard had profited greatly from his skill as a drill master. He lost three horses in the fight. As soon as one was killed, he caught another from the rebels; the third horse taken by him in this way he rode into St. Louis.

The sergeant slew five men. "I won't speak of those I shot," said he—"another may have hit them; but those I touched with my sabre I am sure of, because I felt them."

At the beginning of the charge, he came to the extreme right, and took position next to Zagonyi, whom he followed closely through the battle. The major seeing him, said:

"Why are you here, Sergeant Hunter? Your place is with your company on the left."

"I kind o' wanted to be in front," was the answer.

"What could I say to such a man?" exclaimed Zagonyi, speaking of the matter afterward.

There was hardly a horse or rider among the survivors that did not bring away some mark of the fray. I saw one animal with no less than seven wounds—none of them serious. Scabbards were bent, clothes and caps pierced, pistols injured. I saw one pistol from which the sight had been cut as neatly as it could have been done by machinery. A piece of board a few inches long was cut from a fence on the field, in which there were thirty-one shot-holes.

It was now nine o'clock. The wounded had been carried to the hospital. The dismounted troopers were placed in charge of them—in the double capacity of nurses and guards. Zagonyi expected the foe to return every minute. It seemed like madness to try and hold the town with his small force, exhausted by the long march and desperate fight. He therefore left Springfield, and retired before morning twenty-five miles on the Bolivar road.

Captain Fairbanks did not see his commander after leaving the column in the lane, at the commencement of the engagement. About dusk he repaired to the prairie, and remained there, within a mile of the village, until midnight, when he followed Zagonyi, rejoining him in the morning.

I will now return to Major White. During the conflict upon the hill, he was in the forest near the front of the rebel line. Here his horse was shot under him. Captain Wroton kept careful watch over him. When the flight began he hurried White away, and, accompanied by a squad of eleven men, took him ten miles into the country. They stopped at a farm-house for the night. White discovered that their host was a Union man. His parole having expired, he took

advantage of the momentary absence of his captor to speak to the farmer, telling him who he was, and asking him to send for assistance. The countryman mounted his son upon his swiftest horse, and sent him for succor. The party lay down by the fire, White being placed in the midst. The rebels were soon asleep, but there was no sleep for the major. He listened anxiously for the footsteps of his rescuers. After long, weary hours, he heard the tramp of horses. He arose, and walking on tiptoe, cautiously stepping over his sleeping guard, he reached the door and silently unfastened it. The Union men rushed into the room and took the astonished Wroton and his followers prisoners. At day-break White rode into Springfield at the head of his captives and a motley band of home guards. He found the Federals still in possession of the place. As the officer of highest rank, he took command. His garrison consisted of twenty-four men. He stationed twenty-two of them as pickets in the outskirts of the village, and held the other two as a *reserve*. At noon the enemy sent a flag of truce, and asked permission to bury their dead. Major White received the flag with proper ceremony, but said that General Sigel was in command and the request would have to be referred to him. Sigel was then forty miles away. In a short time a written communication purporting to come from General Sigel arrived, saying that the rebels might send a party, under certain restrictions, to bury their dead. White drew in some of his pickets, stationed them about the field, and under their surveillance the southern dead were buried.

The loss of the enemy, as reported by some of their working party, was one hundred and sixteen killed. The number of wounded could not be ascertained. After the conflict had drifted away from the hill-side, some of the foe had returned

to the field, taken away the wounded and robbed our dead. The loss of the Guard was fifty-three out of one hundred and forty-eight actually engaged, twelve men having been left by Zagonyi in charge of his train. The prairie scouts reported a loss of thirty-one out of one hundred and thirty; half of these belonged to the Irish dragoons. In a neighboring field an Irishman was found stark and stiff, still clinging to the hilt of his sword, which was thrust through the body of a rebel who lay beside him. Within a few feet a second rebel lay shot through the head.



SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea, uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road to Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight :
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hill rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comèt, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster ;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls.
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed ;
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both ;
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,

And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say :
" I have brought you Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester down, to save you the day !"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan !
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame—
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright :
" Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester twenty miles away !"

TRUE TO HER PRINCIPLES.

A SQUAD of Indiana volunteers, out scouting, came across a female in a log cabin in the mountains. After the usual salutations, one of them asked her, " Well, old lady, are you a secesh ?" " No," was the answer. " Are you Union ?" " No." " What are you, then ?" " A Baptist, an' always have been." The Hoosiers let down.

A WEDDING IN CAMP.

SIX bold riflemen clad in blue, with scarlet doublets over the left shoulder, bearing blazing torches; six glittering Zouaves, with brilliant trappings, sparkling in the light; and then the hollow square, where march the bridegroom and bride; then seven rows of six groomsmen in a row, all armed *cap-a-pie*, with burnished weapons, flashing back the lustre of the Zouave uniform; and all around the grand regiment darkening the white tent folds, as their ruddy faces are but half disclosed between the red and yellow glare of the fires, and the soft silver light of the May-moon. (This is all, you will bear in mind, out on the broad, open air. The encampment occupies a conically-shaped hill-top, flanked around the rear crescent by a wood of fan-leaved maples sprinkled with blossoming dogberries, and looking out at the cone upon the river-swards below. The plain is full of mounds and ridges, save where it bulges in the centre to a circular elevation perfectly flat, around which, like façades about a court-yard, are arrayed the spiral tents, illuminated in honor of the coming nuptials.) The bride is the daughter of the regiment; the to-be-husband a favorite sergeant. Marching thus, preceded by two files of sixes, and followed by the glittering rows of groomsmen, the little cortege has moved out of the great tent on the edge of the circle, and comes slowly, amid the bold strains of the grand "Midsummer Night's Dream," toward the regimental chaplain.

You have seen the colored prints of Jenny Lind on the back of the music of "*Vive la France*." You have noted the light-flowing hair, the soft Swiss eye, the military bodice, the coquettish red skirt, and the pretty buskined feet and ankles underneath. The print is not unlike the bride. She

was fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, darkened in their hue by exposure to the sun, in just the dress worn by *les filles du regiment*. She was formed in that athletic mould which distinguishes the Amazon from her opposite extreme of frailty. You could not doubt her capacity to undergo the fatigues and hardships of a campaign, but your mind did not suggest to your eye those grosser and more masculine qualities which, whilst girding the woman with strength, disrobe her of the purer, more effeminate traits of body. You saw before you a young girl, apparently about eighteen years of age, with clear, courageous eye, quiverless lip, and soldierly tread, a veritable daughter of the regiment. You have seen Caroline Richings and good old Peter (St. Peter!) march over the stage as the corporal and *la fille*. Well, this girl, barring the light flaxen hair, would remind you of the latter drilling a squad of grenadiers.

The bridegroom was of the same sanguine, Germanic temperament as the bride. As he marched, full six feet in height, with long, light colored beard, high cheek-bones, aquiline nose, piercing, deeply-studied blue eye, broad shoulders long arms, sturdy legs, feet and hands of a laborious development, cocked hat with blue plume, dark blue frock, with bright scarlet blanket, tartan fashion over the shoulder, small sword, you would have taken him for a hero of Sir Walter. Faith, had Sir Walter seen him, he himself would have taken him. In default, however, of Sir Walter, I make bold to appropriate him as a hero on the present occasion. Indeed, he was a hero, and looked it, every inch of him, leading that self sacrificing girl up to the regimental chaplain, with his robe, and surplice, and great book, amid the stare of a thousand anxious eyes, to the music of glorious

old Mendelssohn, and the beating of a thousand earnest hearts!

The music ceased; a silence as calm as the silent moon held the strange, wild place; the fires seemed to sparkle less noisily in reverence; and a little white cloud paused in its course across the sky to look down on the group below; the clear voice of the preacher sounded above the suppressed breathing of the spectators, and the vague burning of the fagot heaps; a few short words, a few heartfelt prayers, the formal legal ceremonial, and the happy "Amen." It was done. The pair were man and wife. In rain or sunshine, joy or sorrow, for weal or woe, bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh, forever and ever, amen!

ROLL CALL.

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near,
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell,—
This time no answer followed the call:
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books;
While slowly gathered the shade of night.

The ferns on the hill-side were splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder strains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed is the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes: but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

THE CLOTHES-LINE TELEGRAPH.

IN the early part of 1863, when the Union army was encamped at Falmouth, and picketing the banks of the Rappahannock, the utmost tact and ingenuity were displayed, by the scouts and videttes, in gaining a knowledge of contemplated movements on either side; and here, as at various other times, the shrewdness of the African camp attendants was very remarkable.

One circumstance in particular shows how quick the race are in learning the art of communicating by signals.

There came into the Union lines a negro from a farm on the other side of the river, known by the name of Dabney, who was found to possess a remarkably clear knowledge of the topography of the whole region; and he was employed as cook and body servant at headquarters. When he first saw our system of army telegraphs, the idea interested him intensely, and he begged the operators to explain the signs to him. They did so, and found that he could understand and remember the meaning of the various movements as well as any of his brethren of paler hue.

Not long after, his wife, who had come with him, expressed a great anxiety to be allowed to go over to the other side as servant to a "secesh woman," whom General Hooker was about sending over to her friends. The request was granted. Dabney's wife went across the Rappahannock, and in a few days was duly installed as laundress at the headquarters of a prominent rebel general. Dabney, her husband, on the north bank, was soon found to be wonderfully well informed as to all the rebel plans. Within an hour of the time that a movement of any kind was projected, or even discussed, among the rebel generals, Hooker knew all about it. He knew

which corps was moving, or about to move, in what direction, how long they had been on the march, and in what force; and all this knowledge came through Dabney, and his reports always turned out to be true.

Yet Dabney was never absent, and never talked with the scouts, and seemed to be always taken up with his duties as cook and groom about headquarters.

How he obtained his information remained for some time a puzzle to the Union officers. At length, upon much solicitation, he unfolded his marvellous secret to one of our officers.

Taking him to a point where a clear view could be obtained of Fredricsburg, he pointed out a little cabin in the suburbs near the river bank, and asked him if he saw that clothes-line with clothes hanging on it to dry. "Well," said he, "that clothes-line tells me in half an hour just what goes on at Lee's headquarters. You see my wife over there; she washes for the officers, and cooks, and waits around, and as soon as she hears about any movement or any thing going on, she comes down and moves the clothes on that line so I can understand it in a minute. That there gray shirt is Longstreet; and when she takes it off, it means he's gone down about Richmond. That white shirt means Hill; and when she moves it up to the west end of the line, Hill's corps has moved up stream. That red one is Stonewall. He's down on the right now, and if he moves, she will move that red shirt."

~~The~~ ^{Next} morning Dabney came in and reported a movement over there. "But," says he, "it don't amount to any thing. They're just making believe."

~~An~~ ^{An} officer went out to look at the clothes-line telegraph through his field-glass. There had been quite a shifting over there among the army flannels. "But how do you know but there is something in it?"

"Do you see those two blankets pinned together at the bottom?" said Dabney. "Yes, but what of it?" said the officer. "Why, that's her way of making a fish-trap; and when she pins the clothes together that way, it means that Lee is only trying to draw us into his fish-trap."

As long as the two armies lay watching each other on opposite banks of the stream, Dabney, with his clothes-line telegraph, ~~continued to be one of~~^{was} the promptest and most reliable of General Hooker's scouts.



THE CHARGE AT PORT HUDSON.

A SOLDIER who participated in the storming of Port Hudson, on the 14th of June, 1863, gives the following account of that unfortunate affair: "I have been in many battles, but I never saw, and never wish to see, such a fire as that poured on us on June 14th. It was not terrible—it was *horrible*."

"Our division (second) stormed about a mile from the Mississippi. We left our camp at twelve o'clock, midnight, on the 13th, and proceeded to the left, arriving just at daylight, where the balance of our brigade (second) awaited us.

"Colonel Benedict arrived from opposite Port Hudson on the 12th, and our regiment was transferred from the first to the second brigade, and he placed in command. The movement to the left took all by surprise; but we got in shape behind a piece of woods which concealed the enemy's works, and rested. The first brigade went in first, and we followed—the third brigade being a reserve. I saw the first brigade file left and move on, but saw no more of it. When the order

came to move on, we did so in 'column of company,' at full distance. Ask some good military man what he thinks of a brigade moving to a charge in that manner. The one hundred and sixty-second leading, the one hundred and seventy-fifth (Bryan's) after us; then the forty-eighth Massachusetts, and twenty-eighth Maine. We were in a road parallel to the enemy's works, and had to change direction to, or file left round the corner of the woods, and then started forward by a road leading up. The ground rose gradually, and away above, the rebel works were in plain sight. The moment we turned into the road, shot, shell, grape, and canister fell like hail, in, amongst, and around us. But on we went. A little higher, a new gun opened on us. Still farther they had a cross-fire on us—O! such a terrible one; but on we went, bending as, with sickening shrieks, the grape and canister swept over us. Sometimes it fell in and about us; but I paid no heed to it.

"After the first, my whole mind was given to the colors, and to keep my men around them; and they did it well. I wonder now, as I think of it, how I did so. I walked erect, though from the moment I saw how they had us, I was sure I would be killed. I had no thought (after a short prayer) but for my flag. I talked and shouted. I did all man could do to keep my boys to their 'colors.' I tried to draw their attention from the enemy to it, as I knew we would advance more rapidly. The brave fellows stood by it, as the half-score who fell attest. The 'color-bearer' fell, but the 'flag' did not. Half the guard fell, but the 'flag' was there. Ask (if I never come home) my colonel or lieutenant-colonel if any one could have done better than I did that day. I do not fear their answer. When about three hundred yards from the works, I was struck. The pain was so intense that

I could not go on. I turned to my second lieutenant, who was in command of company C, as he came up to me, and said: 'Never mind me, Jack; for God's sake, jump to the colors.' I don't recollect any more, till I heard Colonel B. say: 'Up, men, and forward.' I looked, and saw the rear regiments lying flat to escape the fire, and Colonel B. standing there, the shot striking all about him, and he never flinching. It was grand to see him. I wish I was of 'iron nerve,' as he is. When I heard him speak, I forgot all else, and, running forward, did not stop till at the very front and near the colors again. There, as did all the rest, I lay down, and soon learned the trouble. Within two hundred yards of the works was a ravine parallel with them, imperceptible till just on the edge of it, completely impassable by the fallen timber in it. Of course we could not move on. To stand up was certain death; so was retreat. Nought was left but to lie down with what scanty cover we could get. So we did lie down, in that hot, scorching sun. I fortunately got behind two small logs, which protected me on two sides, and lay there, scarcely daring to turn, for four hours, till my brain reeked and surged, and I thought I should go mad. Death would have been preferable to a continuance of such torture. Lots of poor fellows were shot as they were lying down, and to lie there and hear them groan and cry was awful. Just on the other side of the log lay the gallant Colonel Bryan, with both legs broken by shot. He talked of home, but bore it like a patriot. Near him was one of my own brave boys, with five balls in him. I dared not stir, my hand ached so, and it would have been death also. Well, the colonel got out of pain sooner than some, for he died after two hours of intense agony. Bullets just grazed me as they passed over, and one entered the ground within an inch of my right eye. I could

not go that. Our boys had run back occasionally, but got a volley as they did so from the rebels, who would curse them. I waited till our cannon fired a round at them, then up and ran across the road, and fell flat behind some low brush or weeds; and well I did. They saw my sword, and fired several volleys after me. As my hand was very lame, I crawled several rods back, then under a big log, got behind it, and, for the first time in five hours, sat up. I bathed my hand, and after awhile made my way to the rear, got it dressed, and was on my way back, when I learned that the men were to work in, by one and twos; so I staid. I then learned of poor Bryan's fate, and one by one came the tidings of my own men, and when the word came of them I cried like a child. Some of them passed me on the way to have their wounds dressed, and blessed me as they passed by. When night came, the troops came in and line was formed, and a small one we had. The major's body was brought in to be sent home, and my pet favorite, Sergeant Fred. Mitchell (who, as a favor to me, Colonel Benedict had made an acting lieutenant—he was so good a soldier, and handsome and talented), the last I saw of him, was his sword flashing in the sunlight as he urged the men forward; but he was brought in with half his head torn off, and it was hard to recognize him. But God bless him! He was true, for his right hand grasped his sword firmly in death. I have it stored to be sent to his friends. Colonel B. and Lieutenant-Colonel B., came out safe. The lieutenant-colonel had been sick for some time, and this finished him. So I took command of the regiment, brought it to the mortar battery, and bivouacked for the night."

WASHING DAY IN CAMP.

"THIS is washing day with us," ~~writes~~^{wrote} a soldier of the forty-first Ohio regiment. "Washing day! You know at home what a terrible disturber of domestic comfort it is. My recollections of it are associated with cold feet, damp floors, meagre dinners, cross mothers, and birch rods. The servant girls and I used to fight more on washing days than on any other. Washing is as much a duty as fighting. Woe to the unlucky sloven that appears at Sunday morning inspection with dirty clothes, dirty hands, long hair, or untrimmed beard. We are expected to bathe all over once or twice a week. This requirement is one of the soldier's greatest blessings. At first, clothes washing was a difficult and tedious operation; but now there is not one of us that is not thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of washing, rinsing, and wringing. It is genuine satisfaction to see a fastidious youth, who, perhaps, has often found fault with his mother or sister on account of fancied imperfections in his linen, knee deep in water, worrying about some garment, in vain endeavors to wash it. Justice comes round at last. When I was a little brat I frequently used to throw down my bread and butter when it was not sugared to suit my whim. My mother would then say, 'You'll see the day, my boy, when you'll be glad to get that crust.' I have realized the truth of her words scores of times within the last year. Washing day with us has its amusements. On one occasion, last summer, while we were stationed at Murfreesboro', a party of about one hundred of us were washing at a large spring on the opposite side of the town from where we were encamped. Buell's army was, at that time, exceedingly short of supplies, ~~but~~ few of us had more than one shirt ~~some were not even~~

~~that morning~~. It was a warm, pleasant day. We had removed our clothes, placing them in kettles, built fires, and were boiling them out, busying ourselves, meanwhile, in playing 'leap-frog,' 'tag,' 'blackman,' and divers other games, when lo! a party of rebel cavalry came thundering down upon us in pursuit of a forage train that had been sent out in the morning. What were we to do? We had no arms with us; our clothes were in boiling hot water; the enemy were drawing near, fearfully near. Jumping over the fence, the whole party of us scud right through the town for camp like so many wild Indians, as fast as our legs could carry us. The citizens, supposing we would all be captured, came out in great glee, shouting, 'Run, Yanks! run Yanks!' as we fled through the streets. We reached camp in safety, to the great astonishment and amusement of our comrades. It was a long time before we heard the last of that washing day. I asked one old black woman if she didn't blush when she saw us running through town. She replied, 'Why, de Lord God A'mi'ty bress ye, child—I couldn't blush for laughing.'

ARMY EXCHANGES.

A LETTER from the Army of the Potomac, dated February 12, 1863, contains the following:—

"The rebels recently rigged up a plank, with a sail and rudder attached, and on top placed a drawer, evidently taken from an old secretary, in which they put two Richmond papers, and on top a half plug of tobacco, with a written request for a New York Herald, and stating that 'they would come over and have a little chat,' if we would pledge

faith. But this kind of intercourse is strictly forbidden on our part. The next day, after the ninth army corps had left, the rebels hailed our pickets, and asked 'where the ninth army corps had gone.'

"I returned this morning from a visit to our pickets. Company I, one hundred and thirty-ninth Pennsylvania volunteers, has a very good location for standing post, but the 'Johnny Rebs' are perfectly docile. Night before last Harry Born, one of our boys, was busily engaged in singing a song entitled 'Fairy Bell,' and when the time came for the chorus, the four rebs on the post opposite struck up, drowning Harry's voice almost entirely."

A SNOW-BALL BATTLE.

A SOLDIER of one of the New Jersey regiments writes as follows:—

You are probably aware that the second brigade of this division consists of four Vermont regiments, besides the twenty-sixth. During the late heavy fall of snow, the Vermonters twice made an attack on the encampment of the twenty-sixth, sending a perfect shower of snow-balls at the head of every luckless Jerseyman who made his appearance without his tent. The first attack was a complete surprise to us; but we essayed a sally from the camp, and drove the attacking party back to their reserves. Being heavily reinforced they charged on us again, and after a desperate resistance we were driven back into camp, fighting resolutely from the shelter of our tents until darkness put an end to the contest. Our casualties were quite heavy, but those of the en-

emy, it is thought, exceeded ours. A few days afterward the attack was renewed, but we took up a strong position on a hill in the rear of the camp, and repulsed every assault of the foe. The snow was crimsoned with the blood issuing from the olfactory organs of the Vermonters, and the appearance of the battle-field indicated the fierce nature of the contest. The enemy raised a flag of truce, an armistice of a few hours was concluded, and then ensued that novel spectacle of war—men, who but a few minutes previous were engaged in one of the most sanguinary battles of modern times, harmonizing and fraternizing with clasped hands.

“But the matter did not rest here. The night of the 24th had enveloped terra firma with its dusky shades. Many a waxen nose in the camps of the second brigade snored sonorously, happily unconscious of its ruby discoloration on the morrow. Many an eye placidly closed in slumber was to be violently closed in battle ere the approach of another nightfall. And many a phrenological bump sparsely developed on the night in question was to be suddenly brought to an age of puberty on the approaching day. The eventful morning opened. Colonel Morrison sent a challenge to Colonel Seaver of the third Vermont to engage in the open field at three o'clock P. M. The challenge was accepted, on the condition that the fourth Vermont should be included with the third. This was agreed to by the colonel. Before the appointed time some of our men were detailed on fatigue duty, and at the time of the engagement we were only able to muster some three hundred men.

“Nothing daunted by the superiority of numbers, Colonel Morrison ordered Lieutenant McCleese, of company C (Captain Pemberton being sick), to fortify a small hill on our right, make as much ammunition as possible, and pile the

snow-balls in pyramids. This arduous duty was hastily performed. It was a strong position, a swollen brook at its base answering the purpose of a moat—too strong in fact, for the Vermonters, and they declined to attack us while occupying this miniature Chepultepec. Commissioners were appointed, and after a parley, the twenty-sixth was marched across the brook, and formed in line of battle on the field fronting the Vermonters. The hills were covered with spectators, and the eagerness to witness the novel contest knew no bounds. Companies A and B were thrown out as skirmishers. Company E occupied the right, C was given the centre, and H rested on the left. The colonel dashed over the field in all directions, encouraging the men to stand fast, amid the blue wreaths curling from a ‘brier wood’ nonchalantly held in his left hand, and the adjutant danced about on a spirited charger, apparently impatiently awaiting the hour of contest, the light of battle dilating within his eyes, and a quid of ‘navy plug’ reposing beneath his cheek. Lieutenant Woods of the ambulance corps, and Lieutenant ——— acted as mounted aids to the colonel, while the ‘sergeant’ and John K. Shaw, an aspiring Newark youth of eighteen, acted as perambulating aids. The line being formed and every thing in readiness for the contest, a red flag was raised as a signal, and in a breath of time a strong body of the enemy drove in our skirmishers, and fiercely attacked our centre. At the same moment another strong force advanced against our right, but only as a feint; for they suddenly wheeled to the right, and joined their comrades in a furious charge on our centre. Major Morris ordered up company E from our right, but too late to be of any advantage, and they were completely cut off from the main body of our army. Although flanked and pressed in

front by overwhelming numbers, our centre heroically contested the advance of the enemy. Animated by the presence of the colonel, they fought like veterans, and the white snow-balls eddied through the air like popping corn from a frying pan. But the enemy were madly surging upon us in superior force, and it was hardly within the power of human endurance to stand such a perfect *feu d'enfer* any longer. Gradually the centre fell back inch by inch, the line then wavered to and fro, and finally the men broke in confusion and rolled down the hill followed by the victorious Vermonters. In vain the colonel breasted the torrent; in vain the major urged the men to stand fast; in vain did adjutant White, the chivalric De Bayard of the twenty-sixth, implore the gods for aid.

"The boys never rallied. Lieutenant Woods made an attempt to rally them, and form them in hollow square on the fortified hill to the right, but he was mistaken by the boys for a Vermonter, and unceremoniously pelted from their midst. But the colonel was totally deserted by his men. The Vermonters seized his horse by the bridle, and made a desperate attempt to take him prisoner. The fight at this point was terrific beyond description. The men fought hand to hand. Colonel Seaver, the Achilles of the day, dashed through the combatants, seized Colonel Morrison by the shoulder, and called upon him to surrender. But his demand was choked by the incessant patter of snow-balls on his 'physog.' Around the rival chieftains the men struggled fearfully; there was the auburn-haired Hodge, alias 'Wild Dutchman,' fighting manfully. There was the fierce Teuton captain of company E, dropping the foe right and left at every swing of his arms; but all in vain. Amid the wild excitement consequent upon the shouting, the rearing and

plunging of horses, the colonel was drawn from his saddle and taken by the enemy. Most of his 'staff' followed him as prisoners. A desperate attempt was made to rescue him, but it proved of no avail. Major Morris fared no better. Adjutant White, however, made a bold attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Dashing into the dense ranks of the foe, he seized the bridle of Colonel Stoughton's Bucephalus, and gallantly attempted the impossibility of capturing the colonel, who was the acting brigadiar of the attacking party. But the adjutant had 'caught a Tartar,' for the Vermonters rushed around him, like the waves beating upon some lone rock in the ocean, and vainly clamored for his surrender. He fought like an Ajax mounted on a 'Black Bess,' retaining his position in the saddle by resting his knee against the pommel. This was at last observed by a shrewd Yankee, who dexterously slipped between the two horses, detached the supporting knee, and the adjutant fell from his lofty position like a tornado-stricken oak. This fall disheartened the twenty-sixth, and only detached parties of a dozen, scattered over the field, persisted in an obstinate resistance. The 'serjeant' received a solid shot in the back of the head, and was borne to the rear a captive, and then

'The bugles sang truce.'

"Thus ended the great battle of Fairview; unequalled in desperateness, and the theme of many a future poet's cogitations. Our loss was very heavy, and we were severely defeated. The spectators, acting on the well-known principle of kicking a man when he is down, pitched into us most unmercifully, when our centre was broken, and prevented us from re-forming in line of battle. The slaughter of the enemy was fearful, and the prowess of the Newark ball

players and firemen was displayed on their battered visages. Colonel Stoughton was honored with a black eye, and the gallant Seaver fared but little better. The following is a fair recapitulation of the casualties on both sides:—

“Bloody noses, fifty-three; bunged peepers, eighty-one; extraordinary phrenological developments, twenty-nine; shot in the neck, after the engagement, unknown.

“The Vermonters fought with the determined energy characterizing them when engaging Jeff’s mermidons.”



THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

YES, we'll rally round the flag, boys,

We'll rally once again,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;

We will rally from the hill-side,

We will rally from the plain,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

Chorus—The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

Down with the traitors, up with the stars;

While we rally round the flag, boys,

Rally once again

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call

Of our brothers gone before,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;

And we'll fill the vacant ranks

With a million freemen more,

Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

The Union forever, etc.

We will welcome to our number
The loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom ;
And although he may be poor
He shall never be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
The Union forever, etc.

We are springing to the call,
From the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom ;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew
From the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom
The Union forever, etc.

We are marching to the field, boys,
Going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom ;
And we'll bear the glorious Stars
Of the Union and the Right,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
The Union forever, etc.

We'll meet the rebel host, boys,
With fearless hearts and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom :
And we'll show what Uncle Sam
Has for loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
The Union forever, etc

If we fall amid the fray, boys,
We will face them to the last,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom ;



Battle of Chapin's Farm.

And our comrades brave shall hear us,
 As we are rushing past,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 The Union forever, etc.

Yes, for Liberty and Union
 We are springing to the fight,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom:
 And the victory shall be ours,
 Forever rising in our might,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 The Union forever, etc.



AN ANECDOTE OF COLONEL HUGH McNEILL.

DURING the battle of South Mountain the rebels held a very strong position. They were posted in the mountain pass, and had infantry on the heights on every side. Our men were compelled to carry the place by storm. The position seemed impregnable; large craggy rocks protected the enemy on every side, while our men were exposed to a galling fire.

A band of rebels occupied a ledge on the extreme right, as the colonel approached with a few of his men. The unseen force poured upon them a volley. McNeill, on the instant, gave the command:—

“Pour your fire on those rocks!”

The Bucktails hesitated; it was not an order that they had been accustomed to receive; they had always picked their men.

“Fire!” thundered the colonel; “I tell you to fire at those rocks!”

The men obeyed. For some time an irregular fire was kept up, the Bucktails sheltering themselves, as best they could, behind trees and rocks. On a sudden McNeill caught sight of two rebels peering through an opening in the works to get an aim. The eyes of the men followed their commander, and half a dozen rifles were leveled in that direction.

"Wait a minute," said the colonel; "I will try my hand. There is nothing like killing two birds with one stone."

The two rebels were not in line, but one stood a little distance back of the other, while just in front of the foremost was a slanting rock. Colonel McNeill seized a rifle, raised it, glanced a moment along the polished barrel; a report followed, and both the rebels disappeared. At that moment a loud cheer a little distance beyond rent the air.

"All is right, now," cried the colonel; "charge the rascals."

The men sprang up among the rocks in an instant. The affrighted rebels turned to run, but encountered another body of the Bucktails, and were obliged to surrender. Not a man of them escaped. Every one saw the object of the colonel's order to fire at random among the rocks. He had sent the party around to their rear, and meant thus to attract their attention. It was a perfect success.

The two rebels by the opening in the ledge were found lying there stiff and cold. Colonel McNeill's bullet had struck the slanting rock, in front of them, glanced, and passed through both their heads. There it lay beside them, flattened. The colonel picked it up, and put it in his pocket.

HOW THEY GOT THEIR LIQUOR.

THE smuggling of liquors into the Union camps of the Potomac army was carried on very ingeniously, and to a very great extent. It was ascertained—and this was but one of the many cute devices resorted to—that parties engaged in bringing liquid offal from the camps in the vicinity of Alexandria, conveyed enormous quantities of liquor across the Potomac, by constructing their tubs with false bottoms—one for the liquor and one for the offal. This little trick was at last exposed by a man engaged in the legitimate part of the business, the offal—who feared that if the officials should discover the guilty, that all would be adjudged so, and that, in that way, he would be deprived of the lucrative profits which he was then realizing. Another mode of getting liquor to the soldiers, on the opposite side of the Potomac, was more difficult of prevention. Large numbers of jugs, filled with villanous whisky, were carried across the river, in true submarine style. Parties had a small wire, coiled on a tackle, by which means they drew bottles and jugs of the “critter” across, realizing enormous profits in their sale.



THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER RICHMOND.

THE crowning event of the rebellion was undoubtedly the capture of Richmond, by the loyal or Federal forces. The most striking incident of this achievement was the reestablishment of the United States, or American flag, in the rebel capital, over the rebel capitol, in which the rebel Congress met and deliberated, and a traitor convention passed the ordi-

nance of secession, which they vainly hoped would carry Virginia out of the Union. The details of this interesting event are as follows:—

The one division of the twenty-fifth and one of the twenty-fourth corps, composing that portion of the army of the James, which lay on the extreme right of Grant's Army of investment, occupied positions within seven miles of the beleaguered rebel stronghold. From an adjacent hill, Richmond was as plainly to be discerned as Port Ewing from the hills above Barrytown.

This corps was commanded by Major-General Godfrey Weitzel. His chief of the staff was Brigadier-General George F. Shepley, formerly military governor of New Orleans, and lately of Norfolk. His aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Johnston L. de Peyster, had been transferred with his chief to the staff of General Weitzel, and thus became aid-de-camp to the latter. Lieutenant de Peyster belonged to the 13th New York artillery, and was, as is well known, from Tivoli, Red Hook, Dutchess County, New York.

The night of the 2d and 3d of April was one of intense anxiety and expectation in the Army of the James. Throughout the previous day they could hear the tremendous roar of the terrible battle in which their comrades were engaged, far away across the river upon the extreme left and around Petersburg, and they knew that the next morning, early, they were to play their ~~dangerous~~ part by assaulting the rebel works in their front in order to capture Richmond itself.

About two A. M., April 3d, Lieutenant de Peyster, hearing tremendous explosions, and seeing a vast blaze in the direction of Richmond, mounted the wooden signal tower, about seventy feet high, at General Weitzel's headquarters, and reported that he could discern a great fire toward Richmond

He could not decide, however, that the city was burning. Efforts were at once made to capture a rebel picket. About three A. M. they were successful. A prisoner, of the thirty-seventh Virginia artillery, reported that he neither knew where his general nor his command were. This led General Shepley to believe the rebels were evacuating Richmond. About half past three A. M., a deserter came in and announced that the city was being abandoned. At four A. M., a negro drove into the Federal lines in a buggy, and confirmed the glorious news. Joy and exultation at once absorbed every other feeling, and orders were immediately given for the troops to move. This was about six A. M. Brevet Brigadier-General Draper's colored brigade led the advance, along a road strewn with all kinds of abandoned munitions of war, and amid the roar of bursting shells, which was terrific. On either side small red flags indicated the position of buried torpedoes between the two lines of abatis in Weitzel's immediate front. These warning indications the rebels had not had time to remove. This fortunate incident preserved many lives, as the space was very narrow between the explosives.

The rebel defences seemed almost impregnable. Every elevation along the road was defended by fieldworks, and very strong forts. Two lines of abatis and three lines of rifle-pits and earthworks, one within the other, defended every avenue of attack and point of advantage. The first and second lines were connected by regular lines of redans and works—the third, near the city and commanding it, disconnected. If our troops should have had to carry the defences by storm, the loss would have been fearful, since the contest would have been constantly renewed, because the rebels, as fast as one line of defences was occupied, would only have

had to fall back into another to recommence the butchery of the assailants under every advantage to themselves.

Brigadier-General Shepley had brought with him, from Norfolk, a storm flag, which had formerly belonged to the twelfth Maine volunteers. Of this regiment he had been originally colonel. This flag had floated triumphantly over the St. Charles Hotel at New Orleans. This latter building was the headquarters of General Butler, to whom General Shepley had acted as chief of staff. Shepley had previously, in sport, made the remark that the flag referred to would do to float over Richmond, and that he hoped to see it there. Lieutenant de Peyster, who heard this, asked the general "if he would allow him to raise it for him." Shepley said, "Yes, if you bring it with you, and take care of it, you shall raise it in Richmond." As the twenty-fifth corps left their lines to advance toward Richmond, the aid asked his general if he recollected his promise about the flag. "Yes, go to my tent and get the flag, and carry it on your saddle; I will send you to raise it if we get in."

April 3, six A. M., General Weitzel and his staff, together more than thirty officers, each having an orderly following in the rear, galloped on through the wrecks of the retreating rebels and the columns of the advancing Federals. As soon as they entered the suburbs of the rebel capital, the shouts of welcome broke forth. Meanwhile several arsenals, stored with shells, were burning. The explosions of the missiles mingled into one continuous roar. Even as they drew near the capitol itself, the populace rushed into the streets to hail their deliverers, or shake hands with them. In fact, their whole line of march within the suburbs was thronged with men, women, and boys, colored and white, all shouting welcome. The excitement was intense. Old men, gray, and

scarred with many battles, acted the part of boys, hurraing and yelling at the top of their voices. Meanwhile, the male negroes were bowing down to the ground, and the sable matrons chorusing with all their strength of lungs, "Bress de Lord! de year ob jubilee hab come!"

When near the foot of Shockoe Hill, the high, abrupt elevation, whose front is crowned by the capitol, Lieutenant de Peyster spurred on through the promiscuous throng up to the capitol itself. This building, the most conspicuous object in Richmond, owes every thing to its size and position, since neither the architecture nor the material corresponds with the site and proportions. The front, with its Ionic colonnade, looked down upon the business part of the city, which was all ablaze. The rear faced the fashionable quarter of Richmond, an elevated plain, considered the most eligible locality for private residences. The capitol had two flag-staffs, one at either end of the roof. Upon the front one an enormous rebel flag had been displayed, which, when not extended by the wind, trailed down to the steps below. This had been torn down, and had been partially rent into thousands of pieces, to be preserved as mementoes of the occasion. Upon the staff in the rear, in full sight of the domiciles of the magnates and sympathizers, "the first real American flag" was raised by Lieutenant de Peyster.

That flag which had been consigned to his care for that very purpose, which he had carried into the city buckled to his saddle, which had floated in like triumph over the Crescent City of the south, the first real American flag hoisted over the rebel capitol, was raised by a Dutchess county officer, aged eighteen, in the presence of Captain Langdon, chief of artillery to the staff of Major-General Weitzel. As it rose aloft, displayed itself, and steadily streamed out in the strong

gale, which was filling the air with fiery flakes from the adjacent conflagration, it was hailed with deafening shouts by the redeemed populace, who swarmed the open space below and around.

A short time before this real flag-raising, Major Atherton H. Stevens, of the fourth Massachusetts cavalry, and Major E. Graves, of General Weitzel's staff, had elevated or hoisted two cavalry guidons, small swallow-tailed flags, with the staffs to which they were attached. These were so small that they were scarcely visible, if visible at all, from the streets below. Moreover, it should be remembered that there is a vast difference, as to honor and possession, between planting these, and hoisting a United States flag, the true emblem and act of occupation and triumph. Therefore, as conceded, to Lieutenant de Peyster belongs the historic glory of being the first to run up "the first real American flag," selected and carried in by him for that very purpose, over the chief building of a city pre-eminently the stronghold and seat of life of the rebellion.

That this hoisting the flag was not attended with great peril, detracts in no manner whatever from the merit of the achievement, inasmuch as, when it occurred, a letter dated, "March 28, in the Field," had already been received in New York, stating that Lieutenant de Peyster was pledged to his general, if Richmond were taken, "to put a certain flag on the house of Jefferson Davis, or on the rebel capitol, or perish in the attempt." Every thing was perfectly prepared for an intended assault when General Shepley and his aid discovered that the works which they were ready to storm had been abandoned.

Having, amid gale, tumult, and triumph, drank upon the roof to the success of our arms, the young aid-de-camp went

down into the private room of Jefferson Davis in the custom-house, at the foot of the hill, and thence wrote a letter describing the entrance of the loyal army, which reached New York the same day (April 6), on which the Commercial Advertiser published a telegram from its own correspondent, stating that "to Lieutenant G. [should be J.] L. de Peyster and to General Shepley belong the honor of hoisting our flag on the capitol" of Richmond. This was corroborated by the correspondent of the New York Herald, dated "Herald Rooms, Richmond, Virginia, April 11, three P.M." Published 13th, A. M.

Lieutenant de Peyster was subsequently quartered in the residence of Jefferson Davis. He describes the house as a perfect gem, as to interior arrangements, although the exterior was altogether unattractive. The furniture was magnificent—rosewood the predominant material. Large pierglasses were to be found in every room. Some of the mirrors were enormous. The floors were covered with splendid carpets, so thick that the foot actually sunk into their rich material. All this lavish expenditure was made in accordance with the acts of the rebel or Confederate Congress, while the people were naked and starving, and their army in want of shoes.

At the age of sixteen, Lieutenant de Peyster greatly assisted in raising a company for the regiment of Colonel Cowles. Almost all the recruits from the northern district of the town of Red Hook and adjacent, were due to his exertions and the contributions of his relations and connections.

Although he was actually in command for a few days, it was by some trickery he lost the fruit of his labors. Colonel Cowles expressed a very high opinion of him as an officer, and regretted that he could not retain him. In the spring of 1864 he was mustered into the thirteenth New York artillery,

and appointed post adjutant to Major Hasler's battalion. Thence he was transferred to the staff of Brigadier-General Shepley, military governor of Norfolk, afterwards chief of staff to General Weitzel before Richmond, and first loyal military governor of the rebel capital.

On the 28th of June, Lieutenant de Peyster received official notice that his Excellency, Governor Fenton, in pursuance of the extraordinary powers vested in him by the legislature the last winter, had breveted him a "lieutenant-colonel for his meritorious conduct as a New York volunteer in the service of the United States, and for raising the first national ensign over the capitol in Richmond, Virginia, after the insurgents were driven therefrom."



HOW GENERAL HOOKER TALKED TO A CAVALRY BRIGADIER.

SAID he, to a brigadier of cavalry, "I know the South, and I know the North. In point of skill, of intelligence, and of pluck, the rebels will not compare with our men, if they are equally well led. Our soldiers are a better quality of men. They are better fed, better clothed, better armed, and infinitely better mounted; for the rebels are fully half mounted on mules, and their animals get but two rations of forage per week, while ours get seven. Now, with such soldiers, and such a cause as we have behind them—the best cause since the world began—we *ought* to be invincible, and, by —, sir, we *shall* be! You have got to stop those disgraceful cavalry 'surprises.' I'll have no more of them. I give you full power over your officers, to arrest, cashier, shoot—whatever you

will—only you must stop these ‘surprises.’ And, by —, sir, if you don’t do it, I give you fair notice, I will relieve the whole of you, and take the command of the cavalry myself!”

THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following interesting particulars of the surrender of the city:—

“As melancholy a sight as ever man witnessed, for brave men conquered and humbled, no matter how vile the cause for which they fight, present always a sorrowful spectacle; and these foes of ours, traitors and enemies of liberty and civilization though they be, are brave, as many a hard-fought field can attest. They marched out of their intrenchments by regiments upon the grassy declivity immediately outside their fort; they stacked their arms, hung their colors upon the centre, laid off their knapsacks, belts, cartridge-boxes, and cap-pouches, and thus shorn of the accoutrements of the soldier, returned inside their works, and thence down the Jackson road into the city. The men went through the ceremony with that downcast look so touching on a soldier’s face; not a word was spoken; there was none of that gay badinage we are so much accustomed to hear from the ranks of regiments marching through our streets; the few words of command necessary were given by their own officers in that low tone of voice we hear used at funerals. Generals McPherson, Logan, and Forney, attended by their respective staffs, stood on the rebel breastworks, overlooking a scene never before witnessed on this continent. The rebel troops, as to clothing, presented that varied appearance, so familiar in the North

from seeing prisoners, and were from Texas, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, and Missouri; the arms were mostly muskets and rifles of superior excellence, and I saw but very few shot-guns, or indiscriminate weapons of any kind; it was plain that Pemberton had a splendidly-appointed army. Their flags were of a kind new to me; all I saw being cut in about the same dimensions as our regimental colors, all of the single color, red, with a white cross in the centre.

"The ceremony of stacking arms occupied a little over an hour upon that part of the lines; and, when it was concluded, the glittering cavalcade of officers, Federal and rebel, mounted, and swept cityward, on the full gallop, through such clouds of dust as I hope never to ride through again. A few minutes, fortunately, brought us to a halt at a house, on the extreme outskirts of the city, built of stone, in the southern fashion, with low roof and wide verandas, and almost hidden from view, in an exuberance of tropical trees, and known as Forney's headquarters.

"And here were gathered all the notables of both armies. In a damask-cushioned armed rocking-chair, sat Lieutenant-General Pemberton, the most discontented-looking man I ever saw. Presently there appeared in the midst of the throng a man, small in stature, heavily set, stoop-shouldered, a broad face, covered with a short, sandy beard, habited in a plain suit of blue flannel, with the two stars upon his shoulder, denoting a major-general in the United States army. He approached Pemberton, and entered into conversation with him; there was no vacant chair near, but neither Pemberton nor any of his generals offered him a seat; and thus for five minutes the conqueror stood talking to the vanquished seated, when Grant turned away into the house, and left Pemberton alone, with his pride or his grief—it was hard to tell which.

Grant has the most impassive of faces, and seldom, if ever, are his feelings photographed upon his countenance; but there was then, as he contemplated the result of his labors, the faintest possible trace of inward satisfaction peering out of his cold gray eyes. All this occupied less time than this recital of it; and, meantime, officers of both armies were commingled conversing as sociably as if they had not been aiming at each other's lives a few hours before. Generals McPherson and Logan now turned back toward our camps to bring in the latter's division; and a party, specially detailed, galloped cityward, about a mile distant, for the purpose of hoisting the flag over the court-house.

"Lieutenant-Colonel William E. Strong, assisted by Sergeant B. F. Dugan, fourth company Ohio Independent Cavalry, and followed by a numerous throng of officers, soldiers, and civilians, ascended to the cupola of the court-house; and at half-past eleven o'clock on the fourth of July, 1863, flung out our banner of beauty and glory to the breeze."

INCIDENTS OF SHILOH.

EARLY on Monday morning, General Nelson dispatched an orderly from a cavalry company to the river with a message. The general waited in vain for an answer, and the day wore away without hearing from the messenger. General Nelson was furious, and directed, the following day, a search to be made for the orderly. He was, after some trouble, found and taken immediately to headquarters. He was called upon for an account, and said, in a brief, off-hand manner, that when he got to the river, he found several

thousand skulkers, and six hundred of these agreed to go into action if they could find a leader. The young cavalrman promptly offered himself, and as promptly led the men into the hottest of the fight. He reported to General Crittenden, was assigned a position which he maintained all day, losing from his impromptu command ten men killed and fifty wounded. The general was so well pleased with the young man and his gallant conduct, that he immediately sent his name to General Buell, and instead of being a private, he is now a commissioned officer.

A begrimed individual, face several shades blacker than the ace of spades, and continually deepening in color from a contact with powder, hurriedly ran up to Captain Pick Russell and asked for a few rounds of cartridges. "Give me some, for God's sake, captain; right down here I have a bully place, and every time I fire, down goes a secesher." He was accommodated, and while the captain was filling his cartridge-box, the fellow was loading his piece. After being supplied, he dashed to the left and disappeared in the woods. A roar of musketry in the direction he took was kept up all day, but whether he escaped or not has not been ascertained.

GENERAL ROSECRANS AND PAT'S FURLO'.

GENERAL ROSECRANS was reviewing the lamented Brigadier-General Nelson's old division. He took unusual interest in that band of veterans, who so long and so nobly had defended their country. He rode along alone between the ranks, talking to the men, and inquiring into their individual wants. Some wanted shoes, some blankets, some an increase

of rations, etc. Finally the general stopped in front of an Irishman, apparently well pleased with his soldierly appearance.

"Well, Pat," says the general, "and what do you want?"

"*A furlo', plase your honor !*" answered Pat.

"You'll do, Pat!" said the general, as he rode away, laughing.

A SCENE IN WAR.

CHAPLAIN QUINT relates the following painful episode in war :—

"It was a military execution. The person thus punished belonged to the third Maryland. His crime was *desertion*. It was his second offence. For the first he had been sentenced only to three months' labor and loss of pay ; for the second, death !

"While the army was passing through Frederick, Maryland, he had got out of camp. His regiment passed on, and he went to Baltimore. Arrested there, he was returned to the army, was convicted, and was sentenced.

"On Tuesday his sentence was formally read to him. He was to be shot to death with musketry on the next Friday, between the hours of noon and four P. M. But he had learned the decision on the Sunday before.

"There is no chaplain to the third Maryland regiment. But Chaplain Welsh, of the fifth Connecticut, in the same brigade, ministered to him in spiritual matters faithfully, and like himself, day by day. At last it fell to me to see him, and to be with him during most of his remaining hours. But

what could be done, in the way of instruction, had been done by Mr. Welsh, and for it the man was grateful.

“The day of his execution was wet and gloomy. I found him in the morning in the midst of the provost guard. He was sitting on a bag of grain, leaning against a tree, while a sentry, with fixed bayonet, stood behind, never turning away from him, and never to turn away, save as another took his place, until the end. Useless seemed the watch, for arms and feet had been secured, though not painfully, since the sentence was read.

“The captain of the guard had humanely done all he could, and it was partly by his request that I was there. A chaplain could minister where others could not be allowed.

“The rain fell silently on him. The hours of his life were numbered—even the minutes. He was to meet death, not in the shock and excitement of battle; not as a martyr for his country; not in disease; but in full health, and as a criminal.

“I have seen many a man die, and have tried to perform the sacred duties of my station. I have never had so painful a task as that, because of these circumstances. Willingly, gladly, he conversed, heard, and answered. What he said is, of course, not a matter for publicity; for the interviews of a minister with the one with whom he has official relations are sacred everywhere. Yet, while painful is such a work, it has its bright side, because of the ‘exceeding great and precious promises’ it is one’s privilege to tell.

“When the time came for removal to the place of execution, he entered an ambulance, a chaplain accompanying him. Next, in another ambulance, was the coffin. Before, behind, and on either side, a guard. Half a mile of this sad journey brought him to within a short distance of the spot. Then

leaving the ambulance, he walked to the place selected. The rain had stopped. The sun was shining on the dark lines of the whole division drawn up on three sides of a hollow square. With guard in front and rear, he passed with steady step through an opening left in the head of the square, still with the chaplain, and to the open side. There was a grave just dug, and in front of it was his coffin placed. He sat upon his coffin; his feet were re-confined, to allow of which he lifted them voluntarily, and his eyes were bandaged.

“In front of him, the firing party, of two from each regiment, were then drawn up—half held as reserve—during which there was still a little time for words with his chaplain. The general stood by, and the provost-marshal read the sentence, and shook hands with the condemned. Then a prayer was offered, amid uncovered heads and solemn faces. A last hand-shake with the chaplain, which he had twice requested; a few words from him to the chaplain; a lingering pressure by the hand of the condemned; his lips moving with a prayer-sentence which he had been taught, and on which his thoughts had dwelt before, and he was left alone.

“The word of command was immediately given. He fell over instantly, unconscious. A record of wounds was made by the surgeons. The troops filed by his grave on the banks of the swollen stream, and then passed off, under cover of the woods, as they had come, to avoid being seen by the enemy. And so, twenty years old, and with only a mother and sister, he was left there. The sun was soon covered with clouds, and the rain poured down on his solitary grave.

TO CANAAN!

A SONG OF THE SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHERE are you going, soldiers,
With banner, gun, and sword?
Were marching south to Canaan
To battle for the Lord!
What Captain leads your armies
Along the rebel coasts?
The Mighty one of Israel,
His name is Lord of Hosts!
To Canaan, to Canaan,
The Lord has led us forth,
To blow before the heathen walls,
The trumpets of the North!

What flag is this you carry
Along the sea and shore?
The same our grandsires lifted up,
The same our fathers bore!
In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain:
What God has woven in his loom
Let no man rend in twain!
To Canaan, to Canaan,
The Lord has led us forth,
To plant upon the rebel towers
The banners of the North!

What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades?
These are the swarthy bondsmen,
The iron-skin brigades!

They'll pile up freedom's breastwork,
They'll scoop out rebels' graves ;
Who then will be their owner,
And march them off for slaves ?
To Canaan, to Canaan,
The Lord has led us forth,
To strike upon the captive's chain
The hammers of the North !

What song is this you're singing ?
The same that Israel sung,
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung !
To Canaan ! to Canaan !
The priests and maidens cried ;
To Canaan ! to Canaan !
The people's voice replied.
To Canaan, to Canaan,
The Lord has led us forth,
To thunder through its adder-dens
The anthem of the North !

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat,
What follows next in order ?
——The Lord will see to that !
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,
We'll build the people's throne—
When half the world is freedom's,
Then all the world's our own !
To Canaan, to Canaan,
The Lord has led us forth,
To sweep the rebel threshing floor,
A whirlwind from the North !

THE MARCH TO NASHVILLE.

A SOLDIER-WRITER, on the march to Nashville, in the autumn of 1862, narrates the following :—

“I engaged in a pleasant two hours’ chat with General Rousseau, and found him an agreeable and entertaining conversationist. There is no compromise in him, except *in the Union*. He holds that a *rebel* has no rights under our constitution. Eight or ten of the gentry called on him near Mitchellville, and commenced using treasonable language. The general peremptorily ordered them to cease, as he had heard all he wanted of such talk.

“ ‘Well, but, general, I understand you are a Kentuckian ; you don’t go in for any abolition document like Lincoln has just issued, do you ?’

“ ‘No matter, sir, what I like ; *you* have no right to complain.’

“ ‘Why, you don’t approve of their stealing our negroes, do you ?’

“ ‘I approve, sir, of any thing my government does to put down the rebellion ; and any thing *you love* I hate.’

“ ‘Well, why don’t you take our houses and lands ?’

“ ‘Well, sir, if we wanted them, I go in for that, too ; take every thing you have, and drive you to the dominions of Jeff Davis, whom you love so much ; and, so far as lies in my power, I will drive every one of you beyond our lines, according to all rules of war, where you cannot do us injury as spies. Yes, sir, I would send you all to Jeff Davis, or hell.’

“Soon after the above, a tattered specimen of gawky ignorance entered the general’s tent.

“ ‘Well, sir,’ said the general, ‘what will you have ?’

“ ‘I kem over here for pertection.’ ”

“ ‘Are you a Union man? However,’ continued he, ‘you are *all* Union men now; it is scarcely worth asking the question.’ ”

“ ‘Well, general,’ said the Tennesseean, ‘I’m not an aberlitionist; I don’t go in for—’ ”

“ ‘O, go to my adjutant, Captain Pohrman. I’m tired of such evasions. If you deserve protection, you shall have it; if not, you must accept the consequences of the calamity you have aided in bringing upon your own head.’ ”

“I heard a good story told of a joke played off by a secession wag, a short time since, upon General Negley. A whisky-drinking, facetious joker, residing in the town of Goolettsville, a strong secesh hole, in which there never was but one Union man, *and he died*. Well, this wag wagered a gallon of whiskey that he could go into Nashville, and go all over the city, notwithstanding the strictness of General Negley’s orders; further, that he would see Negley personally, and talk with him. The bet was taken, and this fellow, whose name is Paul, well known in Nashville as a violent secessionist, the next day took a flag of truce, rode into the city, saw crowds of his friends, rode up to the headquarters of General Negley, and demanded the surrender of the city, stating that he was Assistant-Adjutant Paul, and that there was an immense quantity of troops ready to enforce the demand. General Negley refused to entertain the thought of a surrender, and Paul *returned to Goolettsville, having won his bet*.

“General Negley found it out when too late. It wouldn’t do to try that game again in Nashville.”

INCIDENT AT ANTIETAM.

ONE of the correspondents who was with the division of General Sturgis at the battle of Antietam gives the following account of the part taken by that division in the contest:—

“Our division, under General Sturgis, were on the extreme left, and were not placed in line until about five o'clock P. M., when a double-quick movement took place, and the whole division started like Bengal tigers let loose for prey. They ran through a galling fire of shot and shell until they were within reach of the enemy's musketry, when a heavy fire opened on us, which General Nagle (commanding our brigade) saw at once would decimate the brigade, and so the order came to charge bayonets. Promptly the glistening steel was placed in position; and here one of the most brilliant bayonet charges took place that has been seen during the war. The brigade had to charge up hill, over stone walls and other obstructions, and met the enemy at great disadvantage. The Massachusetts thirty-fifth regiment was put in order of battle, and did great execution at the first onset. In General Nagle's brigade and Sturgis' division was also the ninth regiment New Hampshire volunteers, Colonel Fellows, one of the most experienced colonels in the army. It was a handsome sight to see him put his regiment into action. When the clear, sonorous order came from Colonel Fellows, 'Charge bayonets!' every eye gleamed in the 'Bloody Ninth,' as the brigade now called the regiment. Every man threw away his knapsack, blanket, and haversack, and leaped over a stone wall six feet high with a yell that fairly sent terror through the rebel ranks opposite. With eyes gleaming with joy and determination, and every bayonet fixed, they charged up the hill and through the corn-field at double-quick with a

yell of perfect triumph. Colonel Fellows and Lieutenant-Colonel Titus astonished the old veterans in the service by the manner in which they brought the ninth New Hampshire volunteers into the action. It was a grand and magnificent sight, and one seldom seen in battle. The rebels fled before them, and every rebel regiment broke and ran. General Reno fell beside the ninth New Hampshire volunteers and the thirty-fifth Massachusetts about dark, just in the moment of victory."

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

SOME one was smoking in the presence of the President, and complimented him on having no vices, neither drinking nor smoking. "That is a doubtful compliment," answered the President. "I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, smoked for some time, and then grunted out, 'It's my experience that folks who have no vices have plaguy few virtues.' "

HOW A CAPTAIN WAS CAPTURED.

"I WAS officer of the guard, on as bright a July day as ever dawned on creation; and though it was oppressively warm, as early as guard mounting, eight o'clock, yet that interesting ceremony had passed off magnificently, and I was preparing to go the grand rounds immediately after the call for the second relief, when Lieutenant H., the old officer of

the guard, sent his respects, with an earnest request for me to call on him at his marquée for special consultation. 'H—I is brewing at post number twelve,' said he, as he took me by the hand, 'and this fellow will tell you what he saw there; and you may rely upon trouble there before to-morrow.' 'An' I saw nothing at all, at all, but a ghost sure,' said the Irish soldier; 'it came out of the hill forenent the old graveyard, shook its fist at me as it passed, and went into the bush towards the fort.'

"How did it look?" inquired H.

"Look? indade, how should it look, but like a woman draped in white, with eyes of fire?"

"An hour after, I was carefully searching the ground in the vicinity of post number twelve, when my ears were saluted with the well-known cry of, 'Buy any pies 'n' cakes?—all clean and new; twenty-five cents for the pies, two cakes for a penny.'

"Where is your pass, my good lady, if you are a camp follower; and why are you here among the rocks and bushes, if you wish to sell your marketing?" said G.

"I am the honest wife of Pat Maloney, of the fourteenth Maryland, and sthopped here to rest me weary limbs after coming five miles down from me home in the hill, your honor!"

"Very likely," said I; 'but you will please march down to the camp, and submit to a slight inspection of your basket and papers, if you have any.'

"I have no papers, sir; and why should you put a loyal woman, and a wife of a Union soldier, to this trouble, bad luck till ye?"

"You will not be harmed, madam. If you are a loyal woman, as you say, you will see the propriety of so doing.'

"Cakes and pies, sure enough, but no papers; and I began to believe that there was no connection between her and Pat's 'ghost;' but why should she wear a pair of men's boots?"

"'Och, these were the boots me husband wore before he 'listed, sure!"

"And so the captain, somewhat given to gallantry, volunteered to accompany her to her friends, two miles toward her 'home in the hill,' where she was to give positive proof that she was 'neither a spy nor a ghost.' And away they went, a single soldier only accompanying them, amid the ill-suppressed laughter of the regiment.

"Noon, one o'clock, two o'clock, and no tidings of the captain! What was to be done? A squadron of cavalry was ordered to dash up the hill, reconnoitre, and report. And then time wore heavily away for an hour, when the cavalry charged into camp and up to headquarters, when instantly the long roll was beat, and in five minutes the regiment was under arms in line of battle. A perfect silence ensued, and the adjutant read the following note:

"'Colonel D.: I am willing to exchange the pies, cakes and basket for the soldier and the d—d fool captain whom I caught with crinoline. Pedlers and ghosts are at a premium in these parts just now.

Yours, in *haste*,

"BLAND, First Lieutenant C. S. A.'

"The soldier's musket was found four miles from camp, with the note from the *woman lieutenant* sticking on the point of the bayonet; and so the captain was captured."

ANECDOTE OF GEN. GRANT.

No small pains were taken by certain partisan leaders while General Grant was at Vicksburg, to inveigle him into some debate, or the expression of some definite idea or opinion relative to the state of the various political parties of the country, and their professed tenets. The general, however, was not thus to be drawn out. He had never attached himself to any mere partisan organization, and all the various political issues or questions were, to him, entirely subordinate to the great and single object of crushing the rebellion.

While operating in the vicinity of Vicksburg, his professed political friends paid a visit to his headquarters, and after a short time spent in compliments, they touched upon the never-ending subject of politics. One of the party was in the midst of a very flowery speech, using all his rhetorical powers to induce the general, if possible, to view matters in the same light as himself, when he was suddenly stopped by Grant.

"There is no use of talking politics to me. I know nothing about them, and, furthermore, I do not know of any person among my acquaintances who does. But," continued he, "there is one subject with which I am perfectly acquainted; talk of that, and I am your man."

"What is that, general?" asked the politicians, in great surprise.

"Tanning leather," was the reply.

The subject was immediately changed.

A PENITENT FELLOW.

COLONEL GILLEM was one day reprimanding one of his soldiers, who was slightly intoxicated at the time. After the colonel had concluded, the soldier remarked, "Yez wuddint have occasion to talk of me so ef I had a pistol." The colonel, much astonished, asked, "Well, sir, what would you do if you had a pistol?" "Why, I'd shoot—myself, sir."



GENERAL GRANT DEFINES HIS POSITION.

GENERAL GRANT was one day busy with his military plans, in the inner part of his tent. His maps, rules, and compasses, were all in use. His mind ranged over the vast extent of country under his control. Mountains were scaled, rivers forded, swamps bridged, deserts traversed, forests threaded, storms and sunshine were overcome, and he was master of the situation. He was just laying out his plan of a projected battle, intensely occupied with the marshalling of his troops, in their best positions for victory, when his ear caught the inquiry, put to his orderly, in a strong, foreign accent:—

"Is de generawl in?"

Then came the reply, in a firm, decided tone, which General Grant understood instantly—

"Yes, sir, the commanding general is in; but he is very busy, sir."

"Could I zee him a vew momenz?"

"He ordered me to say, sir, that he would be very much occupied for some time."

"On de advance, eh?" interrupted the intruder. "Den he is going down further to de cotton regione?"

"I can't say where he is going, sir; I don't know. You must leave."

Stranger became more excited, and his accent more peculiar.

"Mine young vrend, I have one important proposals to make de generawl,—a proposals, mine young vrend"—

"I can't hear your 'proposal.' Step out, sir!"

"Sdop, mine young vrend,—sdop one letle momend. You zay to de generawl dat I will make it one gran' objects for 'im—one rich speculation! You understan', eh?"

The orderly was about to force the base interloper out, with an added word of military admonition, when General Grant came puickly forward. He had heard the whole conversation, and comprehended the entire case in a moment. It was a covert assault on his nice sense of honor, and he was determined to punish it on the spot. Stepping to the open front of his tent, the general seized the rascally operator by the collar, and, lifting him several inches from the ground, applied the toe of his boot to him in such a manner that he was pitched out headlong, falling on the muddy ground, at a distance of nearly ten feet. Before the orderly could recover from his surprise, the general had quietly retired to his inner apartment, and the next moment was as busily engaged with his maps, and plan of campaign, as if nothing had happened.



SHERMAN WATCHING THE CAPTURE OF FORT McALLISTER.

ON the evening of the 12th of December, 1864, General Howard, commanding one of the wings of Sherman's grand army, in Georgia, relieved Hazen's second division of the

fifteenth corps, by a part of the seventeenth, and threw it across the Little Ogeechee, toward the Great Ogeechee, with the view of crossing it to Ossabaw island, and reducing Fort McAllister, which held the river. The Confederates had destroyed King's bridge, across the Great Ogeechee, and this had to be repaired. Captain Reese, topographical engineer of Howard's staff, with the Missouri engineers, prepared the timber, and bridged the one thousand feet of river during the night; and, on the morning of the 13th, Hazen crossed, and moved toward the point where Fort McAllister obstructed the river. Kilpatrick, in the meantime, had moved down to St. Catharine's Sound, opened communication with the fleet, and asked permission to storm Fort McAllister; but Sherman did not give his consent, considering it questionable whether the cavalry, with its poor facilities and small supply of artillery, could succeed.

Hazen made his arrangements to storm the fort on the afternoon of the 13th; Generals Sherman and Howard being at Cherokee's rice mill, on the Ogeechee, opposite Fort McAllister. Sherman was on the roof of the mill, surrounded by his staff and signal officers, Beckley and Cole, waiting to communicate with Hazen, on the island. While patiently waiting for Hazen's signals, Sherman's keen eye detected smoke in the horizon, seaward. Up to this time he had received no intelligence from the fleet. In a moment the countenance of the bronzed chieftain lightened up, and he exclaimed:—

“Look, Howard; there is the gunboat!”

Time passed on, and the vessel now became visible, yet no signal from the fleet or Hazen. Half an hour passed, and the guns of the fort opened simultaneously, with puffs of smoke that rose a few hundred yards from the fort, showing that Hazen's skirmishers had opened. A moment after, Hazen signaled—

"I have invested the fort, and will assault immediately." At this moment, Beckley announces, "A signal from the gunboat." All eyes are turned from the fort to the gunboat that is coming to their assistance with news from home. A few messages pass, which apprise that Foster and Dahlgren are within speaking distance. The gunboat now halts and asks—

"Can we run up? Is Fort McAllister ours?"

"No," is the reply; "Hazen is just ready to storm it. Can you assist?"

"Yes," is the reply. "What will you have us do?"

But before Sherman can reply to Dahlgren, the thunders of the fort are heard, and the low sound of small arms is borne across the three miles of marsh and river. Field glasses are opened, and, sitting flat upon the roof, the hero of Atlanta gazes away off to the fort. "There they go, grandly—not a waver," he remarks.

Twenty seconds pass, and again he exclaims:—

"See that flag in the advance, Howard; how steadily it moves; not a man falters. * * There they go still; see the roll of musketry. Grand, grand."

Still he strained his eyes, and a moment after spoke, without raising his eyes—

"That flag still goes forward; there is no flinching there."

A pause for a minute.

"Look!" he exclaims, "it has halted. They waver—no! it's the parapet! There they go again; now they scale it; some are over. Look! there's a flag on the works! Another, another. It is ours! The fort's ours!"

The glass dropped by his side; and in an instant the joy of the great leader at the possession of the river and the opening of the road to his new base burst forth in words:—

"As the old darkey remarked, dis chile don't sleep dis night!"—and turning to one of his aids, Captain Auderied, he remarked, "Have a boat for me at once; I must go there!"—pointing to the fort, from which half a dozen battle-flags floated grandly in the sunset.

And well might William Tecumseh Sherman rejoice, for here, as the setting sun went down on Fort McAllister reduced, and kissed a fond good-night to the starry banner, Sherman witnessed the culmination of all his plans and marches, that had involved such desperate resistance and risk—the opening up of a new and shorter route to his base. Here, at sunset, on the memorable 13th of December, the dark waters of the Great Ogeechee bore witness to the fulfilment of the covenant made with his iron heroes at Atlanta, twenty-nine days before, to lead them victorious to a new base.



GENERAL LOGAN AND THE IRISHMAN.

JUST before the capture of Savannah, General Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago one fine morning, to take the cars east, on his way to rejoin his command. The general being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car, and was about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman with:

"Ye'll not be goin' in there."

"Why not, sir?" asked the general.

"Because them's a leddies' caer, and no gentleman'll be goin' in there without a leddy. There's wan sate in that caer over there, ef yees want it," at the same time pointing to it.

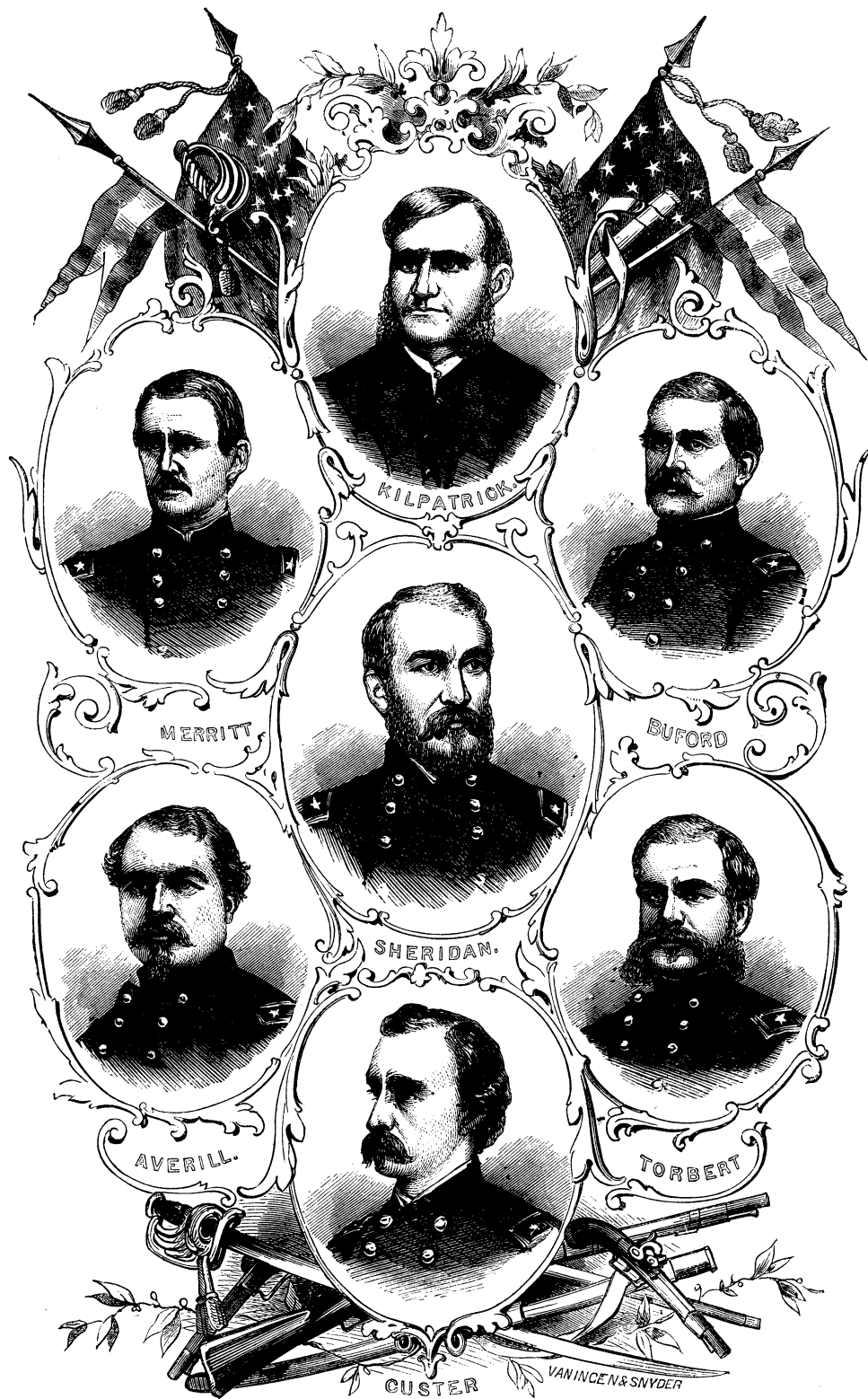
"Yes," replied the general, "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?"

"O, bother yer staff!" was the petulant reply. "Go you and take the sate, and stick yer staff out of the windy."



GOOD JOKE ON A CHAPLAIN.

THERE was a joke—though possibly a wicked one—perpetrated on a certain chaplain in the army, which ought not to be lost to the clerical portion of the world. It was the chaplain's business to look after the regimental mail. This chaplain, however, had been annoyed exceedingly by the great number of warriors who were constantly running to him and inquiring about the arrival and departure of mails. To save time and patience, the testy official at last posted a notice outside his tent, which read: "The chaplain does not know when the mail will go," and with this he imagined his troubles at an end. The reverend postmaster was absent from the camp that day, and on returning and glancing at his notice, was horrified to see there, conspicuously written upon his own door, read by multitudes during the day, in a hand exactly counterfeiting his, following the words: "*The chaplain does not know when the mail will go,*"—this addition by some honest wretch: "*Neither does he care a damn.*" It was a case of depravity the obliging and godly man was unprepared for—but, perhaps, he and his warriors were now "quits."



SHERIDAN RIDING TO THE FRONT.

THE victory gained by General Sheridan at Cedar Creek, Virginia, October 19th, 1864, surpassed in interest the victory gained precisely one month earlier at Winchester. It was a victory following upon the heels of apparent reverse, and, therefore, reflecting peculiar credit on the brave commander to whose timely arrival upon the field the final success of the day must be attributed.

The general was at Winchester in the early morning when the enemy attacked—fifteen miles distant from the field of operations. General Wright was in command. The enemy had approached under cover of a heavy fog, and flanking the extreme right of the Federal line, held by Crook's corps, and attacking in the centre, had thrown the entire line into confusion, and driven it several miles. The stragglers to the rear were fearfully numerous, and the enemy was pushing on, turning against the Federals a score of guns already captured from them.

This was the situation a little before noon when Sheridan came on the field, riding, said one of his staff, so that the devil himself could not have kept up. A staff officer meeting him, pronounced the situation of the army to be "awful."

"Pshaw," said Sheridan, "it's nothing of the sort. It's all right, or we'll fix it right!"

Sheridan hastened to his cavalry on the extreme left. Galloping past the batteries to the extreme left of the line held by the cavalry, he rode to the front, took off his hat and waved it, while a cheer went up from the ranks not less hearty and enthusiastic than that which greeted him after the battle of Winchester. Generals rode out to meet him, officers waved their swords, men threw up their hats in an

extremity of glee. General Custer, discovering Sheridan at the moment he arrived, rode up to him, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. Waiting for no other parley than simply to exchange greeting, and to say, "This retreat must be stopped!" Sheridan broke loose and began galloping down the lines, along the whole front of the army. Everywhere the enthusiasm caused by his appearance was the same.

The line was speedily reformed; provost-marshals brought in stragglers by the scores; the retreating army turned its face to the foe. An attack just about to be made by the latter was repulsed, and the tide of battle turned. Then Sheridan's time was come. A cavalry charge was ordered against right and left flank of the enemy, and then a grand advance of the three infantry corps from left to right on the enemy's centre. On through Middletown, and beyond, the Confederates hurried, and the army of the Shenandoah pursued. The roar of musketry now had a gleeful, dancing sound. The guns fired shotted salutes of victory. Custer and Merritt, charging in on right and left, doubled up the flanks of the foe, taking prisoners, slashing, killing, driving as they went. The march of the infantry was more majestic and terrible. The lines of the foe swayed and broke before it everywhere. Beyond Middletown, on the battle-field fought over in the morning, their columns were completely overthrown and disorganized. They fled along the pike and over the fields like sheep.

Thus on through Strasburg with two brigades of cavalry at their heels. Two thousand prisoners were gathered together, though there was not a sufficient guard to send them all to the rear. The guns lost in the morning were recaptured, and as many more taken, making fifty in all, and according to Sheri:

dan's report, the enemy reached Mount Jackson without an organized regiment. The scene at Sheridan's headquarters at night, after the battle, was wildly exciting. General Custer arrived about nine o'clock. The first thing he did was to hug General Sheridan with all his might, lifting him in the air, and whirling him around and around, with the shout: "By —, we've cleaned them out and got the guns!" Catching sight of General Torbert, Custer went through the same proceeding with him, until Torbert was forced to cry out: "There, there, old fellow: don't capture me!"

Sheridan's ride to the front, October 19th, 1864, will go down in history as one of the most important and exciting events which have ever given interest to a battle scene; and to this event is to be attributed the victory of the day.



JOHN BROWN'S SONG.

JOHN BROWN'S body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
 John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
 John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
 His soul is marching on!

Chorus—Glory, halle—hallelujah!
 Glory, halle—hallelujah!
 Glory, halle—hallelujah!
 His soul is marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
 His soul is marching on!
 Glory, halle—hallelujah! etc.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back!

His soul is marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah! etc.

The pet lambs and angels will meet him on the way,
The pet lambs and angels will meet him on the way,
The pet lambs and angels will meet him on the way,

As they go marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah! etc.

We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree!
We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree!
We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree!

As we go marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah! etc.

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!

As we are marching on!

Glory, halle—hallelujah! etc.

Hip, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

PART II.

THE BLUE COATS IN THE HOSPITAL, WITH SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, RELIGIOUS EXERCISES, ETC., ETC.

RIDE OF THE WOUNDED BRIGADE.

THEY were loaded upon the train; two platform cars were paved with them, forty on a car. Seven cars were so packed you could not set your foot down among them as they lay. The roofs of the cars were tiled with them, and away we pounded, all day, all night, into the next morning, and then Nashville. Half of the boys had not a shred of a blanket, and it rained steadily, pitilessly. What do you think of platform cars for a triumphal procession wherein to bear wounded heroes, to the tune of "The Soldier's Return from the War?" But the stores of the Sanitary Commission and the gifts of such ladies as are now, I believe, making your city a Bethel—a place of angels—kept the boys' hearts up through all those weary, drizzling hours.

It is midnight, and the attendants are going through the train with coffee, graced with milk and sugar—think of that

—two fresh, white, crisp crackers apiece, and a little taste of fruit. Did your hands prepare it, dear lady? I hope so, for the little balance in your favor set down in the ledger of God.

Here they come with a canteen; will you go with them? climb through that window into a car as black as the Hole of Calcutta. But mind where you step; the floor is one layer deep with wounded soldiers. As you swing the lantern round, bandages show white and ghastly everywhere; bandages, bandages, and now and then a rusty spot of blood. What worn out, faded faces look up at you? They rouse like wounded creatures hunted down to their lairs as you come. The tin cups, extended in all sorts of hands but plump, strong ones, tinkle all around you. You are fairly girdled with the tin-cup horizon. How the dull, pale faces brighten as those cups are filled! On we go, out at one window, in at another, stepping gingerly among mangled limbs. We reach the platform cars, creaking with their drenched, chilled, bruised burdens, and I must tell you—it's a shame though—that one poor fellow among them lay with a tattered blanket pinned around him; he was literally *sans culotte*. "How is this?" I said. "Haven't got my descriptive list—that's what's the matter," was the reply. Double allowance all around to the occupants of the platforms, and we retrace our steps to the rear of the train. You should have heard the ghost of a cheer that fluttered like a feeble bird as we went back. It was the most touching vote of thanks ever offered; there was a little flash up of talk for a minute, and all subsided into silence and darkness again. Wearily wore the hours and heavily hammered the train. At intervals the guards traversed the roofs of the cars, and pulled in the worn-out boys that had jarred down to the

edges—pulled them in toward the middle of the cars without waking them! Occasionally one slips over the eaves, I am told, and is miserably crushed. What a homeward march is all this to set a tune to!

By some error in apportionment, there was not quite coffee enough for all on deck, and two slips of boys on the roof of the car where I occupied a corner, were left without a drop. Whenever we stopped, and that was two hours here and three hours there, waiting for this and for that—there was no hurry, you know—and the side door was slid back in its groove, I saw two hungry faces, stretched down over the car's edge, and heard two feeble voices crying: "We have had nothing up here since yesterday noon, we two—there are only us two boys—please give us something. Haven't you got any hard tack?" I heard that pitiful appeal to the officers in charge, and saw those faces till they haunted me, and to-day I remember those plaintive lines as if I were hearing a dirge. I felt in my pockets and haversack for a cracker, but found nothing. I really hated myself for having eaten my dinner, and not saved it for them. A further search was rewarded with six crackers from the Chicago Mechanical Bakery, and watching my chance when Pete's back was turned—the cook, and a smutty autocrat was Pete in his way—I took a sly dip with a basin into the coffee-boiler. As the car gave a lurch in the right direction, I called from the window, "Boys!" I heard them crawling to the edge, handed up the midnight supper; "Bully for you," they said, and I saw them no more. When the train reached Nashville, and I clambered down to solid ground again, I looked up at the roof; it was there. God grant the boys are with their mothers to-night. And how do you like the ride of the Wounded Brigade?

THE WOUNDED AFTER A BATTLE.

THE surgeon laid off the sash and the tinselled coat, and rolled up his sleeves, spread wide his cases filled up with the terrible glitter of silver steel, and makes ready for work. They begin to come in, slowly at first, one man nursing a shattered arm, another borne by his comrades, three in an ambulance, one on a stretcher—then faster and faster, lying here, lying there, each waiting his terrible turn. The silver steel grows cloudy and lurid; true right arms are lopped like slips of golden willow; feet that never turned from the foe, for ever more without an owner, strew the ground. The knives are busy, the saws play; it is bloody work. Ah, the surgeon with heart and head, with hand and eye fit for such a place, is a prince among men; cool and calm, quick and tender, he feels among the arteries, and fingers the tendons as if they were harp-strings. But the cloud thunders and the spiteful rain patters louder and fiercer, and the poor fellows come creeping up in broken ranks, like corn beaten down with the flails of the storm.

"My God!" cried the surgeon, as looking up an instant from his work, he saw the mutilated crowds borne in: "my God! are all my brave boys cut down!" And yet it thundered and rained. A poor fellow writhes, and a smothered moan escapes him.

"Be quiet, Jack," says the surgeon, cheerfully; "I'll make you all right in a minute." It was a right arm to come off at the elbow, and "Jack" slipped off a ring that clasped one of the poor, useless fingers that were to blend with the earth of Alabama, and put it in his pocket. He was making ready for the "all right." Does "Alabama" mean "here we rest?" If so, how sad yet glorious have our boys made it, who sink to rest—

"With all their country's wishes blest!"

Another sits up while the surgeon follows the bullet that had buried itself in his side; it is the work of an instant; no solemn council here—no lingering pause; the surgeon is bathed in patriot blood to his elbows, and the work goes on. An eye lies out upon a ghastly cheek, and silently the sufferer bides his time.

"Well, Charley," says the doctor, dressing his wound as he talks, "what's the matter?" "Oh, not much, doctor; only a hand off!" Not unlike was the answer made to me by a poor fellow at Bridgeport, shattered as if by lightning:—

"How are you, now?" I said. "*Bully!*" was the reply. You should have heard that word as he said it; vulgar as it used to seem, it grew manly and noble, and I shall never hear it again without a thought for the boy that uttered it, on the dusty slope of the Tennessee; the boy—must I say it?—that sleeps the soldier's sleep within a hundred rods of the spot where I found him.

So it is everywhere; not a whimper nor complaint. Once only did I hear either. An Illinois lieutenant, as brave a fellow as ever drew a sword, had been shot through and through the thighs, fairly impaled by the bullet—the ugliest wound I ever saw. Eight days before he weighed one hundred and sixty. Then he could not have swung one hundred and twenty clear on the floor. He had just been brought over the mountains; his wounds were angry with fever; every motion was torture; they were lifting him as tenderly as they could; they let him slip, and he fell, perhaps, six inches. But it was like a dash from a precipice to him, and he wailed out like a young child, tears wet his thin, pale cheeks; but he only said: "My poor child! how can they tell her?" It was but for an instant; his spirit and his

frame stiffened up together, and, with a half-smile, he said, "don't tell anybody, boys, that I made a fool of myself." The lieutenant sleeps well, and, alas! for the "poor child"—how did they tell her?

A soldier fairly riddled with bullets, like one of those battle-flags of Illinois, lay on a blanket gasping for breath. "Jemmy," said a comrade, and a friend before this cruel war began, with one arm swung up in a sling, and who was going home on furlough, "Jemmy, what shall I tell them at home for you?" "Tell them," said he, "that there isn't hardly enough of me to say 'I,' but, hold down here a minute; say to Kate that there is enough of me left to love her till I die." Jemmy got his furlough that night, and left the ranks forever.

THE ARMY CHURCH.

THE account which follows is from the Rev. Mr. Alvord, whose self-denying labors for the soldier have so endeared his name to the hearts of all good people. The incident occurred in Virginia, during the campaign under General Burnside. It was a communication sent to one of the publications of the American Tract Society:—

There are no chapel tents now, and every thing has to be done usually in the open air, where but two or three can be gathered together. The chaplains and other Christian men are not inclined to spend much time in erecting any permanent buildings, as the army is constantly liable to move. But certain boys of the New York twenty-fourth (who have no chaplain), determined that they would have a better place for their meetings. They had been held hitherto, as one of

them said, by the side of a stump. Two of them especially, although only privates, seemed almost inspired on the subject. They obtained permission of the colonel to build a cabin of logs. These had to be drawn a mile, trimmed, framed, and piled up. The dimensions were to be sixteen by thirty-two feet, sufficiently large to hold a hundred and sixty persons.

The first logs were heavy, and hardly any one helped them. Their plan at first was not very definite. They would lay down a log, and then look and plan by the eye. Another log was then wearily drawn and placed on the other. To most of their comrades, the affair gave occasion only for jests and merriment. "Are you to have it finished before the world ends?" they asked. "Are you fixing up to leave?" "How does your saloon get on?" Even the more serious felt pity for them, rather than sympathy. There was already an order out to move. "What is the use?" "Who wants meetings now?" But these two Christian soldiers (S. and L.) toiled on like Noah amidst the scoffs of the multitude. The edifice slowly rose; volunteers lent a hand. The Christian men of the regiment, forty or fifty in all, became interested; some of them at length aided in the work. The structure reached at last a proper height; and a roof of brush first, and then of patched ponchos having been put on, the meeting began,—or rather they *began* when it was only an open pen. In a few days, Burnside's advance took place, and the regiment left for the field.

In their absence, plunderers stripped the cabin, and carried off a portion of its material; but, on the return of our troops, the same busy hands and hearts of faith were again at work. A sutler gave them the old canvas cover of his large tent, which he was about to cut up to serve as a shelter

for his horses, and lo, it precisely fitted the roof of the meeting-house,—not an inch to spare! This was drawn over the neat rafters and lashed at the edges, making a transparency by day, and reflecting the light most pleasantly by night. The boys, when they saw this, thought it almost a miracle; and were hardly less pleased when the door, with its latch and string, was fitted so nicely in its place. But they had no lock as yet to preserve the interior of their house from depredations, and when, having inquired and sent everywhere for one in vain, they were out for their last load of poles for benches, they had to tell me how, just upon their pathside in the forest, a lock was found with a key in it, all ready to be fitted to their door! I thought myself it was a little strange, that far out here in Virginia, at such a time, an article of this description, by just these eyes, should have been discovered. But I concluded that the God who had helped these feeble workmen to build his house could help them finish it.

Well, there it stands, a monument to his glory, and the credit of their perseverance. You should have seen their eyes shine, as, here in my tent for tracts, they were one day giving me its history, and you should have been with us last evening. The little pulpit from which I spoke is made of empty box boards. Two chandeliers hang suspended from the ridgepole of crossed sticks, wreathed with ivy, and in the socketed ends are four adamant candles, each burning brilliantly. Festoons of ivy and “dead men’s fingers” (a species of woodbine called by this name) are looped gracefully along the sides of the room, and in the centre, stretching from chandelier to chandelier;—the effect not slightly increased by the contrast of the deep green of the rich vegetation with the fine brown bark of the pine logs, and of the white can-

was above, striped and interlaced with the rafters. Below, a dense pack of soldiers, in the Avengers* uniform, sat crouching upon the pole seats, beneath which was a carpet of evergreen sprays; all silent, uncovered, respectful. As the service opened, you could have heard a pin fall. There was nothing here to make a noise. Pew-doors, psalm-books, rustling silks, or groined arches, reverberating the slightest sound of hand or footfall, there were none. Only the click of that wooden latch and a gliding figure, like a stealthy vidette, creeping in among the common mass, indicated the late comer. The song went up from the deep voices of men,—do you know the effect?—and before our services closed, tears rolled down from the faces of hardy warriors. To be brief, every evening of the week, this house is now filled with men brought together, four times out of seven, for religious objects. When they can have no preaching, the soldiers themselves meet for prayer.

I stole in one evening lately, when they were at these devotions. Prayer after prayer successively was offered in earnest, humblest tones, before rising from their knees; those not worshippers were intent on the scene. Officers were present and took part in the service, and seldom have I seen such manifest tokens that God is about to appear in power. No opposition is shown. The whole regiment look upon the house now as a matter of pride; they encourage all the meetings.

The house is attractive to visitors, and when not used for religious purposes, is occupied for lyceum debates, musical concerts, and the like. It is easy to imagine how much these two Christian laborers enjoy the success of their work. One of them said to me, "We have been paid for all our labor a thousand times over."

* So called in memory of Colonel Ellsworth, who was killed at Alexandria

ANXIOUS FOR A TRADE.

AN incident which may be characterized as very Yankee-like occurred one morning in front of the Potomac army—General Turner's lines. A sergeant deliberately stepped out from our rifle pits and moved toward the rebels, waving a late paper, and regardless of the probability that he would at any moment be shot dead. A rebel officer shouted to him to go back, but the sergeant was unmindful of the warning, and asked—

“Won't you exchange newspapers?”

“No!” said the rebel, “I have no paper and I want you to go back.” With singular persistence, however, the sergeant continued to advance, saying—

“Well, if you hain't a paper, I reckon some of your men have, and I want to exchange, I tell you.”

“My men have not got any thing of the kind, and you must go back.”

This the officer said in a louder tone and with great emphasis. Nothing daunted, the Yankee sergeant still advanced, until he stood plumply before the indignant officer, and said—

“I tell ye now you needn't get your dander up. I don't mean no harm no way. P'raps if ye ain't got no newspapers ye might give me suthin else. May-be you men would like some coffee for some tobacco. I'm dredful anxious for a trade.” The astonished officer could only repeat his command—

“Go back, you rascal, or I'll take you a prisoner. I tell you we have nothing to exchange, and we don't want any thing to do with you Yankees.”

“Well, then,” said the sergeant ruefully, “if ye hain't got

nothin', why, here's the paper anyway, and if you get one from Richmond this afternoon, you can send it over. You'll find my name there on that."

The man's impudence or the officer's eagerness for news made the latter accept. He took the paper and asked the sergeant what was the news from Petersburg.

"Oh! our folks say we can go in there just when we want to, but we are waiting to gobble all you fellows first," was the reply.

"Well, I don't know but what you can do it!" said the lieutenant, turning on his heel and re-entering his rifle-pit; "but meanwhile, my man, you had better go back."

This time the sergeant obeyed the oft-repeated order, and, on telling his adventure, was the hero of the morning among his comrades.



A CHAPEL UNDER GROUND.

THE fourteenth Massachusetts regiment had for a time the very honorable but laborious duty of guarding the Long Bridge, at Washington, and the approaches to it from the Virginia side. A gentleman, who visited the army, in relation to their spiritual wants, asked a member of this regiment, if they had any praying men among them.

"Oh, yes, a great many!" was the answer.

"And do you meet for prayer?" he inquired.

"Every day," said the soldier.

"Where do you meet?"

"Just come here," said he, leading the way, as he spoke. They stood in a new fort, which the regiment had been building.

"I can see no place for prayer," said the stranger.

"Just down there," said the soldier, lifting up a rude trap-door at their feet.

"What is down there?" asked the other, who could see nothing but a dark hole before them.

"That is the bomb-proof, and down there is the place where we hold the daily prayer-meeting. Down there," continued the soldier, "the men go every day to lift up their hearts to God in prayer." It was not yet furnished with the implements of death, and these praying men, sixty in number, were accustomed to go down twelve feet under ground, in the dark, to hold communion with God.

The same person said to a soldier whom he met in the camp,—

"Are you prepared to fight in this cause?"

"I am, sir," said he.

"What makes you say you are prepared to fight? What do you mean by it?"

"I mean this, sir," answered the soldier. "I have made my peace with God, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I have the friendship of Christ, and so I am prepared for any thing,—life or death."

"Do you mean that you can have the friendship of Christ, and fight?"

"Exactly so," said the brave man. "I mean just that. I could not fight without a consciousness of my interest in the love of Christ."

SURPRISED, BUT READY.

THE clock had just struck the midnight hour, when the chaplain was summoned to the cot of a wounded soldier. He had left him only an hour before with confident hopes of his speedy recovery,—hopes which were shared by the surgeon and the wounded man himself. But a sudden change had taken place, and the surgeon had come to say that the man could live but an hour or two at most, and to beg the chaplain to make the fearful announcement to the dying man.

He was soon at his side, but, overpowered by his emotions, was utterly unable to deliver his message. The dying man, however, quickly read the solemn truth in the altered looks of the chaplain, his faltering voice and ambiguous words. He had not before entertained a doubt of his recovery. He was expecting soon to see his mother, and with her kind nursing soon to be well. He was, therefore, entirely unprepared for the announcement, and at first it was overwhelming.

“I am to die, then; and, how long?”

As he had before expressed hope in Christ, the chaplain replied, “You have made your peace with God; let death come as soon as it will, he will carry you over the river.”

“Yes; but this is so awfully sudden, awfully sudden!”—his lips quivered; he looked up grievingly—“and I shall not see my mother.”

“Christ is better than a mother,” murmured the chaplain.

“Yes.” The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily, upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lips steadier; and when the eyes opened

again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said, more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain; "the bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother"—he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—"tell her how I longed to see her; but if God will permit me, I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father that I am glad he gave his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsels. Tell him I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul, and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus. And now will you pray with me?"

With swelling emotion and tender tones, the chaplain besought God's grace and presence; then, restraining his sobs, he bowed down and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and mother, as well as himself. So thought perhaps the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty, as he said, "Thank you; I won't trouble you any longer. You are wearied out; go to your rest."

"The Lord God be with you," was the firm response. "Amen," trembled from the fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room. There were hurried sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door, and encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word, "Gone." Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.

A BRAVE CONFESSION.

A VISITOR to a Philadelphia hospital, one of the women-workers in behalf of the invalid soldiers, says:—

In going my rounds, I stopped once to speak to a young man of a rather agreeable and pleasant expression of face, who seemed anxious to talk, and exhibited much intelligence, though without culture. At the battle of Newport News, he had been shot through the right leg, and had suffered terribly,—so much that he now looked the very shadow of a man, he was so dreadfully emaciated. His account of the battle was enthusiastic, and concluded with a long detail of the tortures he had to endure from hunger, thirst, and indeed almost every imaginable ill that could befall a soldier in the field, surrounded by enemies.

"I suppose you don't feel much like going back, do you?" I asked, when he had finished.

"Yes," he replied heartily. "If I knew I should have to suffer the same over again, I should want to go back. I want to get well chiefly to return to duty. There are too few honest patriots to spare even a single one, and if I have any pride, it is because I know I am one,—whole-souled and true. I haven't many virtues, but my fault will never be treachery to my native land. I'll die for her if I can't live to defend her!"



ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

"I HAVE observed more than once," says Daniel Webster, in his eulogy on honest Zachary Taylor, "that the prevalent notion with the masses of mankind for conferring high

honors on individuals is a confidence in their mildness, their paternal, protecting, prudent, and safe character. The people naturally feel safe where they feel themselves to be under the control and protection of sober counsel, of impartial minds, and a general paternal superintendence."

Such titles to popular confidence and favor we recognise, also, in the man on whom it has devolved to guide our ship of State through the present crisis. The people trust him because he has made them feel that he is unselfish and honest. They believe he has sought to do his duty according to the best of his knowledge and ability, and that conviction at the bottom of their hearts has been our sheet-anchor, it has held us together, has buoyed up the nation's faith, has kept us from drifting into anarchy and ruin. It is a quality of character and a means of power not inconsistent with genius, but which genius alone does not confer; it is worth infinitely more to us, in a time like this, than any glare of military reputation, or brilliancy of intellect, or diplomatic skill.

The way to be thought upright and faithful and earnest for the public welfare, is to be so in truth, and it is by that art of arts that Mr. Lincoln has so won to himself the hearts of the great mass of the nation.

Incidents like the following bring out the character of an individual in a natural manner, and leave us in no doubt how we are to understand him.

On Monday last (says a visitor at Washington), I dropped in upon Mr. Lincoln, and found him busy counting green-backs.

"This, sir," said he, "is something out of my usual line; but a President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or acts of Congress.

This one of them. This money belongs to a poor negro who is a porter in one of the departments (the treasury), who is at present very ill with the small pox. He is now in hospital, and could not draw his pay because he could not sign his name.

"I have been at considerable trouble to overcome the difficulty and get it for him, and have at length succeeded in cutting red tape, as you newspaper men say. I am now dividing the money and putting by a portion labelled, in an envelope, with my own hands, according to his wish;" and his excellency proceeded to endorse the package very carefully.

No one who witnessed the transaction could fail to appreciate the goodness of heart which would prompt a man in his situation, borne down by a weight of cares almost without parallel in the world's history, to turn aside thus and befriend one of the humblest of his fellow-creatures in sickness and sorrow.



LOCK OF HAIR FOR MOTHER.

It was just after the battle of Williamsburg, where hundreds of our brave fellows had fallen, never to bear arms again in their country's cause, and where hundreds more were wounded, that a soldier came to the tent of a delegate of the Christian Commission and said, "Chaplain, one of our boys is badly wounded, and wants to see you right away."

Hurrying after the messenger, says the delegate, I was taken to the hospital and led to a bed, upon which lay a noble young soldier. He was pale and blood-stained from a terrible wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he

had but a few hours to live upon earth. Taking his hand, I said to him—

“Well, my brother, what can I do for you?”

The poor dying soldier looked up in my face, and placing his finger where his hair was stained with his blood, he said—

“Chaplain cut a big lock from here for mother! for my mother, mind, chaplain!”

I hesitated to do it. He said, “Don’t be afraid, chaplain, to disfigure my hair. It’s for mother, and nobody will come to see me in the dead-house to-morrow.”

I did as he requested me.

“Now, chaplain,” said the dying man, “I want you to kneel down by me and return thanks to God.”

“For what?” I asked.

“For giving me such a mother. Oh! chaplain, she is a good mother; her teachings comfort me and console me now. And, chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I was not a Christian? I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel that his finished work has saved me. And, chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made my dying bed

‘Feel soft as downy pillows are.’

Thank him for the promised home in glory. I’ll soon be there—there, where there is no war, nor sorrow, nor desolation, nor death—where I shall see Jesus, and be forever with the Lord.”

I knelt by the dying man, and thanked God for the blessings he had bestowed upon him—the blessings of a good mother, a Christian hope, and dying grace, to bear testimony to God’s faithfulness.

Shortly after the prayer, he said, “Good-by, chaplain; if you ever see that mother of mine, tell her it was all well with me.”

CARTE DE VISITE.

"'TWAS a terrible fight," the soldiers said !

" Our colonel was one of the first to fall,
Shot dead on the field by a rifle ball,—
A braver heart than his never bled."

A group for the painter's art were they :
The soldier with scarred and sunburnt face,
A fair-haired girl, full of youth and grace,
And her aged mother, wrinkled and gray.

These three in porch, where the sunlight came
Through the tangled leaves of the jasmine-vine,
Spilling itself like a golden wine,
And flecking the doorway with rings of flame.

The soldier had stopped to rest by the way,
For the air was sultry with summer-heat ;
The road was like ashes under the feet,
And a weary distance before him lay.

" Yes, a terrible fight : our ensign was shot
As the order to charge was given the men,
When one from the ranks seized the colors, and then
He, too, fell dead on the self-same spot.

" A handsome boy was this last ! his hair
Clustered in curls round his noble brow ;
I can almost fancy I see him now,
With the scarlet stain on his face so fair."

" What was his name ?—have you never heard ?—
Where was he from, this youth who fell ?
And your regiment, stranger, which was it ? tell !"
" Our regiment ? It was the twenty-third."

The color fled from the young girl's cheek,
Leaving it as white as the face of the dead ;
The mother lifted her eyes, and said ;
" Pity my daughter—in mercy speak !"

" I never knew aught of this gallant youth,"
The soldier answered ; " not even his name,
Or from what part of our State he came :—
As God is above, I speak the truth !"

" But when we buried our dead that night,
I took from his breast this picture,—see !
It is as like him as like can be :
Hold it this way, toward the light."

One glance, and a look, half-sad, half-wild,
Passed over her face, which grew more pale,
Then a passionate, hopeless, heart-broken wail,
And the mother bent low o'er the prostrate child.



RELIGIOUS EXERCISES IN THE ARMY.

It now became a matter of the highest moment to amuse the men, and bear their thoughts to those truths which have ever stilled the tumult of human passion. We made arrangements to start in the camp various classes for mutual instruction. Two in the Latin language, one in the study of German, one in arithmetic, and, most important of all, a debating society. In order to carry successfully into execution all these plans for improvement, I wrote to my friends Mansfield Brown and Joseph McKnight, of Pittsburg, for the means to purchase a tent for public worship, and such assemblies as would conduce to the benefit of the regiment. Most

generously, and without the delay of an hour, they responded, authorizing the purchase of a tent. The very day their letter was received, a large tent was offered for sale in a neighboring camp. This I immediately purchased; and before night had it pitched, a floor laid down, and a stove placed in it.

Thus, every thing was arranged for Sabbath worship. This was about the 1st of January, 1862. We met in the tent on Sabbath morning, a large congregation, some seated on camp-stools, some on rude benches, some on the floor, many standing at the entrance of the tent. The interest of the occasion was greatly increased by the presence of Mrs. General Hays, who was then on a visit to her husband, Mrs. General Jameson, Mrs. Maria Hayes, the excellent matron of our hospital, whom all loved as a mother, and Miss Gilliam, and Miss Herr, who, with a self-denial ever to be commended, had become nurses in our hospital. The season was one of the greatest interest and pleasure. It was the bursting of sunshine through the darkness that had hung over us like a pall. It gave hope of future benefit and enjoyment; it reminded us of home; it was almost a church. Many eyes swam in tears, and many voices choked with emotion as we sang,

“Jesus, lover of my soul,”

and again,

“The Lord’s my Shepherd,
I’ll not want.”

The tent gave me the theme of that morning. I told them the history of its purchase, of the generous proffer of further aid, of books, etc., etc.; and that these were but slight tokens of the deep interest felt in their welfare at home. I reminded them of the scenes attending their departure from home; of the prayers, tears, and vows of the last Sabbath they spent amongst their kindred; of the irrepressible anguish of their

mothers, wives, children, and sisters, when they parted with them; of the promises they had made. They had never known before how large a place they had filled in the hearts of those who loved them. I reminded them that at this very hour, as their parents and kindred were assembled in the houses of worship, they were in the hearts of all, and the holy song was broken by sobs, and faces of prayer were wet with tears, because they were not there; how essential they were to the happiness and life of many. I alluded to the hundreds of letters we were every week receiving, all breathing the same sentiment, exhorting and entreating them by all that was dear and sacred to follow the teachings of their ministers, and to revere the memories of home; and there was committed to them the most sacred of all trusts,—the earthly happiness of those to whom God had bound them. I asked them if they could be so cruel as to blast the hopes and embitter the life of one that loved them, and bend down their venerable parents with a weight that would crush them to the grave; and if they thought there was any sacrifice too great for them to make for those in whose hearts they were daily borne. I reminded them of the incurable anguish they would endure if they heard of their sins; that they had fallen before temptation, had gone to dens of shame, had indulged in drunkenness, had become profane: to themselves these sins would bring only evil now, and in the end remorse. Yet they might find some relief from conscious degradation in the excitements of the camp, in the occupations and activities of a soldier; but what balm could be found to heal the hearts they had broken, and who could comfort those who mourned over their sons as falling from virtue and piety? I exhorted them, for the sake of all whose interests they represented, not to fall into sin, but to shun those evil ways which set on fire

of hell the whole course of nature. And if they were determined to have nothing to do with religion, and to dismiss from their hearts all fear of God, yet every sentiment of manliness, and every principle of honor, demanded they should not disgrace the name they bore. They were here the representatives of their fathers' houses; and if they were churlish, quarrelsome, drunken, and profane, they not only degraded themselves, but dishonored their parents,—for the tree was judged by its fruits. I mentioned the case of a young soldier of a neighboring camp, who had fallen since he left home into many of the sins of the army, who, while playing cards, had become angered, and broken out into such blasphemy as confounded even his companions. While still angry and disputing, some one handed him a letter just brought into camp. It was from his mother, and she a widow. After he had read the first few words, the letter fell from his hands, and he burst into tears, exclaiming, "My mother! my mother! If she knew of my sins, she would die of a broken heart!" Then, lifting the letter again, he read a few more lines, and sobbed out, "Yes, mother, I will, I will, I will read the Bible you gave me. I will try to pray: I will break off my sins. Oh, my mother, I thank God you do not know how low I have sunk!" And with many passionate exclamations and tears he continued to read the words of warning and love. One by one his companions went out and left him alone with his mother.

I entreated them to remember that the habits of sin, once contracted, were not easily thrown off. Some thought that sin was as easily cast out of the soul as a snow-flake was shaken from the hand. But this was against all human experience; "for sooner shall the Ethiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots, than those who have learned to do

evil shall learn to do well, etc. And with many other like words I reasoned with them.

The effect of this address was most manifest. All listened with increasing interest; many with tears.

At night I again preached on Luke xii. I urged to the confession of Christ, and spoke of the danger and temptation to which they would be exposed,—the perils of sickness and battle; and they needed above every thing to be made hopeful and strong by faith in an almighty, merciful, ever-present Friend. The impression of the morning was increased at night, and many retired to weep and pray. And on this day commenced one of the most remarkable seasons of religious solemnity I have ever seen. This interest continued unabated in power until we were broken by sickness and battle in the Peninsula.

During these months, hundreds in the camp found the highest joy in religious meetings, and with ever new pleasure they came together to hear the gospel. It was a season never to be forgotten. Nearly all the murmuring and discontent of the camp passed away. The men were sober, quiet, and cheerful. Some who had been for years dissipated, abandoned the cup, and, never, within my knowledge, afterward fell. Others, who had ever been a burden to their families, now confessed their guilt, and sent home the humble acknowledgment and promise of amendment. Others laid open long-concealed sins, and sought instruction in regard to what they should do to make atonement for the wrong they had committed. It was a time of great searchings of heart, and for many weeks my tent was crowded at all hours, when the men were off duty, by those wishing to know the way of life.

For the mutual protection and encouragement of those

who desired to begin a new life, I resolved, after consultation with many officers and friends, to form a church in the regiment. We had nearly one hundred men, officers and soldiers, who were members of various churches. For harmony, it was essential to form the church on principles common to all. I therefore drew up a form of doctrine and covenant to which all could assent, and which would bind us in unity, and bear with it all the sanctity of a sacred agreement.

Before the communion, I devoted every hour when the men were in camp, in visiting from tent to tent, and talked with each one separately, or in the tent circle, in regard to their religious hopes and views. I endeavored as far as possible to ascertain their home history, that I might more perfectly identify myself with them in sympathy, and adapt my instructions to their moral and spiritual state; for I found invariably that there were some events, scenes, and instructions, which permanently impressed the character for good or evil, as if the human mind was only now and then, and at long intervals, capable of being moved and changed. I endeavored to find what circumstance, what lesson, what deed had left behind an influence which survived all changes. I found in some cases the mind was embittered and permanently warped by some act of thoughtless or designed cruelty, long forgotten by the offender, but in the heart of him who had suffered, remaining like a viper's tooth, poisoning the very fountains of life. In others, some act of duplicity, some deed of hypocrisy, created distrust of all who bore the Christian name; and too blind and too unjust to see that a cause may be glorious, while he who represents it is base, they laid the crime of one at the door of all. In other cases, some lewd companion or vile book had debased in sensualism; and the imagination had hung in all the cham-

bers of the soul the pictures of evil. Again, there had been indulgence in childhood, and the suspension of parental authority at the season when it was most important, producing a restless aversion to all law. In fact, there were but few in whom the controlling elements were reason and conscience; but the many were biased and led by their appetites, passions, and prejudices, by pride, vanity, and ambition; and these emotions and vices impelled them in the path they had chosen, and rendered a change of character almost impossible. I made it my aim to gain the confidence of all, that I might successfully combat their errors, enlighten their understandings, and appeal to their consciences and better natures. This course of visitation made me acquainted with the peculiarities and past history of each one, and enabled me, as I hope, to be more valuable at this time; and my own constant study in regard to the things which most influenced the conduct of men, added to the plainness of my teachings at this period.

Before the day of the communion, we had a succession of storms. The mud was beyond fable. The men were confined to their tents. This enabled me to more successfully visit them,—to sit down by their side without the fear of interruption.

On Sabbath, February 9th, 1862, we organized the church, and received into its communion one hundred and seventy members, about sixty of whom for the first time confessed Christ. At the commencement of the services I baptized six young soldiers. They kneeled before me, and I consecrated them to God for life and for death; the majority of them baptized, as it proved, for the dead. I then read the form of covenant and system of faith; to which all gave their assent.

I then read the names of those who wished to enter this

fold in the wilderness, enumerating them by companies; those who had made a profession of religion at home, and came to us as members of Christian churches; and those who now came out as the disciples of the Redeemer.

Then followed the communion service. This was one of the most affecting and impressive seasons of my life. The powers of the world to come rested on all minds. The shadow of the great events so soon to follow was creeping over us, giving earnestness and an impressive solemnity to all hearts. It was a day never to be forgotten, as a commencement of a new era in the life of many. It was a scene on which angels might look down with unmingled pleasure; for here the weary found rest; the burdened, the peace of forgiveness; the broken in heart, beauty for ashes. Our position increased in a high degree the interest of the occasion. We were far from our churches and homes, yet we found here the sacred emblems of our religion; and, looking into a future which we knew was full of danger, sickness, and death to many, we here girded ourselves for the conflict. It much resembled the solemn communions of Christians in the time of persecution. Our friends who were present from a distance, of whom there were several, rejoiced greatly that there was such a scene in the army. General Jameson was deeply moved, and afterward said it was the most solemn and interesting scene of his life.

Again on Sabbath, March 9th, the religious interest continuing, we held another communion. At this time twenty-eight were received into the church. Seven young men were baptized. The interest was even greater than at the former communion; and it gives me now the greatest satisfaction to know that this season, which gave to many the highest enjoyment ever known on earth, where the cup of

thanksgiving was mingled with the tears of gratitude, prepared for the sacrifice that was to follow. Many who were there never again partook of the wine of promise until they drank it new in the kingdom of God, and sat down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. My friend Dr. Crawford was never again at the Lord's table; but was then prepared, by the peace like a river, for entering upon the blessed rest. And many others found their beds softened in sickness by the remembrance of the consecration and joy of those sacred seasons. Others were made tranquil and even triumphant in death, by the vision of the Saviour whom they had first met in the breaking of bread in the camp.

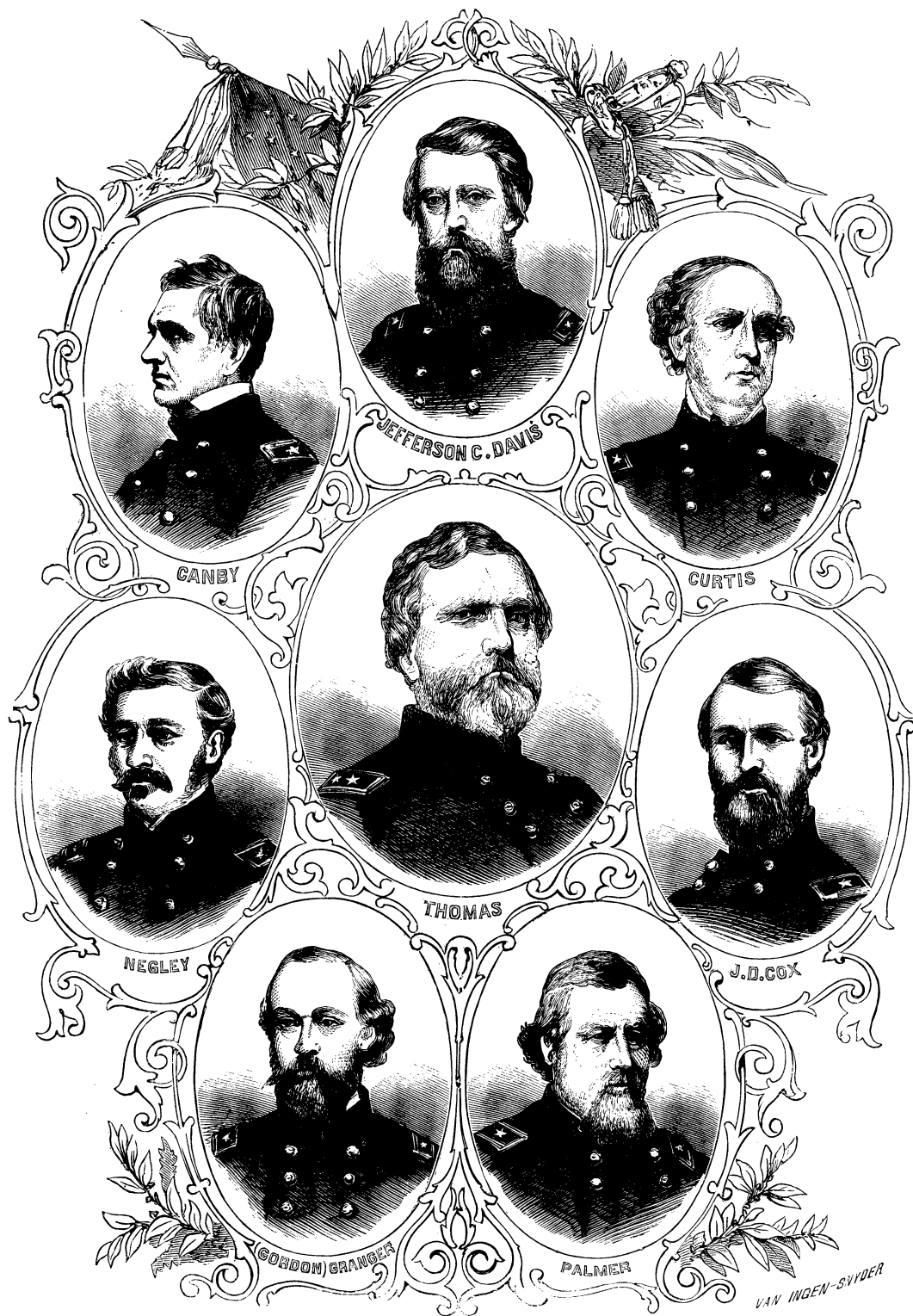
Mansfield Brown, Esq., of Pittsburg, was present at the last communion. His impression and report of the scene deserves a place in the record of mercy, and will be read, by every one into whose hands this book falls, with pleasure and profit.

"DR. MCKINNEY:—*Dear Sir:*—I know it will give you pleasure to hear how I spent the Sabbath, March 9th, in the 63d regiment, Colonel Alexander Hays, near Fort Lyon.

"As you are well aware, there has been for some time quite a revival of religion going on. A most interesting, soul-stirring state of things exists among them. God is certainly largely blessing them. Never did I see men so deeply in earnest.

"In the morning, at eleven o'clock, Dr. Marks preached in the tent-church to as many as filled the two tents. At the close he said that as it was likely the regiment would move soon, he would hold a communion that night, and invited any persons wishing to join, to meet him.

"At two P. M. we held a most solemn and touching



CANBY

JEFFERSON C. DAVIS

CURTIS

THOMAS

J.D. COX

NEGLEY

PALMER

(GORDON) GRANGER

VAN INGEN-SYDER

prayer-meeting. The prayers of the soldiers were very ardent and to the purpose. I conversed with many dear young men in their tents and alone, who readily acknowledged their need of salvation.

“At night, the tents were crowded to excess; and, as the evening was pleasant, the ends of the tents were opened, and an eager crowd pressed around. A small, rude table was used; common bread, wine made of grape-jelly and water, and two glasses, were placed in the centre. Our tents were lighted by three candles, swung from the centre. Familiar words were well sung. A few introductory remarks and a prayer, then eight stalwart soldiers kneeled around the table and were baptized; the bread and wine were then passed to communicants; even outside the tents, all eager to obey the command, ‘This do in remembrance of me.’ Everybody was weeping. Twenty-nine joined on profession,—the whole membership now being one hundred and eighty-eight. We had sweet singing while Elder Danks (captain) and myself distributed the sacramental elements. Surely, God was there. And it was well calculated to remind us of that dark night in which it was instituted. It was a most solemn, impressive scene, and one never to be forgotten. We closed it by all audibly uniting in saying the Lord’s Prayer, and parted,—never all to meet until we meet at the marriage-feast in heaven.

“The soldiers are obliged to put out lights and retire at tap of the drum; but a few of us spent an hour yet in devotion, singing, and conversation in Captain Danks’s tent. It was a good meeting. To witness the men’s deep emotion at any reference to their families in prayer, and then to hear them say, ‘We can die without fear, and leave the loved ones with God, content, so our glorious flag is sustained,’ gave confidence in the success of our country’s cause.

"I stepped into a tent in which were five young men, Sabbath morning. Three were reading their testaments; had a pointed conversation with them; found they had all been well *trained at home*; all knew what was their duty; three of them joined the glorious army to-night. Another fine, well-trained young stranger had been halting and hesitating, though greatly exercised for some time; four of his mess had joined, the fifth having died suddenly. He said every letter from his *good father and mother* urged and entreated him to seek religion, but he doubted his fitness. He was that night baptized and communed, and afterward told Dr. Marks how happy and thankful he felt. His load was all gone. He intends to be a preacher.

"On Monday morning, among the first persons I saw was a stalwart man coming out of the doctor's cabin, weeping. He grasped my hand and said he was so happy. The doctor has written to me since that the good work is still increasing. May it go on until every dear soldier in our army shall become a good soldier of the cross!"



THE DEATH OF JOHN,

THE WEST VIRGINIA BLACKSMITH.

MISS L. M. ALCOTT, the accomplished daughter of A. B. Alcott, the Concord Philosopher and the bosom friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was for a time a nurse in one of the hospitals for the wounded in the vicinity of Washington, D. C. She subsequently published a little volume, entitled "Hospital Sketches," in which the life, heroism, and death

of some of our brave fellows, wounded in the struggle for the nation's life, are portrayed with a graphic power which has never been surpassed. Among these descriptions of life and death in the hospital, none surpasses, in beauty and pathos, the story of John, the West Virginia blacksmith. Miss Alcott is in one of the wards of the hospital, ministering to the sick, when a messenger from another ward comes in with the expected yet dreaded message:—

“John is going, ma'am, and wants to see you if you can come.”

“The moment this boy is asleep. Tell him so, and let me know if I am in danger of being too late.”

The messenger departed, and while I quieted poor Shaw, I thought of John. He came in a day or two after the others; and one evening, when I entered my “pathetic room,” I found a lately emptied bed occupied by a large, fair man, with a fine face, and the serenest eyes I ever met. One of the earlier comers had often spoken of a friend who had remained behind that those apparently worse wounded than himself might reach a shelter first. It seemed a David and Jonathan sort of friendship. The man fretted for his mate, and was never tired of praising John—his courage, sobriety, self-denial, and unfailing kindness of heart; always winding up with: “He's an out an' out fine feller, ma'am; you see if he ain't.”

I had some curiosity to behold this piece of excellence, and when he came, watched him for a night or two, before I made friends with him; for, to tell the truth, I was a little afraid of the stately looking man, whose bed had to be lengthened to accommodate his commanding stature; who seldom spoke, uttered no complaint, asked no sympathy, but tranquilly observed what went on about him; and, as he lay high upon

his pillows, no picture of dying statesman or warrior was ever fuller of real dignity than this Virginia blacksmith. A most attractive face he had, framed in brown hair and beard, comely featured and full of vigor, as yet unsubdued by pain; thoughtful and often beautifully mild while watching the afflictions of others, as if entirely forgetful of his own. His mouth was grave and firm, with plenty of will and courage in its lines, but a smile could make it as sweet as any woman's; and his eyes were child's eyes, looking one fairly in the face with a clear, straightforward glance, which promised well for such as placed their faith in him. He seemed to cling to life as if it were rich in duties and delights, and he had learned the secret of content. The only time I saw his composure disturbed, was when my surgeon brought another to examine John, who scrutinized their faces with an anxious look, asking of the elder: "Do you think I shall pull through, sir?" "I hope so, my man." And, as the two passed on, John's eye still followed them, with an intentness which would have won a clearer answer from them, had they seen it. A momentary shadow flitted over his face; then came the usual serenity, as if, in that brief eclipse, he had acknowledged the existence of some hard possibility, and, asking nothing yet hoping all things, left the issue in God's hands, with that submission which is true piety.

The next night, as I went my rounds with Dr. P., I happened to ask which man in the room probably suffered most; and to my great surprise, he glanced at John.

"Every breath he draws is like a stab; for the ball pierced the left lung, broke a rib, and did no end of damage here and there; so the poor lad can find neither forgetfulness nor ease, because he must lie on his wounded back or suffocate. It will be a hard struggle, and a long one, for he possesses great

vitality; but even his temperate life can't save him; I wish it could."

"You don't mean he must die, doctor?"

"Bless you, there's not the slightest hope for him; and you'd better tell him so before long; women have a way of doing such things comfortably, so I leave it to you. He won't last more than a day or two, at furthest."

I could have sat down on the spot and cried heartily, if I had not learned the wisdom of bottling up one's tears for leisure moments. Such an end seemed very hard for such a man, when half a dozen worn-out, worthless bodies round him, were gathering up the remnants of wasted lives, to linger on for years, perhaps, burdens to others, daily reproaches to themselves. The army needed men like John, earnest, brave, and faithful; fighting for liberty and justice with both heart and hand true soldiers of the Lord. I could not give him up so soon, or think with any patience of so excellent a nature robbed of its fulfilment, and blundered into eternity by the rashness or stupidity of those at whose hands so many lives may be required. It was an easy thing for Dr. P. to say: "Tell him he must die," but a cruelly hard thing to do, and by no means as "comfortable" as he politely suggested. I had not the heart to do it then, and privately indulged the hope that some change for the better might take place, in spite of gloomy prophecies, so rendering my task unnecessary. A few minutes later, as I came in again, with fresh rollers, I saw John sitting erect, with no one to support him, while the surgeon dressed his back. I had never hitherto seen it done; for, having simpler wounds to attend to, and knowing the fidelity of the attendant, I had left John to him. thinking it might be more agreeable and safe; for both strength and experience were needed in his case. I had for

gotten that the strong man might long for the gentler tendance of a woman's hands, the sympathetic magnetism of a woman's presence, as well as the feebler souls about him. The doctor's words caused me to reproach myself with neglect, not of any real duty, perhaps, but of those little cares and kindnesses that solace homesick spirits, and make the heavy hours pass easier. John looked lonely and forsaken just then, as he sat with bent head, hands folded on his knee, and no outward sign of suffering, till, looking nearer, I saw great tears roll down and drop upon the floor. It was a new sight there; for, though I had seen many suffer, some swore, some groaned, most endured silently, but none wept. Yet it did not seem weak, only very touching, and straightway my fear vanished, my heart opened wide and took him in, as gathering the bent head in my arms, as freely as if he had been a little child, I said, "Let me help you bear it, John."

Never, on any human countenance, have I seen so swift and beautiful a look of gratitude, surprise, and comfort, as that which answered me more eloquently than the whispered—

"Thank you, ma'am; this is right good! this is what I wanted!"

"Then why not ask for it before!"

"I didn't like to be a trouble: you seemed so busy, and I could manage to get on alone."

"You shall not want it any more, John."

Nor did he; for now I understood the wistful look that sometimes followed me, as I went out, after a brief pause beside his bed, or merely a passing nod, while busied with those who seemed to need me more than he, because more urgent in their demands; now I knew that to him, as to so

many, I was the poor substitute for mother, wife, or sister, and in his eyes no stranger, but a friend who hitherto had seemed neglectful; for, in his modesty he had never guessed the truth. This was changed now; and, through the tedious operation of probing, bathing, and dressing his wounds, he leaned against me, holding my hand fast, and, if pain wrung further tears from him, no one saw them fall but me. When he was laid down again, I hovered about him, in a remorseful state of mind that would not let me rest, till I had bathed his face, brushed his "bonny brown hair," set all things smooth about him, and laid a knot of heath and heliotrope on his clean pillow. While doing this, he watched me with the satisfied expression I so liked to see; and when I offered the little nosegay held it carefully in his great hand, smoothed a ruffled leaf or two, surveyed and smelt it with an air of genuine delight, and lay contentedly regarding the glimmer of the sunshine on the green. Although the manliest man among my forty, he said, "Yes, ma'am," like a little boy; received suggestions for his comfort with the quick smile that brightened his whole face; and now and then, as I stood tidying the table by his bed, I felt him softly touch my gown, as if to assure himself that I was there. Any thing more natural and frank I never saw, and found this brave John as bashful as brave, yet full of excellencies and fine aspirations, which, having no power to express themselves in words, seemed to have bloomed into his character and made him what he was.

After that night, an hour of each evening that remained to him was devoted to his ease or pleasure. He could not talk much, for breath was precious, and he spoke in whispers; but from occasional conversations, I gleaned scraps of private history which only added to the affection and

respect I felt for him. Once he asked me to write a letter, and as I settled pen and paper, I said, with an irrepressible glimmer of feminine curiosity, "Shall it be addressed to wife or mother, John?"

"Neither, ma'am; I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Did you think I was married because of this?" he asked, touching a plain ring he wore, and often turned thoughtfully on his finger when he lay alone.

"Partly that, but more from a settled sort of look you have, a look which young men seldom get until they marry."

"I don't know that; but I'm not so very young, ma'am, thirty, in May, and have been what you might call settled this ten years; for mother's a widow, I'm the oldest child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry until Lizzy has a home of her own, and Laurie's learned his trade; for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children and husband to the dear old woman, if I can."

"No doubt but you are both, John; yet how came you to go to war, if you felt so? Wasn't enlisting as bad as marrying?"

"No, ma'am, not as I see it, for one is helping my neighbor, the other pleasing myself. I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay; I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows! but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty; mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said 'Go:' so I went."

A short story and a simple one, but the man and the mother were portrayed better than pages of fine writing could have done it.

"Do you ever regret that you came, when you lie here suffering so much?"

"Never, ma'am; I haven't helped a great deal, but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to; but I don't blame anybody, and if it was to do over again, I'd do it. I'm a little sorry I wasn't wounded in front; it looks cowardly to be hit in the back, but I obeyed orders, and it don't matter in the end, I know."

Poor John! it did not matter now, except that a shot in front might have spared the long agony in store for him. He seemed to read the thoughts that troubled me, as he spoke so hopefully when there was no hope, for he suddenly added:

"This is my first battle; do they think it's going to be my last?"

"I'm afraid they do, John."

It was the hardest question I had ever been called upon to answer; doubly hard with those clear eyes fixed on mine, forcing a truthful answer by their own truth. He seemed a little startled at first, pondered over the fateful fact a moment, then shook his head, with a glance at the broad chest and muscular limbs stretched out before him:

"I'm not afraid, but it's difficult to believe all at once. I am so strong it don't seem possible for such a little wound to kill me."

Merry Mercutio's dying words glanced through my memory as he spoke: "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough." And John would have said the same could he have seen the ominous black holes between his shoulders. He never had; and, seeing the ghastly sights about him, could not believe his own more fatal than these, for all the suffering it caused him.

"Shall I write to your mother now?" I asked, thinking that these sudden tidings might change all plans and purposes: but they did not; for the man received the order of the Divine Commander to march with the same unquestioning obedience with which the soldier had received that of the human one, doubtless remembering that the first led him to life and the last to death.

"No, ma'am; to Laurie just the same; he'll break it to her best, and I'll add a line to her myself when you get done."

So I wrote the letter which he dictated, finding it better than any I had sent; for, though here and there a little ungrammatical or inelegant, each sentence came to me briefly worded, but most expressive; full of excellent counsel to the boy, tenderly bequeathing "mother and Lizzie" to his care, and bidding him good-by in words the sadder for their simplicity. He added a few lines, with steady hand, and, as I sealed it, said, with a patient sort of sigh, "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it;" then, turning away his face, laid the flowers against his lips, as if to hide some quiver of emotion at the thought of such a sudden sundering of all the dear home ties.

These things had happened two days before; now John was dying, and the letter had not come. I had been summoned to many death-beds in my life, but to none that made my heart ache as it did then, since my mother called me to watch the departure of a spirit akin to this in its gentleness and patient strength. As I went in, John stretched out both hands:

"I knew you'd come! I guess I'm moving on, ma'am."

He was; and so rapidly that, even while he spoke, over his face I saw the gray veil falling that no human hand can

lift. I sat down by him, wiped the drops from his forehead, stirred the air about him with the slow wave of a fan, and waited to help him die. He stood in sore need of help—and I could do so little ; for, as the doctor had foretold, the strong body rebelled against death, and fought every inch of the way, forcing him to draw each breath with a spasm, and clench his hands with an imploring look, as if he asked, “How long must I endure this and be still! For hours he suffered dumbly, without a moment’s respite, or a moment’s murmuring ; his limbs grew cold, his face damp, his lips white, and again and again he tore the covering off his breast, as if the lightest weight added to his agony ; yet through it all his eyes never lost their perfect serenity, and the man’s soul seemed to sit therein, undaunted by the ills that vexed his flesh.

One by one the men woke, and round the room appeared a circle of pale faces and watchful eyes, full of awe and pity ; for, though a stranger, John was beloved by all. Each man there had wondered at his patience, respected his piety, admired his fortitude, and now lamented his hard death ; for the influence of an upright nature had made itself deeply felt, even in one little week. Presently, the Jonathan who so loved this comely David came creeping from his bed for a last look and word. The kind soul was full of trouble, as the choke in his voice, the grasp of his hand, betrayed ; but there were no tears, and the farewell of the friends was the more touching for its brevity.

“Old boy, how are you ?” faltered the one.

“Most through, thank heaven !” whispered the other.

“Can I say or do any thing for you anywheres ?”

“Take my things home, and tell them that I did my best.”

"I will ! I will !"

"Good-by, Ned."

"Good-by, John, good-by !"

They kissed each other, tenderly as women, and so parted, for poor Ned could not stay to see his comrade die. For a little while, there was no sound in the room but the drip of water from a stump or two and John's distressful gasps, as he slowly breathed his life away. I thought him nearly gone, and had just laid down the fan, believing its help to be no longer needed, when suddenly he rose up in his bed, and cried out with a bitter cry that broke the silence, sharply startling every one with its agonized appeal :

"For God's sake, give me air !"

It was the only cry pain or death had wrung from him, the only boon he had asked ; and none of us could grant it, for all the airs that blew were useless now. Dan flung up the window. The first red streak of dawn was warming the gray east, a herald of the coming sun ; John saw it, and with the love of light which lingers in us to the end, seemed to read in it a sign of hope of help, for over his whole face there broke that mysterious expression, brighter than any smile, which often comes to eyes that look their last. He laid himself gently down, and stretching out his strong right arm, as if to grasp and bring the blessed air to his lips in a fuller flow, lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness, which assured us that for him suffering was forever past. He died then ; for, though the heavy breaths still tore their way up for a little longer, they were but the waves of an ebbing tide that beat unfelt against the wreck, which an immortal voyager had deserted with a smile. He never spoke again, but to the end held my hand close, so close that when he was asleep at last, I could not draw it away. Dan helped me, warning me,

as he did so, that it was unsafe for dead and living flesh to lie so long together ; but though my hand was strangely cold and stiff, and four white marks remained across its back, even when warmth and color had returned elsewhere, I could not but be glad that, through its touch, the presence of human sympathy, perhaps, had lightened that hard hour.

When they had made him ready for the grave, John lay in state for half an hour, a thing which seldom happened in that busy place ; but a universal sentiment of reverence and affection seemed to fill the hearts of all who had known or heard of him ; and when the rumor of his death went through the house, always astir, many came to see him, and I felt a tender sort of pride in my lost patient ; for he looked a most heroic figure, lying there stately and still as the statue of some young knight asleep upon his tomb. The lovely expression which so often beautifies dead faces, soon replaced the marks of pain, and I longed for those who loved him best to see him when half an hour's acquaintance with death had made them friends. As we stood looking at him, the ward master handed me a letter, saying it had been forgotten the night before. It was John's letter, come just an hour too late to gladden the eyes that had longed and looked for it so eagerly : yet he had it ; for, after I had cut some brown locks for his mother, and taken off the ring to send her, telling how well the talisman had done its work, I kissed this good son for her sake, and laid the letter in his hand, still folded as when I drew my own away, feeling that its place was there, and making myself happy with the thought, that even in his solitary place in the "Government Lot," he would not be without some token of the love which makes life beautiful and outlives death. Then I left him, glad to have known so genuine a man, and carrying with me an

endearing memory of the brave Virginia blacksmith, as he lay serenely waiting for the dawn of that long day which knows no night.

HOW TO SPIKE A GUN.

A CHARACTERISTIC incident is related of Captain George T. Hebard, formerly a private in company A, of the Chicago light infantry, and subsequently commander of the first Vermont battery, which participated in the hard-contested battle, near Grand Encore. During the progress of the bloody engagement, Major-General Banks rode up and said, energetically: "Captain Hebard, your battery will probably be taken; spike the guns!" As the general rode off, the captain addressed the men, saying: "Not by a — sight! This battery isn't to be taken nor spiked. Give them double canister, boys!" The battery was charged upon terribly three times after that; the last time, they thought they would wait until the enemy had approached quite near, when they let fly a storm of deadly grape and canister, killing *every* man within range of the guns. The battery brought off every gun and caisson, showing that to be the best way of "spiking."

CUSTOMER FOR GRANT'S BIOGRAPHY.

RATHER an amusing incident concerning General Grant is related as having occurred while he was on a journey in a railroad train, and where he displayed, as usual, none of the insignia of his military rank. A youthful book-peddler

traversed the cars, crying, "Life of General Grant." A mischief-loving aid pointed the youngster to the general's seat, suggesting to him that "*that* man might like a copy." General Grant turned over the pages of the book, and casually asked, "Who is it this is all about?" The boy, giving him a most incredulous grimace of indignation and disgust, replied, "You must be a *darned* greeny not to know General Grant!" After this volley, the lieutenant-general, of course, surrendered, and bought his biography.

NIGHT SCENE IN A HOSPITAL.

It was past eleven, and my patient was slowly wearying himself into fitful intervals of quietude, when, in one of these pauses, a curious sound arrested my attention. Looking over my shoulder, I saw a one-legged phantom hopping nimbly down the room; and, going to meet it, recognized a certain Pennsylvania gentleman, whose wound-fever had taken a turn for the worse, and, depriving him of the few wits a drunken campaign had left him, set him literally tripping on the light, fantastic toe "towards home," as he blandly informed me, touching the military cap, which formed a striking contrast to the severe simplicity of the rest of his decidedly *undress* uniform. When sane, the least movement produced a roar of pain or a volley of oaths; but the departure of reason seemed to have wrought an agreeable change both in the man and his manners; for, balancing himself on one leg, like a meditative stork, he plunged into an animated discussion of the war, the President, lager beer, and Enfield rifles.

regardless of any suggestions of mine as to the propriety of returning to bed, lest he be court-martialed for desertion.

Any thing more supremely ridiculous can hardly be imagined than this figure, scantily draped in white, its one foot covered with a big blue sock, a dingy cap set rakingly askew on its shaven head, and placid satisfaction beaming on its broad, red face, as it flourished a mug in one hand, an old boot in the other, calling them canteen and knapsack, while it skipped and fluttered in the most unearthly fashion. What to do with the creature I didn't know; Dan was absent, and if I went to find him, the perambulator might festoon himself out of the window, set his toga on fire, or do some of his neighbors a mischief. The attendant of the room was sleeping like a near relative of the celebrated Seven, and nothing short of pins would rouse him; for he had been out that day, and whiskey asserted its supremacy in balmy whiffs. Still disclaiming, in a fine flow of eloquence, the demented gentleman hopped on, blind and deaf to my graspings and entreaties; and I was about to slam the door in his face, and run for help, when a second saner phantom, "all in white," came to the rescue, in the likeness of a big Prussian, who spoke no English, but divined the crisis, and put an end to it, by bundling the lively monoped into his bed, like a baby, with an authoritative command to "stay put," which received added weight from being delivered in an odd conglomeration of French and German, accompanied by warning wags of a head decorated with a yellow cotton nightcap, rendered most imposing by a tassel like a bell-pull. Rather exhausted by his excursion, the member from Pennsylvania subsided; and, after an irrepressible laugh together, my Prussian ally and myself were returning to our places, when the echo of a sob caused us to glance along the beds. It came from one in the

corner—suth a little bed!—and such a tearful little face looked up at us, as we stopped beside it! The twelve year old drummer-boy was not singing now, but sobbing, with a manly effort, all the while, to stifle the distressful sounds that would break out.

“What is it, Teddy?” I asked, as he rubbed the tears away, and checked himself in the middle of a great sob to answer, plaintively :

“I’ve got a chill, ma’am, but I ain’t cryin’ for that, ’cause I’m used to it. I dreamed Kit was here, and when I waked up he wasn’t, and I couldn’t help it, then.”

The boy came in with the rest, and the man who was taken dead from the ambulance was the Kit he mourned. Well he might; for, when the wounded were brought from Fredericksburg, the child lay in one of the camps thereabout, and this good friend, though sorely hurt himself, would not leave him to the exposure and neglect of such a time and place; but, wrapping him in his own blanket, carried him in his arms to the transport, tended him during the passage, and only yielded up his charge when death met him at the door of the hospital, which promised care and comfort for the boy. For ten days, Teddy had shivered or burned with fever and ague, pining the while for Kit, and refusing to be comforted, because he had not been able to thank him for the generous protection, which, perhaps, had cost the giver’s life. The vivid dream had wrung the childish heart with a fresh pang, and when I tried the solace fitted for his years, the remorseful fear that haunted him found vent in a fresh burst of tears, as he looked at the wasted hands I was endeavoring to warm :

“Oh! if I’d only been as thin when Kit carried me as I am now, maybe he wouldn’t have died; but I was heavy,

he was hurt worser than we knew, and so it killed him; and I didn't see him to say good-by."

This thought had troubled him in secret; and my assurances that his friend would probably have died at all events, hardly assuaged the bitterness of his regretful grief.

At this juncture, the delirious man began to shout; the one-legged rose up in his bed, as if preparing for another dart; Teddy bewailed himself more piteously than before; and if ever a woman was at her wit's end, that distracted female was nurse Periwinkle, during the space of two or three minutes, as she vibrated between the three beds, like an agitated pendulum. Like a most opportune reinforcement, Dan, the handy, appeared, and devoted himself to the lively party, leaving me free to return to my post; for the Prussian, with a nod and a smile, took the lad away to his own bed, and lulled him to sleep with a soothing murmur, like a mammoth bumble-bee. I liked that in Fritz, and if he ever wondered afterward at the dainties which sometimes found their way into his rations, or the extra comforts of his bed, he might have found a solution of the mystery in sundry persons' knowledge of the fatherly action of that night.



CALLING ON PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

AN officer under the government called at the executive mansion, accompanied by a clerical friend. "Mr. President," said he, "allow me to present to you my friend, the Rev. Mr. F., of ——. Mr. F. has expressed a desire to see you, and have some conversation with you, and I am happy to be the means of introducing him." The President shook hands

with Mr. F., and desiring him to be seated, took a seat himself. Then—his countenance having assumed an expression of patient waiting—he said, “I am now ready to hear what you have to say.” “O, bless you, sir,” said Mr. F., “I have nothing special to say. I merely called to pay my respects to you, and, as one of the million, to assure you of my hearty sympathy and support.” “My dear sir,” said the President, rising promptly, his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitor, “I am very glad to see you; I am *very* glad to see you, indeed. I thought you had come to preach to me!”

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL BUTLER.

It will be remembered that the little Count Mejan once frantically appealed to the Emperor Napoleon to send an armed force to protect the grog-shop keepers of New Orleans from an “unconstitutional tax” General Butler had levied upon them. The emperor was so puzzled to know what his consul had to do with the American Constitution, and on what principles he made himself the champion of whiskey-venders in an American city, that he called the count home to explain.

It will be seen, from what follows, that General Butler’s tyranny did not stop at taxing grog-shops. It seems that after the expulsion of the rebels and their allies, the Thugs, from New Orleans, the dead walls of that city were suddenly covered with conspicuous bills containing the following sentence:

“Get your shirts at Moody’s, 207 Canal Street.”

A planter, a secessionist, came to town some months after Butler had taken the reins in his hands, and marvelled much at the cleanliness and good order he found prevailing; also he was surprised at this notice, which everywhere stared him in the face.

"Get your shirts at Moody's?" said he to an acquaintance he met in the street; "what does this mean? I see it everywhere posted up. What does it mean?"

"O," was the reply, "that is another of the outrageous acts of this fellow Butler. This is one of the orders of which you hear so much. Don't you see? he has ordered us to get our shirts at Moody's, and we have to do so. It is, of course, suspected that he is a silent partner in the concern, and pockets the profits."

The poor planter listened with eyes and mouth open and replied:

"I don't need any shirts just now, and it's a great piece of tyranny; but this Butler enforces his orders so savagely that it is better to give in at once," and accordingly he went to "Moody's" and purchased half a dozen shirts,—on compulsion.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A PATRIOT SOLDIER.

A SURGEON in one of the military hospitals at Alexandria, writes in a private note:

"Our wounded men bear their sufferings nobly; I have hardly heard a word of complaint from one of them. A soldier from the 'stern and rock-bound coast' of Maine—a victim of the slaughter at Fredericksburg—lay in this hospital, his life ebbing away from a fatal wound. He had

a father, brothers, sisters, a wife, a little boy of two or three years of age, on whom his heart seemed set. Half an hour before he ceased to breathe, I stood by his side, holding his hand. He was in the full exercise of his intellectual faculties, and was aware that he had but a very brief time to live. He was asked if he had any message to leave for his dear ones at home, whom he loved so well. 'Tell them,' said he, '*how I died—they know how I lived!*'"

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

AN interesting anecdote is related of Franklin, who, it is alleged, in order to test the parental instinct existing between mother and child, introduced himself as a belated traveler to his mother's house, after an absence of many years. Her house being filled with more illustrious guests than the unknown stranger, she refused him shelter, and would have turned him from her door. Hence, he concluded that this so-called parental instinct was a pleasant delusive belief, not susceptible of proof.

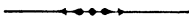
The opposite of this occurred in Washington. In one of the fierce engagements with the rebels near Mechanicsville, a young lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of shell that, on reaching Washington, after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and, with a soldier's fortitude, composed himself to bear his sufferings alone.

Unknown to him, however, his mother, one of those dear

reserves of the army, hastened up to join the main force. She reached the city at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from him until morning. One sat by his side, fanning him as he slept, her hand on the feeble fluctuating pulsations which foreboded sad results. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side. She touched his pulse, as the nurse had done; not a word had been spoken; but the sleeping boy opened his eyes, and said: "That feels like my mother's hand; who is this beside me? It is my mother; turn up the gas and let me see mother!"

The two dear faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace, and the fondness pent up in each heart sobbed and panted, and wept forth its expression.

The gallant fellow, just twenty-one, his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and, at last, when death drew nigh, he was told by tearful friends that it only remained to make him comfortable, said, "he had looked death in the face too many times to be afraid now," and died as gallantly as did the men of the Cumberland.



A SICK RELATIVE.

GENERAL ROSECRANS indulges occasionally in a witticism. A lady called upon him for the purpose of procuring a pass, which was declined very politely. Tears came to the lady's eyes, as she remarked that her uncle was very ill, and might not recover. "Very sorry, indeed, madam," replied the general. "My uncle has been indisposed for some time. As

soon as Uncle Sam recovers a little, you shall have a pass to go where you please."

A NIGHT SCENE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

THE following graphic story was told by "Carleton," the accomplished correspondent:—

"FREDERICKSBURG, May 17, 1864.

"The day is past. The cool night has come, refreshing the fevered cheek, cooling the throbbing pulse, and soothing the aching wounds of the thousands congregated in this city. I have made it in part a day of observation, visiting the hospitals, and conversing with patients and nurses; and now, wearied, worn, with nerves unstrung by sickening sights, I make an attempt to sketch the scenes of the day.

"The city is a vast hospital; churches, all public buildings, private dwellings, stores, chambers, attics, basements,—all are occupied by patients, or are attended by medical officers, or by those who have come to take care of the wounded. All day long the trains of ambulances have been arriving from the field hospitals. There are but few wounded left at the front,—those only whom to move would be certain death. Those able to bear removal have been sent in, that the army may move on to finish its appointed work.

"A red flag is flung out at the Sanitary Commission rooms—a white one at the rooms of the Christian Commission. There are three hundred volunteer nurses in attendance. The Sanitary Commission have fourteen wagons bringing supplies from Belle Plain. The Christian Commission has less transportation facilities, but in devotion, in hard work, in patient effort, it is the compeer of its more bounti

fully supplied neighbor. The nurses are divided into details, —some for day service, some for night work. Each state has its relief committee.

“Governor Smith, of Vermont is here ; Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island ; Senator Sherman, of Ohio ; Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas ; Ex-Mayors Bunton and Smyth, of Manchester, N. H. ; Ex-Mayor Fay, of Chelsea ; Rev. Mr. Means, of Roxbury ; and scores of men, aside from the Commissions’ nurses, doing what they can to relieve the necessities, and alleviate the sufferings, of the wounded.

“How patient the brave fellows are ! Not a word of complaint, but thanks for the slightest favor. There has been a lack of crutches. This morning I saw a soldier of a California regiment, an old soldier who fought with the lamented Baker at Ball’s Bluff, and who has been in more than twenty battles, and who, till Thursday last, has escaped unharmed, hobbling about with the arms of a settee nailed to strips of board. His regiment went home to-day, its three years of service having expired. It was but a score or two of weather-beaten, battle-scarred veterans. The disabled comrade could hardly keep back the tear as he saw them pass down the street. ‘Few of us left. The bones of the boys are on every battlefield where the Army of the Potomac has fought,’ said he.

“There was a sound of the pick and spade in the churchyard, a heaving up of new earth—a digging of trenches, not for defence against the enemy, but the preparation of the last resting-place of departed heroes. There they lie—a dozen of them—each wrapped in his blanket—the last bivouac. For them there is no more war—no charges into the thick, leaden raindrops—no more hurrahs—no more cheering of the dear old flag, bearing it onward to victory. They have fallen, but the victory is theirs, theirs the roll of eternal

honor. One by one—side by side—men from Massachusetts, and from Pennsylvania, and from Wisconsin—from all the States, resting in one common grave. Peace to them—blessings on those whom they have left behind!

“Go into the hospitals,—armless, legless men, wounds of every description. Men on the hard floor, on the hard seats of church pews, lying in one position all day, unable to stir till the nurse going the rounds comes to their aid. They must wait till their food comes. Some must be fed with a spoon, as if they were little children.

“‘O that we could get some straw for the brave fellows,’ said Rev. Mr. Kimball, of the Christian Commission. He had wandered about town, searching for the article. ‘There is none to be had. We shall have to send to Washington for it.’

“‘Straw! I remember two stacks, four miles out on the Spottsylvania road. I saw them last night as I galloped in from the front.’

“Armed with a requisition from the provost-marshal to seize two stacks of straw, with two wagons driven by intelligent contrabands, four Christian Commission delegates, and away we went across the battle-field of December—fording Hazel Run—gained the heights, and reached the straw stacks, owned by Rev. Mr. Owen.

“‘By whose authority do you take my property?’

“‘The provost-marshal’s, sir.’

“Rev. Mr. Kimball was on the stack pitching it down. I was pitching it in, and the young men were stowing it away.

“‘Are you going to pay me for it?’

“‘You must see the provost-marshal, sir. If you are a loyal man, and will take the oath of allegiance, doubtless you will get your pay.’

" 'It is pretty hard. My children are just ready to starve. I have nothing for them to eat, and you come to take my property without paying for it.'

" 'Yes, sir ; war is hard. You must remember, sir, that there are thousands of wounded men—*your* wounded as well as ours. If your children are on the point of starving, those men are on the point of dying. We must have the straw for them. What we don't take to-night we will get in the morning. Meanwhile, sir, if anybody attempts to take it, please say to them that it is for the hospital, and they can't have it.'

" Thus with wagons stuffed we leave Rev. Mr. Owen, and return to make glad the hearts of several thousand men. O, how they thank us!

" 'Did you get it for me ? God bless you, sir !'

" It is evening. Thousands of soldiers, just arrived from Washington, have passed through the town to take their places in the front. The hills all around are white with innumerable tents and thousands of wagons.

" A band is playing lively airs to cheer the wounded in the hospitals. I have been looking in to see the sufferers. Two or three have gone. They will need no more attention. A surgeon is at work upon a ghastly wound, taking up the arteries. An attendant is pouring cold water upon a swollen limb. In the Episcopal church a nurse is bolstering up a wounded officer in the area behind the altar. Men are lying in the pews, on the seats, on the floor, on boards on the top of the pews.

" Two candles in the spacious building throw their feeble rays into the dark recesses, faintly disclosing the recumbent forms. There is heavy, stifled breathing, as of constant effort to suppress involuntary cries extorted by acutest pain.

Hard it is to see them suffer and not be able to relieve them.

“Passing into the street, you see a group of women, talking about *our* wounded—rebel wounded who are receiving their especial attention. The provost-marshal’s patrol is going its rounds to preserve order.

“Starting down the street, you reach the rooms of the Christian Commission. Some of the men are writing, some eating their rations, some dispensing supplies. Passing through their rooms, you gain the grounds in the rear—a beautiful garden once—not unattractive now. The air is redolent with honeysuckle and locust blossoms. The pennifolia is unfolding its delicate milk-white petals—roses are opening their tinted leaves.

“Fifty men are gathered round a summer-house—warm-hearted men—who have been all day in the hospitals. Their hearts have been wrung by the scenes of suffering, in the exercise of Christian charity imitating the example of the Redeemer of men. They have given bread for the body and food for the soul. They have given cups of cold water in the name of Jesus, and prayed with those departing to the silent land. The moonlight shimmers through the leaves of the locust.

“The little congregation breaks into singing—

‘Come, thou fount of every blessing.’

“After the hymn, a chaplain says: ‘Brethren, I had service this afternoon in the first division hospital of the second corps. The surgeon in charge, before prayer, asked all who desired to be prayed for to raise their hands; and nearly every man who had a hand raised it. Let us remember them in our prayers to-night.’

“A man in the summer-house—so far off that I cannot dis-

tinguish him in the shadow—says: ‘There is manifestly a spirit of prayer among the soldiers of the second division of the sixth corps hospital. Every man there raised his hand for prayers!’

“Similar remarks are made by others, and then there are earnest prayers offered that God will bless them, relieve their sufferings, give them patience, restore them to health; that He will remember the widow and fatherless far away—that Jesus may be their Friend.

“Ah! this night scene! There was an allusion, by one who prayed, to the garden scene of Gethsemane—the blood of the Son of God, and in connection to the blood shed for our country. You who are far away can understand but little of the reality of these scenes. Friends, everywhere, you have given again and again, but continue to give—you cannot repay these brave defenders of our country. Give as God has prospered you, and great shall be your reward.—Faint, feeble, tame, lifeless is this attempt to portray the scenes of a day at Fredericksburg. Picture it as you may, and you will fall short of the reality.”

A MOHAMMEDAN COLONEL.

A WELL-KNOWN colonel in the Union service, who had been injured several times in various actions during the war, received, at the battle of Fort Fisher, a wound which was considered fatal. As usual in such cases, the chaplain approached him, and was about offering words of consolation, when the wounded colonel interrupted him with, “Pass on. I’m a Mohammedan.”

THE SNOW AT FREDERICKSBURG.

DRIFT over the slopes to the sunrise land,

Oh wonderful, wonderful snow !

Oh ! pure as the breast of a virgin saint,

Drift tenderly, soft, and slow !

Over the slopes of the sunrise land,

And into the haunted dells

Of the forests of pine, where the robbing winds

Are tuning their memory bells.

Into the forests of sighing pines,

And over those yellow slopes,

That seem but the work of the cleaving plough,

That cover so many hopes !

They are many indeed, and straightly made,

Not shapen with loving care ;

But the souls let out and the broken blades

May never be counted there !

Fall over those lonely hero graves,

Oh delicate, dropping snow !

Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love

On the warrior heads below !

Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul,

As she waiteth and watcheth for One

Who will never come back from the sunrise land

When the terrible war is done.

And here, where lieth the high of heart,

Drift—white as the bridal veil

That will never be borne by the drooping girl

Who setteth afar, so pale.

Fall, fast as the tears of the suffering wife,

Who stretcheth despairing hands

Out to the blood-rich battle-fields

That crimson the eastern sands.

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
Oh delicate snow! and cover
The graves of our heroes, sanctified,—
Husband and son and lover!
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
And mellow our deep distress,
And put us in mind of the shriven souls
And their mantles of righteousness!

RECOLLECTIONS OF GRANT.

REV. J. L. CRANE, the chaplain of the regiment of which Lieutenant-General Grant was colonel, gives the following interesting reminiscences of his private and military character:—

“Grant,” he says, “is about five feet ten inches in height, and will weigh one hundred and forty or forty-five pounds. He has a countenance indicative of reserve, and an indomitable will, and persistent purpose.

“In dress he is indifferent and careless, making no pretensions to *style* or fashionable military display. Had he continued colonel till now, I think his uniform would have lasted till this day; for he never used it except on dress parade, and then seemed to regard it a good deal as David did Saul’s armor.

“‘His body is a vial of intense existence;’ and yet when a stranger would see him in a crowd he would never think of asking his name. He is no dissembler. He is a sincere, thinking, *real* man.

“He is always cheerful. No toil, cold, heat, hunger, fatigue, or want of money, depresses him. He does his work at

the time, and he requires all under his command to be equally prompt. I was walking over the camp with him one morning after breakfast. It was usual for each company to call the roll at a given hour. It was now probably a half hour after the time for that duty. The colonel was quietly smoking his old meerschaum, and talking and walking along, when he noticed a company drawn up in line and the roll being called. He instantly drew his pipe from his mouth and exclaimed, 'Captain, this is no time for calling the roll. Order your men to their quarters immediately.' The command was instantly obeyed, and the colonel resumed his smoking and walked on, conversing as quietly as if nothing had happened. For this violation of discipline those men went without rations that day, except what they gathered up privately from among their friends of other companies. Such a breach of order was never witnessed in the regiment afterward while he was its colonel. This promptness is one of Grant's characteristics, and it is one of the secrets of his success.

"On one of our marches, when passing through one of these small towns where the grocery is the principal establishment, some of the lovers of intoxication had broken away from our lines and filled their canteens with whiskey, and were soon reeling and ungovernable under its influence. While apparently stopping the regiment for rest, Grant passed quietly along and took each canteen, and wherever he detected the fatal odor, emptied the liquor on the ground with as much nonchalance as he would empty his pipe, and had the offenders tied behind the baggage wagons till they had sobered into soldierly propriety. On this point his orders were imperative: no whiskey nor intoxicating beverages were allowed in his camp.

"In the afternoon of a very hot day in July, 1861, while the regiment was stationed in the town of Mexico, Missouri, I had gone to the cars as they were passing, and procured the daily paper, and seated myself in the shadow of my tent to read the news. In the telegraphic column I soon came to the announcement that Grant, with several others, was made brigadier-general. In a few minutes he came walking that way, and I called to him :

" 'Colonel, I have some news here that will interest you.'

" 'What have you, chaplain ?'

" 'I see that you are made brigadier-general.'

" He seated himself by my side and remarked :

" 'Well, sir, I had no suspicion of it. It never came from any request of mine. That's some of Washburne's work. I knew Washburne in Galena. He was a strong Republican, and I was a Democrat, and I thought from *that* he never liked me very well. Hence we never had more than a business or street acquaintance. But when the war broke out I found he had induced Governor Yates to appoint me mustering officer of the Illinois volunteers, and after that had something to do in having me commissioned colonel of the twenty-first regiment; and I suppose this is some of his work.'

"And he very leisurely rose up and pulled his black felt hat a little nearer his eyes, and made a few extra passes at his whiskers, and walked away with as much apparent unconcern as if some one had merely told him that his new suit of clothes was finished.

"Grant belongs to no church, yet he entertains and expresses the highest esteem for all the enterprises that tend to promote religion. When at home he generally attended the Methodist Episcopal church. While he was colonel of the twenty-first regiment, he gave every encouragement and



Surrender of General Lee.

facility for securing a prompt and uniform observance of religious services, and was found in the audience listening to preaching.

"Shortly after I came into the regiment our mess were one day taking their usual seats around the dinner-table, when he remarked:

"Chaplain, when I was at home, and ministers were stopping at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose a blessing is as much needed here as at home; and if it is agreeable with your views, I should be glad to have you ask a blessing every time we sit down to eat."

TIME TO LEAVE.

ONE of the "contrabands," who found his way to Boston with returning troops, related his experience on the battlefield as follows: "Ye see, massa, I was drivin' an ambulance, when a musket-ball come and kill my horse; and den, pretty soon, the shell come along, and he blow my wagon all to pieces—and *den I got off!*"

AN OBSERVING NEGRO.

A FINE-LOOKING negro went into the Union lines on the Potomac, and reported himself for work.

"Where are you from?" asked the officer on duty.

"Culpepper Court House, sar."

"What's the news down there?"

"Nothin' massa, 'cept dar's a man down dar lost a mighty good and valuable nigger dis morning, and I reckon he dun lose more afore night."

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

A LIEUTENANT, whom debts compelled to leave his fatherland and service, succeeded in being admitted to the late President Lincoln, and, by reason of his commendable and winning deportment and intelligent appearance, was promised a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. He was so enraptured with his success, that he deemed it a duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest noble houses in Germany. "O, never mind that," said Mr. Lincoln, "you will not find that to be an obstacle to your advancement."

TRUE TO THE UNION.

THERE are many names in Tennessee, and particularly in the eastern portion of that State, which the loyal people will not let die. They will be read and thought of in the far future as the present generation look back at the demigods of the Revolution. A letter from Cincinnati, of recent date, gives some account of one of those noble-hearted Tennesseans; and as the story came from the lips of a dying man, it is probably truthful. The writer states that among the rebel prisoners at Camp Dennison, Ohio, was one named Neil, who, when asked how he came to be a rebel, stated that the secessionists scared him into it.

He had been a postmaster in Van Buren County, Tennessee, and a Union man. The rebels held three elections in that county, but got hardly a solitary vote in Neil's precinct. Enraged at this, they imported a force of soldiers, and began to lynch unarmed Unionists. This style of procedure made some converts, but it was withstood. Among the victims Neil spoke of—and as he knew that he was dying, he reminded his hearers of his obligation to speak the simple truth—was the martyr patriot whose history he thus recited:—

“There was in Van Buren County an old Methodist preacher of a great deal of ability, named Cavender. He was from the first a most determined Union man; and as his influence in the county was great, they determined to make an example of him, and get him out of the way. So they took him out of his house, put a rope round his neck, set him upon a horse, and led him into a forest. They then told him that unless he would publicly renounce his Unionism, they would hang him. Cavender replied, ‘God gave me my breath to bear witness to his truth; and when I must turn it to the work of lies and crime, it is well enough to yield it up to Him who gave it.’

“They then asked him if he had any parting request. He said ‘he had no hope that they would attend to any thing he might ask.’ They said they would. He then desired that they would take his body to his daughter, with the request that she would lay it beside the remains of his wife. They then said, ‘It's time to go to your prayers.’ He replied, ‘I am not one of the sort who has to wait until a rope is round his neck to pray.’ Then they said, ‘Come, old man, no nonsense; if you don't swear to stand by the Confederacy, you'll have to hang,’ at the same time tying the rope to a branch.

"The old man said, 'Hang away.' One then gave a blow with a will, to the horse upon which Cavender sat; the horse sprang forward, and the faithful servant of God and his country passed into eternity. You will remember that they said they would fulfil his last request. Well, they tore the flesh off his bones and threw it to the hogs; his heart was cut out, and lay in a public place till it rotted. Can it be wondered if few are strong enough to resist their only legitimate argument for rebellion?"

THE COMMON SOLDIER.

Nobody cared, when he went to war,
But the woman who cried on his shoulder;
Nobody decked him with immortelles;
He was only a common soldier.

Nobody packed in a dainty trunk
Folded raiment and officer's fare;
A knapsack held all the new recruit
Might own, or love, or eat, or wear.

Nobody gave him a good-by fete,
With sparkling jest and flower-crowned wine;
Two or three friends on the sidewalk stood
Watching for Jones, the fourth in line.

Nobody cared how the battle went
With the man who fought till the bullet sped
Through the coat undecked with leaf or star
On a common soldier left for dead.

The cool rain bathed the fevered wound,
And the kind clouds wept the livelong night:

A pitying lotion Nature gave,
Till help might come with morning light—

Such help as the knife of the surgeon gives,
Cleaving the gallant arm from shoulder;
And another name swells the pension-list
For the meagre pay of a common soldier.

See, over yonder all day he stands—
An empty sleeve in the soft wind sways,
As he holds his lonely left hand out
For charity at the crossing ways.

And this is how, with bitter shame,
He begs his bread and hardly lives;
So wearily ekes out the sum
A proud and grateful country gives.

What matter how he served the guns
When plume and sash were over yonder?
What matter though he bore the flag
Though blinding smoke and battle thunder?

What matter that a wife and child
Cry softly for that good arm rent?
And wonder why that random shot
To him, their own beloved, was sent?

O patriot hearts, wipe out this strain;
Give jewelled cup and sword no more;
But let no common soldier blush
To own the loyal blue he wore.

Shout long and loud for victory won
By chief and leader staunch and true;
But don't forget the boys that fought—
Shout for the common soldier too.

OUTFLANKED FOR ONCE.

WHEN General Sherman was in command at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, he was in the habit of visiting every part of that institution, and making himself familiar with every thing that was going on. He wore an old brown coat and "a stove-pipe hat," and was not generally recognized by the minor officials or the soldiers. One day, while walking through the grounds, he met with a soldier who was unmercifully beating a mule.

"Stop pounding that mule!" said the general.

"Git eout!" said the soldier, in blissful ignorance of the person to whom he was speaking.

"I tell you to stop," reiterated the general.

"You mind your business and I will mind mine," replied the soldier, continuing his flank movement upon the mule.

"I tell you again to stop!" said General S. "Do you know who I am?—I am General Sherman."

"That's played out!" said the soldier. Every man who comes along here with an old brown coat and a stove-pipe hat on claims to be General Sherman."

It is presumed that for once General Sherman considered himself outflanked.



SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY.

NOT long after the issue of his proclamation of emancipation, the President had a fit of illness, though happily of short duration. Notwithstanding this disability, however, he was greatly bored by visitors. The Honorable Mr. Blow-

hard and the Honorable Mr. Toolittle did not fail to call on his excellency, to congratulate him on his message and his proclamation; gentlemen in the humble walks of civil life were at the capital for the first time, and couldn't leave without seeing the successor of George Washington; persons with axes to grind insisted upon a little aid from the great American rail-splitter; and between them all they gave the convalescent Chief Magistrate very little leisure or peace of mind. One individual, whom the President knew to be a tedious sort of customer, called at the White House about this time, and insisted upon an interview. Just as he had taken his seat, Mr. Lincoln sent for his physician, who immediately made his appearance.

"Doctor," said he, holding out his hand, "what are those marks?"

"That's varioloid, or mild small pox," said the doctor.

"They're all over me! It is contagious, I believe," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Very contagious, indeed," replied the Esculapian attendant.

"Well, I can't stop, Mr. Lincoln; I just called to see how you were," said the visitor.

"Oh, don't be in any hurry, sir!" placidly remarked the executive.

"Thank you, sir, I'll call again," replied the visitor, executing a masterly retreat from a fearful contagion.

"Do sir," said the President. "Some people said they couldn't take very well to my proclamation, but now, I am happy to say, I have something that *everybody* can take." By this time the visitor was making a desperate break for Pennsylvania Avenue, which he reached on the double quick.

TRACTS *vs.* POUND CAKES.

A SECESSION lady visited the hospital at Nashville, one morning, with a negro servant, who carried a large basket on his arm, covered with a white linen cloth. She approached a German, and accosted him thus:—

“Are you a good Union man?”

“I ish dat,” was the laconic reply of the German, at the same time casting a hopeful glance at the basket aforesaid.

“That is all I wanted to know,” replied the lady, and beckoning to the negro to follow, she passed to the opposite side of the room, where a Confederate soldier lay, and asked him the same question, to which he very promptly replied: “Not by a —— sight.” The lady thereupon uncovered the basket, and laid out a bottle of wine, mince pies, pound cake, and other delicacies, which were greedily devoured in the presence of the soldiers, who felt somewhat indignant at such un-Samaritan-like conduct.

On the following morning, however, another lady made her appearance with a large covered basket, and she, also, accosted our German friend, and desired to know if he was a Union man.

“I ish, by Got; I no care what you got; I bese Union.”

The lady set the basket on the table, and our German friend thought the truth had availed in this case, if it did not in the other. But imagine the length of the poor fellow’s countenance, when the lady uncovered the basket, and presented him with about a bushel of tracts. He shook his head, dolefully, and said:—

“I no read English, and, beside, dat rebel on de oder side of ’se house need tem so more as me.”

The lady distributed them and left.

Not long afterward along came another richly dressed lady, who propounded the same question to the German. He stood gazing at the basket, apparently at a loss for a reply. At length he answered her, in Yankee style, as follows:—

“By Got, you no got me dis time; vat you got mit the basket?”

The lady required an unequivocal reply to her question, and was about to move on, when Teuton shouted out—

“If you got tracts I bese Union; but if you got mince pie mit pound cake unt vine, I be secesh like de tibet.”



MUSIC IN THE HOSPITAL.

A YOUNG lady was heard to say, “I wish I could do something for my country; I would willingly become a nurse in a hospital, but I have not the physical strength. What can I do?”

“You can sing,” a friend replied.

“Yes, I can sing, but what of that?”

“Go to one of the hospitals, and sing for the soldiers.”

The idea pleased her. She accompanied a friend who was long used to such visits, and who introduced her by saying to the patients:

“Here is a young lady who has come to sing for you.”

At the mere announcement, every face was aglow with animation, every eye was riveted upon her with expectant pleasure. She sang a few songs, commencing with the glorious “Star Spangled Banner.” As the thrilling notes of that song rang through the apartment, one poor man, who

had been given up by the physician as an almost hopeless case, raised himself in his cot, leaned his head upon his hand, and drank in every note like so much nectar. The effect was electrical. From that moment he began to amend, and finally recovered.



MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF BLANKETS.

IN the month of December, 1863, a Vermont regiment was encamped beyond Arlington Heights, in Virginia. The men of the regiment were brawny and robust, but protracted exposure had occasioned an unusual degree of sickness among them; and application was made to the Sanitary Commission for supplies, medical and otherwise. The regiment, for some cause, had never been supplied with blankets, and many of the sick were consequently destitute of the most necessary protection from the cold. The wants of the men once discovered to the Sanitary Commission, arrangements were immediately made to supply them, and in a day or two one hundred and fifty blankets, were forwarded; blankets made and given, most of them, by the wives and sisters of volunteers.

In this regiment was, a private—Andrew, he may be called,—a large stalwart fellow, who had been broken down by severe service, and was considered by all as beyond hope of recovery. He had behaved with marked bravery in every engagement in which his regiment had participated, and was a universal favorite among his comrades. Though naturally courageous and stout-hearted, his physical prostration had seriously affected his mind, and he was full of despondency, expecting momentarily to die. When the sup-

plies of the Sanitary Commission were conveyed to the camp, the condition of this man was brought particularly to the attention of the agent having them in charge. He, full of sympathy for the suffering fellow, provided him with all possible comforts, such as fruits, medicines, and agreeable food, adding to his supplies a sick blanket, which he carefully folded over the patient, as he lay on his hard board bed. The following day, visiting the regimental camp a second time, the agent was met by the colonel with the information that Andrews was much better, and promised, after all, to recover.

"Would you believe it," said the colonel, "the sight of that blanket seemed to bring the fellow right back to life; his whole manner brightened; his very fingers grew nettlesome, clutching the blanket with a very ecstasy of delight."

The agent hurried to the sick man's tent, and found him, indeed, vastly improved. His face brightened as the agent approached, but he did not take his gaze from the blanket. Presently, pointing with his long, thin finger, to a corner of the blanket, he whispered:—

"That, sir, has been better medicine than all your hospital stuff. It has put new life into my veins; if I'm ever a well man, it'll be because God sent me this blanket."

The story of that blanket was a simple, and yet a surprising one. It had been *made by the soldier's own wife*, living far away among the Vermont hills, and had been sent with other contributions from the same neighborhood to the Sanitary Commission. The woman was poor, her home was humble, but she had a true heart, and having nothing else to give, she had actually cut up the silk dress in which she was married, and applied it to the purpose in question. On one corner she had marked her name, and with that mark only

had sent it on its mission, little dreaming what coincidence would attend that mission. The blanket, laid with tender hands over the soldier, immediately caught his eye; the material seemed familiar; he had certainly seen it before, and that thought roused his whole nature. Presently, pulling up the corners to his face—he was too weak to raise himself—and passing the whole slowly before his eyes, he saw the name dearer to him than all the world besides! In an instant the whole story of her sacrifice for the soldiers' sake was daguerreotyped upon his thought. What wonder that, under the flood of memories which that moment came over him, sweeping away all thoughts of self, all despondency and gloom, he grew hopeful again, realizing that he still had something to live for, and work to do—and all because of this precious gift; a tonic which strengthened and saved him when nothing else, it may be, could have brought him safely through.

Yes! Andrews recovered; and to his dying day, undoubtedly he will be a believer in the medicinal qualities of blankets.

We know not the source of the above most touching narration, but it sounds so much like the beautiful and winsome delineations penned by Mr. Coffin, ("Carleton,") author of that widely circulated work, "Days and Nights on the Battlefield,"—contributed to the Boston Journal—that we may safely cite that graphically written volume as the repository of "more of the same sort."

OWNING UP.

MAJOR MCKEE, at the head of a Union force, hunted up a great many secessionists of the rampant sort, in Southern Missouri,—so actively, indeed, as to nearly fill the various county jails. When he caught one of this type, he said:—

“Well, how much of a rebel have you been? You know more about what you have done than I do. I know some, and you know it all.”

One old man said, as he trembled, “Major, I have not done any thing.”

“Stop,” said the major, “you know you have got some powder hid.”

“Oh, yes, there is some.”

“Tell it all, now,” said the major.

“Well, I will. I have got twenty-one kegs of powder and one gun. I furnished four horses to Price, and went down to Smith’s Chapel to fight the Feds, and I have fed any amount of rebels. I won’t lie any more! You have got it all. I have done all I could to aid the South.”

The major had come down so hard on them that they feared to lie to him. Another man came in at the same time as the above, to take the oath.

“Well, sir, what have you done?”

“Nothing.”

“Well, sir, I will put you in jail for not doing something.”

After he had been in jail about two hours, he sent for the major, and told him where there were eleven kegs of powder, and a government wagon, and owned to helping cut up a ferry boat on the Missouri river, in the summer.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

WE gathered roses, Blanche and I, for little Madge one morning;

"Like every soldier's wife," said Blanche, "I dread a soldier's fate."

Her voice a little trembled then, as under some forewarning.
A soldier galloped up the lane, and halted at the gate.

"Which house is Malcolm Blake's?" he cried; "a letter for his sister!"

And when I thanked him, Blanche inquired, "But none for me his wife?"

The soldier played with Madge's curls, and stooping over, kissed her:

"Your father was my captain, child!—I loved him as my life!"

Then suddenly he galloped off and left the rest unspoken.

I burst the seal, and Blanche exclaimed,—“What makes you tremble so?”

What answer did I dare to speak? How ought the news be broken?

I could not shield her from the stroke, yet tried to ease the blow.

"A battle in the swamps," I said; "our men were brave, but lost it."

And pausing there,—“The note,” I said, “is not in Malcolm's hand.”

At first a flush flamed through her face, and then a shadow crossed it.

"Read quick, dear May!—read all, I pray—and let me understand!"

I did not read it as it stood,—but tempered so the phrases
As not at first to hint the worst,—held back the fatal word,

And half retold his gallant charge, his shout, his comrades' praises—

Till like a statue carved in stone, she neither spoke nor stirred!

Oh, never yet a woman's heart was frozen so completely!

So unbaptized with helping tears!—so passionless and dumb!

Spellbound she stood, and motionless,—till little Madge spoke
sweetly:

“Dear mother, is the battle done? and will my father come?”

I laid my finger on her lips, and set the child to playing.

Poor Blanche! the winter in her cheek was snowy like her name!

What could she do but kneel and pray,—and linger at her praying?

O Christ! when other heroes die, moan other wives the same?

Must other women's hearts yet break, to keep the Cause from failing?

God pity our brave lovers then, who face the battle's blaze!

And pity wives in widowhood!—But it is unavailing?

O Lord! give Freedom first, then Peace!—and unto Thee be praise!



TRUE SAMARITANISM.

THE “Good Samaritan” is often heard of. He made his appearance one day in a Jersey ferry omnibus, New York city, under the following circumstances: On one side of the vehicle, near the door, there was a sick soldier. Very ill, wan, and emaciated he looked, with dark circles round his eyes, and the cape of his overcoat put up over his cap to keep off any breath of air, while his thin hands were bare to

the winter cold. Some one got out who sat next him; immediately the place was taken up by a man from the opposite side, who at once pulled off his own warm gloves and handed them to the soldier. The latter feebly attempted to decline them, but the other insisted, and he gratefully put them on, and looked at his well-covered hands with a sigh of satisfaction. The man (the Samaritan), was a plain, quiet-looking person, and did the little act of kindness without the slightest ostentation, as if it were purely a matter of course with him to clothe the naked. Nor was this all; he asked where the soldier was going. The reply was, "Albany." At the corner of Warren street the good man got down and deliberately lifted the poor fellow out in his arms with the greatest care, re-adjusted the cape of his coat over his head, and supported him to the sidewalk. The last seen of the stranger he was conducting the poor soldier down that street. God bless him. He was a noble specimen of the noble legions in the glorious Empire State, who, under the lead of that true-hearted man, Governor Morgan, gave their treasure and blood to save the nation's life, and made their names memorable in the annals of victorious warfare. All honor to such a State—to her good Samaritans and soldiers—to her noble rulers!

"I AM PROUD TO DIE FOR MY COUNTRY."

THE eyes of a youth of tender years, by the name of Bullard, belonging to company A, eighth Illinois regiment, were closed in death, one spring morning, at the Marine Hospital in Cincinnati, by the kindly hands of that noble-hearted and faithful woman, Mrs. Caldwell—unwearied and ever

watchful in her personal attentions to the sick and wounded since the establishment of the "Marine" as a military hospital. Young Bullard was shot at Fort Donelson. The ball, a Minie, tore his breast open, and lacerated an artery. He bled internally as well as externally. At every gasp, as his end drew near, the blood spirted from his breast. He expired at nine o'clock. Early in the day, when he became fully aware that he could not live long, he showed that he clung to life, and was loth to leave it; but he cried: "If I could only see my mother—if I could only see my mother before I die, I would be better satisfied." He was conscious to the last moment, almost, and after reminding Mrs. Caldwell that there were several letters for his mother in his portfolio, she breathed words of consolation to him: "You die in a glorious cause—you die for your country." "Yes" replied he, "I am proud to die for my country."

TIGERS AND TREASON.

COLONEL BOERNSTEIN, a German commander at the west, became somewhat noted for his logical method of dealing with traitors. While holding possession of Jefferson City, Missouri, his patriotic and magisterial traits were made conspicuous by not a few well-remembered cases of summary discipline. One day he heard of a desperado being in town, from Clark township, who had led a company of disunionists known and dreaded as the "Tigers."

"If anybodies will make ze affidavit," said Colonel B., "I will arrest him if he izh a tiger. I don't believe in tigers; zey d——d humbugs!"

260 FULFILMENT OF THE SERGEANT'S PROPHECY.

Some one inquired of the colonel how long he should remain in that place. With a French shrug of the shoulder, he replied:

"I don't know—perhaps a year; so long as the governor chooses to stay away; I am governor now, you see, 'till he come back."

His notions of freedom of speech and the press, he gave expression to as follows:

"All people zall speak vat dey tink—write vat dey please, and be free to do anytink dey please—*only dey zall speak and write no treason!*"

FULFILMENT OF THE SERGEANT'S PROPHECY.

PRESENTIMENTS on the battle-field often prove prophetic. Here is an instance: While Colonel Osterhaus was gallantly attacking the centre of the enemy, on the second day of the battle at Pea Ridge, a sergeant of the Twelfth Missouri requested the captain of his company to send his wife's portrait, which he had taken from his bosom, to her address in St. Louis, with his dying declaration that he thought of her in his last moments.

"What is that for?" asked his captain; "you are not wounded, are you?"

"No," answered the sergeant, "but I know I shall be killed to-day. I have been in battles before, but I never felt as I do now. A moment ago I became convinced my time had come, but how, I cannot tell. Will you gratify my request? Remember I speak to you as a dying man."

"Certainly, my brave fellow; but you will live to a good old age with your wife. Do not grow melancholy over a fancy or a dream!"

"You will see," was the response.

And so the treasured picture changed hands, and the sergeant stepped forward to the front of the column, and was soon beyond recognition.

At the camp-fire that evening the officers after a while made inquiry for the sergeant. He was not present. He had been killed three hours before by a grape-shot from one of the enemy's batteries.



MRS. BELMONT'S CONCERT FOR THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

WHILE the New York Sanitary Fair was engaging the time and generous devices of the good people of that metropolis, several ladies connected with it called upon Mrs. August Belmont, wife of the great banker, and requested her to hold a concert, for the benefit of the Fair, among her friends. She took it under advisement, and consented to do so, and made arrangements accordingly. She found her house would accommodate about three hundred guests. She issued her tickets for that number, at five dollars a ticket. She was shortly visited by the same committee, who informed her that the price of tickets must not exceed two dollars each. They were informed that Mrs. Belmont's friends would as soon give five or ten dollars as two—that the house was small, the expense would be the same, and the receipts to the Fair very much diminished. But the lady managers were persistent—two dollars and no more must be the extent, or they would have nothing to do with the concert. Mrs. Belmont, having much of the spirit of her heroic father, informed the

ladies that she was competent to manage her own affairs in her own house, and that they might consider themselves as discharged from all further duty in regard to her concert. Her husband, on learning this state of affairs, handed his wife fifteen hundred dollars in greenbacks, took all her tickets and carried them down town, sold some and gave the rest away to his friends, and made ample provision to have the concert a success. It came off; the rooms were brilliant and crowded; the beauty and fashion and wealth of New York were there in all their glory; Gottschalk and kindred performers charmed the brilliant audience, and Mrs. Belmont had fifteen hundred dollars in her hands to contribute to the Sanitary Commission.

"I'VE ENLISTED SIR."

A WEALTHY citizen of Philadelphia had been supplied with butter twice a week by a young farmer living on the edge of Philadelphia county. He came on one of his usual days to the house with his butter, received his pay, and then asked for a brief interview with the head of the household. The gentleman complied with the request thus made, and the young agriculturalist was duly ushered into the parlor.

"I just wished to thank you, sir, for your custom for these three years, and to say that after to-day I cannot longer serve you."

"I'm sorry for that. Your butter and eggs have always been very fine. What's the matter?"

"*I've enlisted, sir.*"

"Enlisted?"

"Yes, sir. A mortgage of eleven hundred dollars has been hanging over my place. I purchased it from a lady--- Mrs. B."

"Yes. I know her very well."

"Well, sir, she holds the mortgage. She offered, last Saturday, if I would enlist as a representative substitute for her, and transfer my bounty to her, she would cancel the mortgage and present my wife with two hundred and fifty dollars in greenbacks."

"And you accepted the offer?"

"Indeed I did, most gladly. I go for one year. I come back with a farm clear of incumbrance. My wife and boy can take care of it for a year. My pay will keep me, and my family can live without me for at least that time. Besides, I am glad to go. I wanted to go all along, but couldn't leave my folks."

"And you are glad to go?"

"Indeed I am. I feel just as contented and free from care as my red cow when Sally is milking her. If I can be with Grant when he goes into Richmond, it will be the very happiest day of my life."

RIGHT KIND OF GOVERNMENT TO BE ESTABLISHED DOWN SOUTH.

COLONEL HANSON, of the Kentucky second, was one of the prisoners that fell into Union hands at Fort Donelson. Not so taciturn as some of his comrades he entered into an animated conversation with the Union lieutenant who had him in charge, on "the situation," telling frankly some bad truth :—

Colonel.—Well, you were too hefty for us.

Lieutenant.—Yes, but you were protected by these splendid defences.

Col.—Your troops fought like tigers.

Lieut.—Do you think now one Southern man can whip five Northern men?

Col.—Not Western men. Your troops are better than Yankee troops—fight harder—endure more. The devil and all hell can't stand before such fellows. But we drove you back.

Lieut.—Why didn't you keep us back?

Col.—You had too many reinforcements.

Lieut.—But we had no more troops engaged in the fight than you had.

Col.—Well, you whipped us, but you haven't conquered us. You can never conquer the South.

Lieut.—We don't wish to conquer the South; but we'll restore the Stars and Stripes to Tennessee, if we have to hang ten thousand such dare-devils as you are.

Col.—Never mind, sir, you will never get up to Nashville.

Lieut.—Then Nashville will surrender before we start.

Col.—Well, well, the old United States flag is played out—we intend to have a right government down here.

Lieut.—What am I to understand by a "right government?"

Col.—A government based on property, and not a damned mechanic in it.

Lieut.—Do these poor fellows, who have been fighting for you, understand then that they *have no voice in the "right government" that you seek to establish?*

Col.—They don't care. They have no property to protect.

DELIVERED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

MAJOR FULLERTON, of General Granger's staff, developed quite a little romance in Shelbyville, Tennessee. Just as the Confederate forces were being driven out of the town, the general was on horseback galloping through one of the streets, and when passing an old dingy brick house almost hid from view by the cedar trees in the yard, he observed at a window in it a young lady in her *robe de nuit*, beckoning him toward her. Although advised not to stop, he wheeled his horse around and entered the yard. A rebel endeavored to keep him from entering, while the lady called out to him that he must come. So, pushing Mr. Rebel to one side, the general at once passed into the house and entered the room where the lady was. She proved to be the beautiful Miss Cushman, then quite ill and prostrated by a nervous fever, brought on by the hardships, indignities and insults she had undergone. As he entered the room she caught him by the hand, and said—

"Thank God, you all have come at last; I am now safe!"

Her story was short. Her wrongs and sufferings had been long. Two or three months previously, she had occasion to pass through the lines from Nashville to Shelbyville. When she arrived there, it was discovered by the secession authorities that she was a Unionist. These two circumstances taken together were enough to convict her as a spy, under the arbitrary rulings of the Confederate Government. She was arrested, tried, and condemned to be executed. She tried to make her escape to the Federal lines, but could not succeed. Before the day fixed for her execution, she was taken dangerously ill, and was then removed to the house in which she was discovered. They left Shelbyville

in such haste that they either forgot her or else they had not the transportation to carry her,—the only carriage that could be had, carried General Bragg and family out of town with great speed a few hours before the Federals entered. An ambulance was fitted up for Miss Cushman, and in it she was sent forward by her deliverers.

A WOMAN UNDER FIRE.

THE millions who never heard the roar and crash of a great battle, but especially *women*, are naturally interested in the feelings inspired—the sensations evoked, by the actual and imminent presence of desperately contending armies. The battle of Gettysburg brought “the noise of the captains, and the shouting,” nearer to the people of the Northern States than any other great combat of the present century; and of the many personal reminiscences of that great struggle, the following, from the pen of Miss Carrie Sheades, of the Oak Ridge Seminary, will be found of peculiar interest. After speaking of the courage of the young ladies during the battle—their assistance in relieving the wounded, when no surgeon could be obtained—she says:—

“When our forces retreated from Seminary Ridge, many of the prisoners were taken here. At the time (though a coward before), it seemed that I was ready to meet the whole rebel army—every vestige of fear had vanished. A colonel rushed into the breakfast room, and a rebel after him, demanding him to surrender. The colonel being a very large man, could scarcely breathe (he was asthmatical), and begged for time time to regain his breath: he told them to ‘shoot

him,'—that he would not surrender, and, 'if,' said he, 'I had my men here you *could* not take me.'

"I saw that he would be shot if he resisted any longer, and while the rebels were contending with some prisoners in another part of the breakfast-room, I begged the colonel to go with him and I would save his sword. He consented, and I concealed his sword in the folds of my dress, and begged them to grant him five minutes, which was granted, and he assured me that he 'would be back for his sword.' It was a sad sight to see them take that gray-headed veteran, but it was a joyful sight to see him return to reclaim his sword, having gone with them as far as Monterey Springs, and escaped—'rolled away from them,' he said, for he could not walk."

NORTHERN SCHOOLMA'AMS IN GEORGIA.

A BODY of Federal prisoners had reached Rome, Georgia, *en route* for Richmond. Weary, famished, thirsting, they were herded like cattle in the street, under the burning sun,—a public show. It was a gala day in that modern Rome. The women, magnificently arrayed, came out and pelted them with balls of cotton, and with such characteristic feminine sneers and taunts as "So you have come to Rome, have you, you Yankees? How do you like your welcome?"—and then more cotton, and more words. The crowds and the hours came and went, but the mockery did not intermit, and the poor fellows were half out of heart. Major P., of an Ohio regiment, faint and ill, had stepped back a pace or two, and leaned against a post, when he was lightly touched upon the arm. As he looked around, mentally nerving himself for some

more ingenious insult, a fine-looking, well-dressed boy of twelve years stood at his elbow, his frank face turned up to the major's. With a furtive glance at a rebel guard, who stood with his back to them, the lad, pulling the major's shirt, and, catching his breath, boy-fashion, said:—

“Are you from New England?”

“I was born in Massachusetts,” was the reply.

“So was my mother,” returned the boy, brightening up. “She was a New England girl, and she was what you call a ‘schoolma’am,’ up north; she married my father, and I’m their boy, but how she *does* love New England and the Yankees and the old United States, and so do I.”

The major was touched, as well he might be, and his heart warmed to the boy as to a young brother; and he took out his knife, severed a button from his coat, and handed it to him for a remembrance.

“Oh, I’ve got a half a dozen just like it. See here!” and he took from his pocket a little string of them, gifts of other boys in blue. “My mother would like to see you,” he added, “and I’ll go and tell her.”

“*What are you doing there!*” growled the guard, suddenly wheeling around upon him, and the boy slipped away into the crowd, and was gone. Not more than half an hour elapsed before a lovely lady, accompanied by the little patriot, passed slowly down the sidewalk, next to the curbstone. She did not pause, she did not speak; if she smiled at all it was faintly; but she handed to one and another of the prisoners bank notes as she went. As they neared the major, the boy gave him a significant look, as much as to say, “*That’s my New England mother.*” The eyes of the elegant lady, and the poor, weary officer met, for an instant, and she passed away, like a vision, out of sight. Who

would not join in fervently breathing two beatitudes : God bless the young Georgian, and blessed forever be the northern schoolma'am !

Yes, she was one of those Massachusetts ministers of wisdom and goodness, so many of whom, under the inspiration of that great-hearted man, Governor Andrews, have left the old Bay State, and all its attractions of piety, literature, thrift, and refinement, to instruct and elevate the children of the South, and reclaim its vast moral wastes.

PART III.

INCIDENTS OF PERSONAL DARING AND ADVENTURE.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT'S FIRST DAY.

LOOKING back over the four years of the war, and noting how indurated I have at last become, both in body and emotion, I recall with a sigh that first morning of my correspondence when I set out so light-hearted and yet so anxious. It was in 1861. I was accompanied to the war department by an *attaché* of the United States Senate. The new Secretary, Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, referred me to a Mr. Sanford, "Military Supervisor of Army Intelligence," and after a brief delay I was requested to sign a parole and duplicate, specifying my loyalty to the Federal Government, and my promise to publish nothing detrimental to its interests. I was then given a circular, which stated explicitly the kind of news termed contraband, and also a printed pass, filled in with my name, age, residence, and newspaper connection. The latter enjoined upon all guards to pass me in and out of camps; and authorized persons in government employ to furnish me with information.

Our Washington superintendent sent me a beast, and in compliment to what the animal might have been, called the same a horse. I wish to protest, in this record, against any such misnomer. The creature possessed no single equine element. Experience has satisfied me that horses stand on four legs; the horse in question stood upon three. Horses may either pace, trot, run, rack, or gallop; but mine made all the five movements at once. I think I may call his gait an eccentric stumble. That he had endurance I admit; for he survived perpetual beating; and his beauty might have been apparent to an anatomist, but would be scouted by the world at large. I asked, ruefully, if I was expected to go into battle so mounted; but was peremptorily forbidden, as a valuable property might be endangered thereby. I was assigned to the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps in the anticipated advance, and my friend, the *attaché*, accompanied me to its rendezvous at Hunter's Mills. We started at two o'clock, and occupied an hour in passing the city limits. I calculated that, advancing at the same ratio, we should arrive in camp at noon next day. We presented ludicrous figures to the grim sabremen that sat erect at street corners, and ladies at the windows of the dwellings smothered with suppressed laughter as we floundered along. My friend had the better horse; but I was the better rider; and if at any time I grew wrathful at my sorry plight, I had but to look at his and be happy again. He appeared to be riding on the neck of his beast, and when he attempted to deceive me with a smile, his face became horribly contorted. Directly his breeches worked above his boots, and his bare calves were objects of hopeless solicitude. Caricatures, rather than men, we toiled bruisedly through Georgetown, and falling in the wake of supply teams on the Leesburg turnpike, rode between the

Potomac on one side and the dry bed of the canal on the other, till we came at last to Chain Bridge.

There was a grand view from the point of Little Falls above, where a line of foamy cataracts ridged the river, and the rocks towered gloomily on either hand: and of the city below, with its buildings of pure marble, and the yellow earthworks that crested Arlington Heights. The clouds over the Potomac were gorgeous in hue, but forests of melancholy pine clothed the sides of the hills, and the roar of the river made such beautiful monotone that I almost thought it could be translated to words. Our passes were now demanded by a fat, bareheaded officer, and while he panted through their contents, two privates crossed their bayonets before us.

"News?" he said, in the shortest remark of which he was capable. When assured that we had nothing to reveal, he seemed immeasurably relieved, and added—"Great labor, reading!" At this his face grew so dreadfully purple that I begged him to sit down, and tax himself with no further exertion. He wiped his forehead, in reply, gasping like a triton, and muttering the expressive direction, "right!" disappeared into a guard-box. The two privates winked as they removed their muskets, and we both laughed immoderately when out of hearing. Our backs were now turned to the Maryland shore, and jutting grimly from the hill before us, the black guns of Fort Ethan Allen pointed down the bridge. A double line of sharp abatis protected it from assault, and sentries walked lazily up and down the parapet. The colors hung against the mast in the dead calm, and the smoke curled straight upward from some log-huts within the fort. The wildness of the surrounding landscape was most remarkable. Within sight of the capital of the republic, the fox yet kept the covert, and the farms were few and far apart. It

seemed to me that little had been done to clear the country of its primeval timber, and the war had accomplished more to give evidence of man and industry, than two centuries of occupation. A military road had been cut through the solid rocks here; and the original turnpike, which had been little more than a cart track, was now graded and macadamized. I passed multitudes of teams, struggling up the slopes, and the carcasses of mules littered every rod of the way. The profanity of the teamsters was painfully apparent. I came unobserved upon one who was berating his beasts with a refinement of cruelty. He cursed each of them separately, swinging his long-lashed whip the while, and then damned the six in mass. He would have made a dutiful overseer. The soldiers had shown quite as little consideration for the residences along the way. I came to one dwelling where some pertinacious Vandal had even pried out the window-frames, and imperilled his neck to tear out the roof-beams; a dead vulture was pinned over the door by pieces of broken bayonets.

"Langley's,"—a few plank houses, clustering around a tavern and a church,—is one of those settlements whose sounding names beguile the reader into an idea of their importance. A lonesome haunt in time of peace, it had lately been the winter quarters of fifteen thousand soldiers, and a multitude of log huts had grown up around it. I tied my horse to the window-shutter of a dwelling, and picked my way over a slimy sidewalk to the rickety tavern-porch. Four or five privates lay here fast asleep, and the bar-room was occupied by a bevy of young officers, who were emptying the contents of sundry pocket-flasks. Behind the bar sat a person with strongly-marked Hebrew features, and a watch-maker was plying his avocation in a corner. Two great de

crouched under a bench, and some highly-colored portraits were nailed to the wall. The floor was bare, and some clothing and miscellaneous articles hung from beams in the ceiling.

"Is this your house?" I said to the Hebrew.

"I keepsh it now."

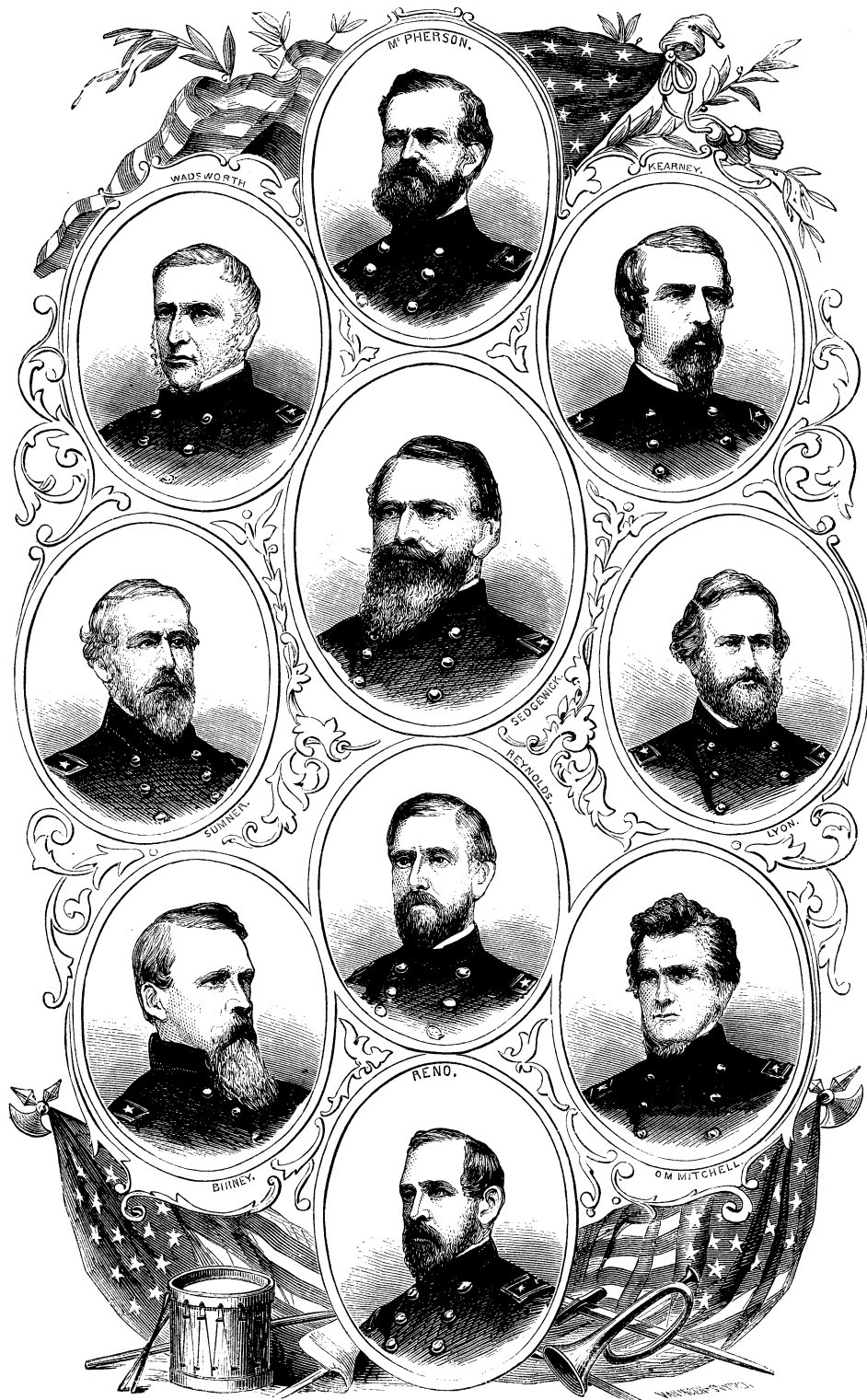
"By right or by conquest?"

"By ze right of conquest," he said, laughing; and at once proposed to sell me a boot-jack and an India-rubber overcoat. I compromised upon a haversack, which he filled with sandwiches and sardines, and which I am bound to say fell apart in the course of the afternoon. The watchmaker was an enterprising young fellow, who had resigned his place in a large Broadway establishment, to speculate in cheap jewelry and do itinerant repairing. He says that he followed the "army paymasters, and sold numbers of watches, at good premiums, when the troops had money." Soldiers, he informed me, were reckless spendthrifts; and the prey of sutlers and sharpers. When there was nothing at hand to purchase, they gambled away their wages, and most of them left the service penniless and in debt. He thought it perfectly legitimate to secure some silver while "going," but complained that the value of his stock rendered him liable to theft and murder. "There are men in every regiment," said he, "who would blow out my brains in any lonely place to plunder me of these watches."

At this point, a young officer, in a fit of bacchanal laughter, staggered rather roughly against me.

"Begurpardon," he said, with an unsteady bow, "never ran against person in life before."

I smiled assuringly, but he appeared to think the offence unpardonable.



'Do asshu a, on honor of gentlemand officer, not in custom of behaving offensively. Azo! leave it to my friends. Entirely due to injuries received at battle Drainesville.'

As the other gentlemen laughed loudly here, I took it for granted that my apologist had some personal hallucination relative to that engagement.

"What giggling for, Bob?" he said; "honor concerned in this matter, Will! Do asshu a, fell under colonel's horse, and company A walked over small of my back."

The other officers were only less inebriated, and most of them spoke boastfully of their personal prowess at Drainesville. This was the only engagement in which the Pennsylvania Reserves had yet participated, and few officers that I met did not ascribe the victory entirely to their own individual gallantry. I inquired of these gentlemen the route to the new encampments of the Reserves. They lay five miles south of the turnpike, close to the Loudon and Hampshire railroad, and along both sides of an unfrequented lane. They formed in this position the right wing of the Army of the Potomac, and had been ordered to hold themselves in hourly readiness for an advance. By this time, my friend S. came up, and leaving him to restore his mortified body, I crossed the road to the churchyard and peered through the open door into the edifice. The seats of painted pine had been covered with planks, and a sick man lay above every pew. At the ringing of my spurs in the threshold, some of the sufferers looked up through the red eyes of fever, and the faces of others were spectrally white. A few groaned as they turned with difficulty, and some shrank in pain from the glare of the light. Medicines were kept in the altar-place, and a doctor's clerk was writing requisitions in the pulpit. The sickening smell of the hospital forbade me to

enter, and walking across the trampled yard, I crept through a rent in the paling, and examined the huts in which the Reserves had passed the winter. They were built of logs, plastered with mud, and the roofs of some were thatched with straw. Each cabin was pierced for two or more windows; the beds were simply shelves or berths; a rough fireplace of stones and clay communicated with the wooden chimney; and the floors were in most cases damp and bare. Streets, fancifully designated, divided the settlement irregularly; but the tenements were now all deserted save one, where I found a whole family of "contrabands" or fugitive slaves. These wretched beings, seven in number, had escaped from a plantation in Albemarle county, and travelling stealthily by night, over two hundred miles of precipitous country, reached the Federal lines on the thirteenth day. The husband said that his name was "Jeems," and that his wife was called "Kitty;" that his youngest boy had passed the mature age of eight months, and that the "big girl, Rosy," was "twelve years Christmas comin'." While the troops remained at Langley's, the man was employed at seventy-five cents a week to attend to an officer's horse. Kitty and Rose cooked and washed for soldiers, and the boys ran errands to Washington and return,—twenty-five miles! The eldest boy, Jefferson, had been given the use of a crippled team-horse, and traded in newspapers, but having confused ideas of the relative value of coins, his profits were only moderate. The nag died before the troops removed, and a sutler, under pretence of securing their passage to the north, disappeared with the little they had saved. They were quite destitute now, but looked to the future with no foreboding, and, huddled together in the straw, made a picture of domestic felicity that impressed me greatly with the

docility, contentment, and unfailing good humor of their dusky tribe. The eyes of the children were large and lustrous, and they revealed the clear pearls beneath their lips as they clung bashfully to their mother's lap. The old lady was smoking a clay pipe; the man running over some castaway jackets and boots. I remarked particularly the broad shoulders and athletic arms of the woman, whose many childbirths had left no traces upon her comeliness. She asked me, wistfully: "Masser, how fur to de nawf?"

"A long way," said I, "perhaps two hundred miles."

"Lawd!" she said, buoyantly—"is dat all? Why, Jeems, couldn't we foot it, honey?"

"You a most guv out before, ole 'oman," he replied; "got a good ruff over de head now. Guess de white massar won't let um starve."

I tossed some coppers to the children, and gave each a sandwich.

"You get up dar, John Thomas!" called the man vigorously; "you tank the gentleman, Jefferson, boy! I wonda wha your manners is. Tank you, massar! know'd you was a gentleman, sar! Massar, is your family from ole Virginny?"

It was five o'clock when I rejoined S., and the greater part of our journey had yet to be made. I went at his creeping pace until courtesy yielded to impatience, when spurring my Pegasus vigorously, he fell into a bouncing amble and left the *attaché* far behind. My pass was again demanded above Langley's by a man who ate apples as he examined it, and who was disposed to hold a long parley. I entered a region of scrub timber further on, and met with nothing human for four miles, at the end of which distance I reached Difficult Creek, flowing through a rocky ravine, and

crossed by a military bridge of logs. Through the thick woods to the right, I heard the roar of the Potomac, and a finger-board indicated that I was opposite Great Falls. Three or four dead horses lay at the roadside beyond the stream, and I recalled the place as the scene of a recent cavalry encounter. A cartridge-box and a torn felt hat lay close to the carcasses: I knew that some soul had gone hence to its account.

The road now kept to the left obliquely, and much of my ride was made musical by the stream. Darkness closed solemnly about me, with seven miles of the journey yet to accomplish, and as, at eight o'clock, I turned from the turnpike into a lonesome by-road, full of ruts, pools, and quicksands, a feeling of delicious uneasiness for the first time possessed me. Some owls hooted in the depth of the woods, and wild pigs, darting across the road, went crashing into the bushes. The phosphorescent bark of a blasted tree glimmered on a neighboring knoll, and, as I halted at a rivulet to water my beast, I saw a solitary star floating down the ripples. Directly I came upon a clearing where the moonlight shone through the rents of a crumbling dwelling, and from the far distance broke the faint howl of farm dogs. A sense of insecurity that I would not for worlds have resigned, now tingled, now chilled my blood. At last, climbing a stony hill, the skies lay beneath me reddening with flame of camps and flaring and falling alternately, like the beautiful northern lights. I heard the ring of hoofs, as I looked entranced, and in a twinkling, a body of horsemen dashed past me, and disappeared. A little beyond, the road grew so thick that I could see nothing of my way; but trusting doubtfully to my horse, a deep challenge came directly from the thicket, and I saw the flash of a sabre, as I stammered a reply. Led to a

cabin, close at hand, my pass was examined by candle-light, and I learned that the nearest camp of the Reserves was only a mile further on, and the regiment of which I was in quest about two miles distant. After another half hour, I reached Ord's brigade, whose tents were pitched in a fine grove of oaks; the men talking, singing, and shouting, around open air fires; and a battery of brass Napoleons unlimbered in front, pointing significantly to the west and south. For a mile and a half I rode by the light of continuous camps, reaching at last the quarters of the —th, commanded by a former newspaper associate of mine, with whom I had gone itemizing, scores of times. His regiment had arrived only the same afternoon, and their tents were not yet pitched. Their muskets were stacked along the roadside, and the men lay here and there wrapped in their blankets, and dozing around the fagots. The colonel was asleep in a wagon, but roused up at the summons of his adjutant, and, greeting me warmly, directed the cook to prepare a supper of coffee and fried pork. Too hungry to feel the chafing of my sores and bruises, I fell to the oleaginous repast with my teeth and fingers, and eating ravenously, asked at last to be shown to my apartments. These consisted of a covered wagon, already occupied by four teamsters, and a blanket, which had evidently been in close proximity to the hide of a horse. A man named "Coggle," being nudged by the colonel, and requested to take other quarters, asked dolorously, if it was time to turn out, and roared "woa," as if he had some consciousness of being kicked. When I asked for a pillow, the colonel laughed, and I had an intuition that the man "Coggle" was looking at me in the darkness with intense disgust. The colonel said that he had once put a man on double duty for placing his head on a snowball, and

warned me satirically that such luxuries were preposterous in the field. He recommended me not to catch cold if I could help it, but said that people in camp commonly caught several colds at once, and added grimly, that if I wished to be shaved in the morning, there was a man close by, who had ground a sabre down to the nice edge of a razor, and who could be made to accommodate me. There were cracks in the bottom of the wagon, through which the cold came like knives, and I was allotted a space four feet in length, by three feet in width.

Being six feet in height, my relation to these Procrustean quarters was most embarrassing; but I doubled up, chatteringly, and lay my head on my arm. In a short time I experienced a sensation akin to that of being guillotined, and sitting bolt upright, found the teamsters in the soundest of Lethean conditions. As the man next to me snored very loudly, I adopted the brilliant idea of making a pillow of his thigh; which answered my best expectations. I was aroused after awhile, by what I thought to be the violent hands of this person, but which, to my great chagrin, proved to be S., intent upon dividing my place with me. Resistance was useless. I submitted to martyrdom with due resignation, but half resolved to go home in the morning, and shun, for the future, the horrible romance of camps.

A STORY OF THE DRAFT.

THE enrolling officer of —— district, was very active and thorough in the performance of his duties. One day he went to the house of a countryman, and finding none of the male

members at home, he made inquiry of an old woman about the name and age of the "males" of the family. After naming several, the old lady stopped. "Is there any more?" asked the officer. "No," replied the woman, "none, except Billy Bray." "Billy Bray? Where is he?" "He was at the barn a moment ago," said the old lady. Out went the officer, but he could not find the man. Coming back, the worthy officer questioned the old lady as to the age of Billy, and went away, after enrolling his name among those to be drafted. The time of drafting came, and among those on whom the draft fell was Billy Bray. No one knew him. Where did he live? The officer who enrolled him was called upon to produce the conscript; and lo and behold, Billy Bray was a Jackass! and stands now on the list of drafted men as forming one of the quota of Maryland.



HURRAHS FOR JEFF DAVIS IN THE WRONG PLACE.

ONE morning as a returned soldier named Thompson, residing in Washington, was engaged in conversation with some parties at a public house in Peoria, Illinois, an individual entered, and as he passed the soldier, shouted, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" In an instant the soldier turned and asked, "Did you shout for Jeff Davis?" The individual surveyed Thompson for a moment, and, seeing that he meant mischief replied that it was not he. "Well," said the soldier, "I believe that you did, and if I was sure of it I would give you cause to remember it." He again declared that he had not done so, when at this juncture one of

the men Thompson had been conversing with, and who had always acted with the Democratic party, stepped up, saying to the soldier, "I am a Democrat, but I can't stand that; he did hurrah for Jeff Davis, and now pitch into him." The veteran hesitated not a moment, and, though by far the smaller of the two, he went at the Jeff Davis sympathizer and administered a spirited and most thorough drubbing, concluding the performance by compelling him to shout twice as loud as he was able, for Abe Lincoln. Then allowing the fellow to get on his feet, he cautioned him never to repeat that operation again in his presence, saying—

"I have fought rebels three years, and had a brother killed by just such men as you are, and whenever a traitor shouts for Jeff Davis in my hearing I will whip him or kill him."



ANECDOTE OF LIEUT. GENERAL GRANT.

THE following is told by an officer of General Grant's staff:—

The hero and veteran, who was citizen, captain, colonel, brigadier and major-general within the space of nine months, though a rigid disciplinarian, and a perfect Ironsides in the discharge of his official duties, could enjoy a good joke, and is always ready to perpetrate one when an opportunity presents. Indeed, among his acquaintances, he is as much renowned for his eccentric humor as he is for his skill and bravery as a commander.

When Grant was a brigadier in southeast Missouri, he commanded an expedition against the rebels under Jefferson Thompson, in northeast Arkansas. The distance from the

starting-point of the expedition to the supposed rendezvous of the rebels was about one hundred and ten miles, and the greater portion of the route lay through a howling wilderness. The imaginary suffering that our soldiers endured during the first two days of their march was enormous. It was impossible to steal or "confiscate" uncultivated real estate, and not a hog, or a chicken, or an ear of corn was anywhere to be seen. On the third day, however, affairs looked more hopeful, for a few more specks of ground, in a state of partial cultivation, were here and there visible. On that day Lieutenant Wickfield, of an Indiana cavalry regiment, commanded the advance guard, consisting of eight mounted men. About noon he came up to a small farm house, from the outward appearance of which he judged that there might be something fit to eat inside. He halted his company, dismounted, and with two second lieutenants entered the dwelling. He knew that Grant's incipient fame had already gone out through all that country, and it occurred to him that by representing himself to be the general he might obtain the best the house afforded. So assuming a very imperative demeanor, he accosted the inmates of the house, and told them he must have something for himself and staff to eat. They desired to know who he was, and he told them that he was Brigadier-General Grant. At the sound of that name they flew around with alarming alacrity, and served up about all they had in the house, taking great pains all the while to make loud professions of loyalty. The lieutenants ate as much as they could of the not over-sumptuous meal, but which was, nevertheless, good for that country, and demanded what was to pay. "Nothing." And they went on their way rejoicing.

In the meanwhile General Grant, who had halted his

army a few miles further back for a brief resting spell, came in sight of and was rather favorably impressed with the appearance of this same house. Riding up to the fence in front of the door, he desired to know if they could cook him a meal.

"No," said a female, in a gruff voice; "General Grant and his staff have just been here and eaten every thing in the house except one pumpkin pie."

"Humph," murmured Grant. "What is your name?"

"Selvidge," replied the woman.

Casting a half-dollar in at the door, he asked if she would keep that pie till he sent an officer for it, to which she replied that she would.

That evening, after the camping-ground had been selected, the various regiments were notified that there would be a grand parade at half-past six, for orders. Officers would see that their men all turned out, etc.

In five minutes the camp was in a perfect uproar, and filled with all sorts of rumors; some thought the enemy were upon them, it being so unusual to have parades when on a march.

At half-past six the parade was formed, ten columns deep, and nearly a quarter of mile in length.

After the usual routine of ceremonies the acting assistant adjutant-general read the following order:—

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD.

SPECIAL ORDER, No. —.

Lieutenant Wickfield, of the ——— Indiana cavalry, having on this day eaten every thing in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieutenant

Wickfield is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also.

U. S. GRANT,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

Grant's orders were law, and no soldier ever attempted to evade them. At seven o'clock the lieutenant filed out of camp, with his hundred men, amid the cheers of the entire army. The escort concurred in stating that he devoured the whole of the pie, and seemed to relish it.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

A CERTAIN wealthy old planter, who used to govern a precinct in Alabama, in a recent skirmish was taken prisoner, and at a late hour brought into camp, where a guard was placed over him. The aristocratic rebel, supposing every thing was all right—that he was secure enough any way as a prisoner of war—as a committee of the whole, resolved himself into “sleep’s dead slumber.” Awakening about midnight, to find the moon shining full in his face, he chanced to “inspect his guard,” when, horror of horrors! that soldier was a negro! And, worse than all, he recognized in that towering form, slowly and steadily walking a beat, one of his own slaves! Human nature could not stand that; the prisoner was enraged, furious, and swore he would not. Addressing the guard through clenched teeth, foaming at the mouth, he yelled out:—

“Sambo!”

“Well, massa.”

“Send for the colonel to come here immediately. My

own slave can never stand guard over me; it's a d—d outrage; no gentleman would submit to it."

Laughing in his sleeve, the dark-faced soldier promptly called out, "corp'l de guard." That dignitary appeared, and presently the colonel followed. After listening to the southerner's impassioned harangue, which was full of invectives, the colonel turned to the negro, with,

"Sam!"

"Yes, colonel."

"You know this gentleman, do you?"

"Ob course; he's Massa B., and has big plantation in Alabama."

"Well, Sam, just take care of him to-night!" and the officer walked away. As the sentinel again paced his beat, the gentleman from Alabama appealed to him in an argument.

"Listen, Sambo!"

"You hush, dar; it's done gone talkin' to you now. Hush, rebel!" was the negro's emphatic command, bringing down his musket to a charge bayonet position, by way of enforcing silence. The nabob was now a slave—his once valued negro his master; and think you as he sank back upon a blanket, in horror and shame that night, that he believed human bondage was a divine institution, ordained of God?



SOLD.

SOLDIERS are, it is well known, averse to the drill, and yet dislike to work still more. During the siege of Corinth it became necessary to go some ten miles over the worst of roads to Pittsburg Landing, to draw forage and provisions, and many

were the expedients resorted to by the boys to escape the hard task. One morning at roll-call the lieutenant said, "Any of the boys who would like a drill, step to the front." Not many came forward. "Now, you rear rank men, each take a horse, go to the Landing, and bring back a sack of oats." The boys acknowledged that they were flatly "sold," but ever afterwards volunteers for drill were more numerous than scarce.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cold September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep.

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane, and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this gray old head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness and a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The noble nature within him stirred
To lift at that woman's deed and word ;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Frederick town !



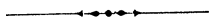
“MORE BRAINS, LORD!”

REV. DR. SUNDERLAND, on accepting the pastorship of an American church in Paris, offered his farewell prayer as Chaplain of the United States Senate, a short time after. On this occasion he made some peculiar home-thrusts at the honorable gentlemen for whom, during four months previous, he had been daily interceding at the throne of grace. He uttered the following supplication very audibly :

“ We pray Thee, O Lord ! to give to the councillors and statesmen of America more brains ! More *brains*, Lord ! More *brains* ! ”

On hearing this very well-timed entreaty, but rather harsh criticism, Mr. Sumner dropped his head upon his breast quite feelingly, Jim Lane rolled his eyes piously, Garrett Davis evinced signs of emotion, and a gentleman in the reporters' gallery uttered an emphatic "Amen!" by way of response.

Many of the honorable secretaries dropped their heads upon their desks to conceal a smile at the chaplain's supplication, which smile extended to the dimensions of a broad grin, as the "Amen" was heard to proceed from the reporters' gallery. The worthy Sergeant-at-Arms, who was standing in his usual deeply reverential attitude (with solemn countenance on religious thoughts intent), turned the white of one of his official eyes in the direction of the self-constituted clerk in the gallery, but he evidently could not discover a countenance which did not exhibit the utmost decorum of expression.



GOV. JOHNSON AND THE REBEL CHAPLAINS.

AMONG the secesh clergymen of Nashville sent to "safe quarters" by Governor Johnson, for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Union, was the Rev. W. H. Wharton, chaplain of the penitentiary.

Wharton, before our occupation of the city, had made a written report in favor of liberating certain convicts from prison, to join the rebel army. When summoned before Johnson, he equivocated, and tried to shelter himself under his clerical garb, calling himself "a citizen of Heaven." His claim of a higher citizenship than of earth was rather damaged when the governor, producing his jail-delivery recommendation, sternly said: "Is that your report, sir, and your

name? Do you call that the language of a citizen of Heaven,' to advise the turning loose of felons from the cells where justice has placed them, that they may join in the work of killing loyal men, and destroying the best government in the world? I don't believe the Almighty approves of such teaching as that."

Avaunt! base hypocrite! hug your damning sin,
And don 'heaven's livery to serve the devil in.'—PLAGIARISM.

Others of the rebel clergymen, among whom were Rev. Mr. Schon and Mr. Elliott, being brought before Governor Johnson, the following dialogue ensued:—

Gov. Johnson.—"Well, gentlemen, what is your desire?"

Mr. Schon.—"I speak but for myself. I do not know what the other gentlemen wish. My request is that I may have a few days to consider on the subject of signing this paper. I wish to gather my family together and talk over the subject: for this purpose, I desire about fourteen days."

Gov. Johnson.—"It seems to me there should be but little hesitation about the matter. All that is required of you is to sign the oath of allegiance. If you are loyal citizens, you can have no reason to refuse to do so. If you are disloyal, and working to obstruct the operations of the government, it is my duty, as the representative of that government, to see that you are placed in a position so that the least possible harm shall result from your proceedings. You, certainly, cannot reasonably refuse to renew your allegiance to the government that is now protecting you and your families and property."

Mr. Elliott.—"As a non-combatant, governor, I considered that under the stipulations of the surrender of the city, I should be no further annoyed. As a non-combatant, I do not know that I have committed an act, since the Federals

occupied the city, that would require me to take the oath required."

Gov. Johnson.—"I believe, Mr. Elliott, you have two brothers in Ohio?"

Mr. Elliott.—"Yes, governor, I have two noble brothers there. They did not agree with me in the course I pursued in regard to secession. But I have lived in Tennessee so many years, that I have considered the State my home, and am willing to follow her fortunes. Tennessee is a good State."

Gov. Johnson.—"I know Tennessee is a good State: and I believe the best way to improve her fortunes is to remove those from her borders who prove disloyal and traitors to her interests, as they are traitors to the interest of that government which has fostered and protected them. By your inflammatory remarks and conversation, and by your disloyal behaviour, in weaning the young under your charge from their allegiance to the government, you have won a name that will never be placed on the roll of patriots. A visit to the north may be of benefit to you."

PROMPT ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAW.

AFTER General Schenck's arrival in Cumberland, one of his first decisions was very characteristic. A secesh colonel had sold his negro to the Confederate government, taking pay, of course, in scrip. The negro, employed in fortifications, managed to escape to Cumberland, where he spread himself considerably. A constable, knowing the circumstances, and wishing to turn a penny, had the negro thrown into prison

as an escaped slave. General Schenck, hearing the facts, sent for the parties.

"By what right," he asked of the constable, "do you hold this man in prison?"

"As a fugitive from service."

"Don't you know that he escaped from the service of the rebels?"

"Yes; but we have a law in Maryland that covers the case, general."

"And I have a law upon which it can be decided. Colonel Porter, set that negro at large, and put this constable in his place."

The astonished snapper up of trifles was marched off to the cell lately occupied by his proposed victim. After being detained there precisely the same number of days he had imprisoned the poor darkey, he was set at large, fully impressed with the belief that the grim-visaged general had never learned to be trifled with.



HELPING A POOR SOLDIER.

WHEN Parson Brownlow was in the town of —, a good many people grumbled about the high price of admission to his lecture. A very rich, but stingy man, who had been all the time very profuse with expressions of his patriotism, exclaimed, in a crowd:—

"Give Parson Brownlow half a dollar? No, sir-ree! I'd a good deal sooner give it to a poor soldier!"

"Oh!" said a bystander, "then give your half dollar to Captain H—— (an officer dismissed from the army for cowardice); they say he's a *mighty poor soldier*!"

THRILLING INCIDENT AT FORT DONELSON.

SOME six or eight years previous to the commencement of the war, a citizen of Massachusetts, being unjustly suspected of a crime, suffered the loss of friends, business, and reputation, which, being unable or unwilling to bear up against, he determined on changing his location.

Accordingly, having so disposed his property that it could be easily managed by his wife, he suddenly disappeared, leaving her a comfortable home and the care of two boys of the ages of ten and twelve years.

The first fear that he had sought a violent death, was partly dispelled by the orderly arrangement of his affairs, and the discovery that a daguerreotype of the family-group was missing from the parlor-table. Not much effort was made to trace the fugitive.

When, afterward, facts were developed which established his innocence of the crime charged, it was found impossible to communicate with him; and, as the publication of the story in several widely circulated papers failed to recall him, he was generally supposed to be dead.

At the outbreak of the war, his eldest son, who had become a young man, was induced by a friend, a captain in a western regiment, to enlist in his company. He carried himself well through campaigns in Missouri and Tennessee, and after the capture of Fort Donelson, was rewarded with a first lieutenant's commission. At the battle of Murfreesboro he was wounded in the left arm, but so slightly that he was still able to take care of a squad of wounded prisoners.

While performing this duty, he became aware that one of them, a middle-aged man, with a full, heavy beard, was looking at him with fixed attention. The day after the fight, as

the officer was passing, the soldier gave the military salute, and said: "A word with you, if you please, sir. You remind me of an old friend. Are you from New England?"

"I am."

"From Massachusetts?"

"Yes."

"And your name?"

The young lieutenant told his name, and how he came to serve in a western regiment.

"I thought so," said the soldier, and turning away, he was silent. Although his curiosity was much excited by the soldier's manner, the officer forbore to question him and withdrew. But, in the afternoon, he took occasion to renew the conversation, and expressed the interest awakened in him by the incident of the morning.

"I knew your father," said the prisoner; "is he well?"

"We have not seen him for years," said the lieutenant; "we think he is dead."

Then followed such an explanation of the circumstances of his disappearance as the young man could give. He had never known the precise nature of the charges against his father, but was able to make it quite clear that his innocence was established.

"I knew your mother, also," continued the soldier; "I was in love with her when she married your father."

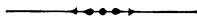
"I have a letter from her, dated ten days ago," said the lieutenant. "My brother is a nine months' man in New Orleans."

After a little desultory conversation, the soldier took from under his coat a leathern wallet, and disclosed a daguerreotype case. The hasp was gone, and the corners were rounded by wear.

"Will you oblige me," he said, "by looking at this, alone, in your tent?"

Agitated, almost beyond control, the young officer took the case, and hurried away. He had seen the picture before. It represented a man and a woman sitting side by side, with a boy at the knee of each.

The romantic story moved the commander of the division to grant the young man a furlough, and both father and son reached home in a few days after. The reader is left to imagine the sequel.



THE ESCAPE.

I WAS now alone in the quiet woods. The sounds of trampling horses had died away, and the little rill beside me trickled peacefully in the still night. I reached my hand down, and, filling my glove with water, poured it over my face. It was cool and refreshing, and in a few moments I was able to rise. I looked at the stream—at the log, beneath which lay my sabre—and at the tree, beneath which lay my horse; and then, making an effort, I stepped upon the log, and crossed into the thick brushwood on the other side. But a few steps were taken, when I was glad to sit down upon a fallen tree. I felt stunned and faint, yet hoped I was gathering strength and would soon be able to go on. As I was thus seated the question arose, What should I do? Fort Henry, I knew, was eastward of me. Should I go there?—it was but thirty-five or forty miles. No! the country between must be swarming with rebels. Should I go to Paducah? It was sixty miles northward, and the enemy would, doubtless, follow in that direction. Should I remain hidden in the woods,

trusting to their leaving in a few days? Should I crawl to some barn or stack, and take the chance of their not searching it? Would my strength hold out if I went on? and would the fractured bone, that I felt under my coat, and the growing pain in my side, do without the surgeon's care till I could make my way out?

At length I decided on my course: I would go northward till daylight, and thus be some miles ahead; then I would turn eastward, and thus place myself on one side of their probable line of march. During the next day I hoped to meet a contraband, and, obtaining information, then decide whether to continue eastward, toward Fort Henry, or turn again to Paducah.

Thus deciding, I took out my handkerchief and tied my pistol round my waist, and then rose from the tree to begin my journey. The broken ribs made it painful to breathe, and my right arm had to be supported constantly by my left. Around me, all was beautiful and serene. The calm moon shone, in peaceful contrast with the exciting scene I had lately witnessed, and lighted my steps and pointed my way. No sound disturbed the stillness of the woods, save that from a distant farm there came the tinkle of a cow-bell. It was in the direction I wished to go, and toward it I slowly made my way. A friend had brought me down the April number of the "Atlantic" before leaving camp, and I had read Whitier's "Mountain Pictures." A line of it came to my mind:—

"The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung ;"

and I wondered whether any other reader would ever thus apply it.

I had to walk slowly through the silvery lighted woods; but at last drew near the ringing noise, and climbed the hill,

on the top of which were the farm and barnyard of the cows. A road ran long the brow of the hill, and on the other side of it appeared some wide fields. To the left was a clump of apple-trees, and the hoarse bark of a dog told me they covered a house. I stopped a few moments to rest and listen, and then stepped cautiously into the road. On the opposite side was a large tree, and in its shadow I tried to climb the high rail fence. I was weaker than I had supposed. My limbs refused at first to lift my weight, and my one arm could not keep me from swinging round against the fence. Twice I thought I must give it up; but, after several efforts, I mounted it, and then, holding my breath, I let myself drop down on the other side.

Across the wide field there was another road. I had not gone far when I heard a noise in the woods, and, fearing it might be a picket of the enemy, I lay down beside the fence. The moon was then near the horizon, and I deemed it most prudent to wait till she had set.

Soon after this I came upon some cows, and these I drove before me. I thought that if there should be a picket in the road the cows would turn off, and there would be less likelihood of my being seen or heard. After going, I should think, a mile, we came to a broad road. This the cows crossed; and I was about to follow, when a large dog came from a house beyond, and, after barking furiously at the cows, came toward me. I took my pistol out, and was prepared to fire, when the dog stopped barking. It was well for me he did so, for within a few yards I heard horses coming up the road. I looked, and saw the outlines of some horsemen. There was no time to fly. I sank quietly down upon the ground, and lay still. The horsemen came on. They seemed a picket. One rode in front, who seemed a

sergeant, and the others followed. They passed close by me—so close I could hear the jingling of their spurs.

When they had passed I rose, and determined that thereafter I would not go upon any road or cross any field, or spare any pains. I entered the woods. They were now thick with underbrush, and I had not the moon to guide me. Frequently I had wanted the North star on night marches, but it had always been hidden by clouds. Now, however, on this night, when I needed it above all others, it shone out beautiful and bright. As I watched it, it seemed an old friend, reappearing to aid me, and again and again, as I emerged from some thick underwood, and turned toward its constant blaze, I felt as if it were the companion of my flight. But, even with its aid, I encountered difficulties. Sometimes the trees would hide it, and often I had to keep my eyes fixed on my path, or strained on suspicious objects around me. My plan was to take some distant hill for a land-mark, and on reaching it, to look for another, and make toward it. Yet fallen trees, and deep hollows, often made me change my course, and sometimes made me lose it, and then I had to search the sky, and refind the star before I could go on. As I could not use my hands, I was forced to push my way through the brush with my left shoulder. I had lost my hat, too, in the fall, and my hair often caught in the branches. So my progress was slow and wearisome, with no help around me, but with hope before.

I should think it was about three o'clock in the morning, when, from the top of a little hill, there appeared just before me the smoking, smouldering fires of a camp. I knew if it were a camp, that I was within the lines. I turned, therefore, and made my way back as a burglar might glide through a house—sliding my feet along the ground, lest I should

tread upon some crackling branch—choosing the thickest wood and the darkest shade. About an hour later, I saw, as I thought, some tents, but knew it was most improbable there should be any there; so I stopped to examine, and then saw they were but the gray light of morning breaking through the trees. It was a welcome sight; yet I confess the night had not seemed long, and that I was surprised to find the morning come.

I now changed my course, and turned toward the east. The woods changed too. There were small trees, with little underbrush, and the ground was a smooth, descending plain. I kept on over this for miles. The sky brightened; the sun rose, and mounted higher and higher. I heard the barking of dogs, the lowing of cattle, and occasionally the voices of men and children. I came, too, upon roads, and these had to be crossed with great caution, coming out step by step, looking carefully up and down, listening anxiously, and then hurrying across and plunging into the woods on the other side. Whence these roads came or where they went, I neither knew nor cared. I was ignorant of the country, but not compelled to ask my way. For once, I was strangely independent, and needed only to look toward the sun and travel east.

Later I came upon fields and farms, and round these I had to make long circuits. One chain of farms, I thought I never should get through. Again and again I was forced to go back and try again. The temptation to break through my resolution, and cross just this one, or that one, was very strong; and I found that making one's escape, like any other success, depends on his resolution and perseverance.

Toward noon, as I was approaching a road, I heard children's voices. I looked, and saw, or thought I saw, a man

on horseback. He sat still as though on guard, and I supposed he was one of the enemy's picket. The woods were thin, so I lay down and drew the bushes over me. I watched him, but he did not move, and I soon decided I must stay there as long as he did. Notwithstanding my anxiety, I fell into a doze, probably not for a minute, yet when I opened my eyes, the man was gone, and a tree stood in his place. It was an optical illusion. My eyes had been overworked for three nights, and for the last twenty hours, constantly strained in examining objects far and near. The moment's rest had dispelled the apparition. I remembered that as the sun was rising that morning, I had long doubted whether a clump of bushes was not a group of my own men—that trees and stumps had several times been changed to sentinels and guards; and I remembered, also, the tents in the morning, and the camp-fires during the night.

I now began to suffer from thirst, for I could only drink by dipping up water with one hand. The sun, too, beat down through the half-leaved trees, and became painful. I twisted some leaves into a sort of cap, but it was often brushed off, and at best made but a poor shelter. I had been disappointed also in not meeting a contraband. Some I had seen in fields, but always with white men, and them I must shun; and as I did so, I asked myself whether this was the United States, and these Americans, that I should be thus skulking like a hunted criminal.

Feeling now and then a little faint, I decided on going to a house for something to eat, and again plunging into the woods. Yet here great caution was necessary. I wanted a small house, because it would probably contain but one man, and I must have it out of sight of neighbors and near woods. I passed several, but none of them complied with my condi-

tions—one was too large, another too far back in an open field, and a third was overlooked by a fourth.

It was perhaps three o'clock, and I was growing more and more faint, when I saw an opening through the trees and the corner of a house. I approached it slowly. There was a field beyond, but no houses in sight, and the woods came up to the yard behind. "It is just the house I need," I said to myself, "and now I must risk it and go in." I slipped my pistol round, so that I could draw it quickly from under my coat, and pushed open the gate. All was quiet; I walked round to the door, and saw a woman inside, who looked startled at seeing me. She said she would call her husband, who was in the field, and went out. I watched her, and in a few minutes was satisfied by seeing them returning. I went back, and narrowly inspected the house. A shot-gun hung over the window, but it was unloaded and rusted. As I finished they came in. He was a young man, with a bright, happy face—far too cheerful a face for a secessionist. We looked at each other, and he said :

"You are a Union soldier."

"Yes," I answered; "and what are you?"

"I am a Union citizen," he replied.

The word "Union" was something of a talisman; if he had been a rebel, he would have said Federal.

James Mills (for such was my new-found friend's name) was the first of several suffering and devoted Union men, who refused all pay and reward for the services they rendered to me, and whose kindness I cannot sufficiently praise. He told me I was in a dangerous neighborhood, and must neither stay, nor travel by the road. His wife hurried for me a dinner, and then he went with me through some fields and woods, and placed me upon a path leading to a second

Union man's, named Henry Chunn. It was something like three miles to Mr. Chunn's, but I felt quite fresh and equal to a dozen, if necessary.

Arriving there I was most kindly received by his wife. She told me that her husband would cheerfully take me on toward Paducah. She made me lie down; she bathed my shoulder; and she did every thing for me that womanly kindness could suggest. This was the first bed I had lain upon for more than three months. It produced an old effect, for in a few moments I was sound asleep. I slept till after dark, and then awoke by hearing the children cry that father had come. He came in, and walking up to me, said, in a cordial, honest voice:

"My friend, I am truly glad to see you; you are truly welcome to my house."

I went to sleep again and slept till morning. There was bad news then: his mules had disappeared from the barnyard during the night. But I must wait; his boys would find them by the time we finished breakfast. At breakfast a little circumstance occurred which may give you an idea of the different life we lead on the border. Across some fields, and beyond some woods, we heard a gun. It was no cannon—a mere shot-gun, such as a boy might fire any where on a spring morning—yet we all stopped talking.

"What does that mean?" I asked, after the silence had continued a few moments.

"I don't know," said Mr. Chunn.

"Have your neighbors guns and powder?"

"No."

"Then," said I, "it may mean a great deal for us."

We all rose from the table, and looked anxiously across the fields; but nothing was to be seen. The family looked

troubled, and Mr. Chunn said something about the mules being gone, and this being strange. We waited some time, but all continued quiet. But the boys had not found the mules, and Mr. Chunn accordingly walked on with me toward the house of Mr. Edward Magness, who was likewise a good Union man, and would willingly help me on.

I took leave of these kind, simple-minded people, whose plain and honest goodness is rare in the great world, from which they live apart, and went slowly along the little wood road. I soon came to a field in which were two or three men and several children planting corn. I must here explain to you that in the south corn is the one great crop on which everybody lives. The bread is all made of corn; the horses are fed on corn; the pigs are fattened on corn; and if the corn should fail there would be a famine. There were fears that it would fail. The spring had been cold and wet, and the planting was not half done, which always had been over a week before. All hands were working early and late on every plantation, seizing on this fine weather for hurrying in the corn. As Mr. Magness came down a furrow, near me, I stepped out of the bushes, and told him briefly who I was, and what I wanted. It must have been an unwelcome tale; yet he never, by look or word, gave a disagreeable sign. Promptly he stopped his plough and unhitched his horses. Unwillingly I saw the planting cease. But when I spoke of it, he said pleasantly, they would try and make up the lost time when he came back. We went to his house, the saddles were soon put on, and we started. My companion was more than usually intelligent, and gave me much information. He also understood the danger of being seen by secessionists, and picked his way with great care by unused roads.

A ride of several miles brought us to the house of Mr. Wade. A very shrewd and cautious man was Mr. Wade, yet a staunch Union man, who had spoken and suffered for the cause. He had spent the previous eight months chiefly at Paducah, stealing up occasionally in the dark of evening to see his family, and leaving before daylight the next morning. Once he had been arrested, and twice his house had been searched and robbed. He knew full well the woods and by-paths, and had tried the difficulties and dangers of escaping guerrillas. He and I, therefore, had much more in common than the others, and in him I felt I had a trusty and experienced friend; yet strange to tell, he was—a *South Carolinian*.

We went into the house. On a couch lay a very aged woman, who, I thought, was childish. Mr. Wade and Mr. Magness were old friends, and talked as country neighbors talk, of crops, and roads, and men, and places. At last Mr. Magness said: "I saw Edward Jones yesterday, and he told me they had had a letter from Joel, and that he wrote they were leaving Corinth, and had been attacked. His regiment was defeated, and he had to run for his life."

The old lady, at this, rose up and said: "Say that over sir."

Mr. Magness repeated it.

"He is my own grandson," said the old lady. "The night before he went he came here, and I told him never to fight against his country—the country his forefathers fought for. He said, 'Grandmother, they will call me a coward! if I don't go.' A coward! I would let them call me any thing, I told him, before I would fight against my country. But he went. And, now, what do you tell me? He is my own grandson—my own flesh and blood—so I can't wish him

killed," said the old lady, with great feeling; "but, I thank God—I thank God, *he has had to run for his life!*"

Our early dinner finished, Mr. Magness took his departure, and we started.

"We will stop at my brother-in-law's, captain," said Mr. Wade, "and get you a better saddle. It is only a mile from here." So we rode quietly along.

"We will pass our member of Assembly," said Mr. Wade.

"It is about a mile from my brother-in-law's. He is a true man, I tell you. The secesh would give any thing to get him."

By this time we reached his brother-in-law's. A little girl was in the yard, and, as we stopped, came to the gate.

"Well, uncle," said the little girl, "are you running away again from the rebel soldiers?"

"No," said Mr. Wade, cheerfully—"oh no: there are no rebels round now."

"Yes, there are," said the girl. "Father has just come from Farmington, and there are four hundred there."

"What! four hundred in Farmington!"

"It's so, brother," said a woman who had come out—"it is so. They came there this morning; and husband hurried back to tell the neighbors."

"Captain," said Mr. Wade, "the sooner you and I get out of this country the better for us."

"How far is it back to Farmington?"

"Only four miles."

"Is there any reason for their coming down this road?"

"Yes: Hinckley, the member we elected, lives on it, and Jones, who helped elect him, lives on it, and I live on it. They would like to arrest us all. But about half a mile from Hinckley's there is a little side-path we can take for five or six miles."



ROUSSEAU

KAUTZ

STONEMAN

GRIERSON

PLEASANTON

GREGG

WILSON

Could we have ridden on a gallop, the side-path would have been reached before the threatening danger could have reached us; but, unfortunately, the pain in my side had increased so that we could not go faster than a walk. I tried to trot for a moment, but could not bear it, and reined up. "Do you ride on, Mr. Wade," I said: "there is no need of our both being taken." But Mr. Wade refused.

It was an anxious ride. We knew that Farmington was not far behind, and they might come clattering after us at every moment. We looked back often—at every turn of the road—from the top of every knoll and hill, but nothing was seen.

Soon we came to Hinckley's. Two men were seated on the porch, and the flag was flying in front of the house. I rode on; but Mr. Wade stopped, and said, "Pull down your flag, boys, and take to the woods." It was quietly said, but the two men sprang up. I looked back, and saw them exchange a few words with Mr. Wade, and then one pulled down the flag as the other ran toward the stable. There was another anxious interval, and then we reached the side-road. We went past it, so as to leave no trail, and first one, and then the other, struck off through the woods until we came to it. A very intricate and narrow little road it was; so that the enemy could not have travelled much faster than we. Yet there were some settlers, "but all good Union men," Mr. Wade said. At the first we stopped; and he borrowed a butternut coat, and with some difficulty, helped me off with my soldier's blouse, and on with it; so that to any person in a neighboring house or field we must have seemed like two farmers riding along.

After six or seven miles, our bridle-path came back to the main road. "There is a nasty, secesh tavern down the road

a mile or so," said Mr. Wade, "and if they are in this part of the country, they will be sure to go down there for the news and a drink. If we can only get across the road and over to old Washam's, we shall be safe."

Slowly we came out to the road. We stopped and listened—we held our breath, and bent down to catch the trampling of their horses. We moved on where the bushes grew thickest, and stopped again. Then Mr. Wade rode out and looked up and down. "There is no one in sight," he said; "come on quickly." I hurried my horse, and in a moment was across. On the other side were great trees and but little underbrush to hide us. We hurried on until we were hidden from the road, and then Mr. Wade drew a long breath, and said: "They won't come down this road; we are safe now."

The danger past, there came a great increase of pain. Each step of the horse racked me, and I felt myself grow weaker and weaker. At last came the refreshing words: "Old Washam's is the next house," and soon the next house appeared. "A true Union man," said Mr. Wade, and true he seemed, for the flag was displayed before the door. We stopped, but I was too exhausted to dismount, and had to slide off into Mr. Wade's arms. As I did so, an old lady, with silver spectacles upon her nose and knitting in her hand, came out. "What is the matter with that poor man?" she cried; and then catching sight of my uniform under the butternut coat, "Why, it is a Union soldier; bring him into the house—bring him in immediately." So I was brought in and laid upon a bed, and tenderly cared for.

I lay there watching the knitting and listening to the old lady and her daughter's talk. They had a consultation upon my safety, and it was decided that I should go to the daughter's house for the night. "It is off the road," they said,

"and if they make an attack, we can send you word across the fields." But later, we learnt that two spies had passed the house that day, and it was decided I should be sent on that night.

We were to start from the house of a son-in-law of Mr. Washam's, and he and his brother-in-law were to drive me. I walked up to the house, and found the wagon nearly ready. His wife was a young girl, with a sweet and gentle voice and manner. "It is too bad," she said, "too bad that you should go away so wounded and wearied. In peace, we would not let any one leave our home thus." Soon the wagon came to the door. "Mother," she said, "let us make up a bed in it."

"Oh, no," I interposed, "I am not used to a bed; I have not had one in three months, and cannot put you to such trouble."

"It is no trouble to us," she replied, so earnestly and kindly, that I could not doubt it; "do not think that of us."

"But," I went on, "I assure you, some hay in the wagon is all I want, and much more than I am accustomed to. Besides, I am dusty and dirty, and shall certainly spoil your bed-clothes."

"If it had not been for you Union soldiers fighting for us," she answered, "there would be nothing in this house to spoil; and whatever *we* have, *you* shall have."

Against such goodness and patriotism, who could raise objections? The bed was made in the wagon; they helped me up, and blessed by many good wishes and kind farewells, we started. For me it was so much more safe and comfortable than usual, that I soon fell asleep; but to my two young friends, it was an unusual and an anxious drive. Frequently I was aroused by the wagon stopping. Sometimes they heard dogs barking—sometimes voices, and once a gun. At

length I woke, to find the wagon standing in front of a house, and young Washam thumping on the door. Soon a man came out.

"Why, boys," he said, "what on earth are you doing here this time o' night?"

"Why you see, Mr. Derringer," said one of the "boys," "here's a wounded Union officer, hurt in the fight on the Obion. Joel Wade brought him to our house, and we've brought him here; and now we want you to take him to Paducah."

"I'm really sorry," said Mr. Derringer, "that I've lent my wagon; but my neighbor, Purcell, is a good Union man, and he will do it. All of you come in, and I will go over and see him."

I told Mr. Derringer to wait till morning; but he would not hear of it; and after seeing us comfortably in bed, he started off to walk a mile or two and wake his neighbor in the dead of night, to tell him he must come at break of day and carry on a stranger, of whom he had never even heard, for no other reason than that he was a wounded Union officer.

Before daylight, Mr. Derringer aroused us. It was all right, he said; his neighbor Purcell would be there; and now his wife was up, and had breakfast ready. As breakfast finished, Mr. Purcell arrived; I bade my good friends good-by, and started on the last stage of my journey. As we reached the main road, we saw numbers of men mounted on jaded mules, and clad in sombre butternut, with sad and anxious faces. Unhappy refugees flying from the invading foe! Some who had journeyed through the night, rode with us toward Paducah; others who had reached it the day before, rode anxiously out in quest of news. As many caught sight of me, they recognized the marks of recent service.

"Are you from the Obion?" they asked; "how far off is the enemy now? Will he dare to come here?"

We drew nearer to the town, and the signs of alarm increased. The crowd of refugees grew greater—the cavalry patrolled the roads—the infantry was under arms, and the artillery was planted so as to sweep the approaches. At last some houses appeared.

"This is Paducah," said Mr. Purcell; "you are there at last."

We stopped at headquarters, and I went in to report.

"Is the adjutant in?" I asked of an officer who was writing.

"I am the adjutant, sir," he answered, without looking up.

"I have come to report myself as arriving at this post."

"What name, sir?"

I gave my name. The adjutant looked up, and with some surprise, said:

"Why, you are reported killed, sir; two of your men saw you lying dead under your horse!"

"How many of my men have come in?"

"About half; they are at the provost marshal's."

"Any officers?"

"Yes; one of your lieutenants was taken, but escaped, and came down from Mayfield by railroad. And now," said the adjutant, "don't stay here any longer; go at once to the hospital, and I will send an order to the medical director to give you a good surgeon."

A few moments more, and I caught sight of a group of my men. Then came the painful questions: Who have come in? Who are missing? Who last saw this one? Who knows any thing of that one? Where does K.'s family live? and who will write to tell them how he fell? And then came a surgeon—a quiet room—a tedious time—an old friend—and a journey home.

"I FIGHTS MIT SIGEL."

I MET him one morn, he was trudging along,
His knapsack with chickens was swelling,
He'd "blenkered" those dainties, and thought it no wrong,
From some Secessionist's dwelling.
"What regiment's yours? and under whose flag
Do you fight?" said I, touching his shoulder.
Turning slowly around he smilingly said,
(For the thought made him stronger and bolder,)
"I fights mit Sigel."

The next time I saw him his knapsack was gone,
His cap and his canteen were missing;
Shell, shrapnell and grape, and the swift rifle ball,
Around him and o'er him were hissing:
"How are you my friend, and where have you been,
And for what and for whom are you fighting?"
He said, as a shell from the enemy's gun
Sent his arm and his musket a "kiting,"
"I fights mit Sigel."

And once more I saw him and knelt by his side,—
His life-blood was rapidly flowing:
I whispered of home, wife, children and friends,
And the bright land to which he was going.
"And have you no word for the dear ones at home,
The 'wee one,' the father or mother?"
"Yaw! yaw!" said he, "tell them, oh tell them,"—(quite done,
Poor fellow! he thought of no other)—
"I fights mit Sigel."

We scooped out a grave, and he dreamlessly sleeps
On the banks of the Shenando' river;
His home and his kindred alike are unknown,
His reward in the hands of the giver.

We placed a rough board at the head of his grave,

‘ And we left him alone in his glory,”

But on it we marked, ere we turned from the spot,

The little we knew of his story—

“ I fights mit Sigel.”



ONE OF THE SCOUTS OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

KELLER, or as he was usually called in the Army of the Cumberland, Kildare, was of German, and perhaps Jewish extraction, and during the first eighteen months of the war had been concerned with Besthoff, and three Jews by the name of Friedenburg, in smuggling goods into rebeldom, but, being arrested in connection with them, it appeared that he had not been as guilty as the others, and that what he had done had been rather to support his family than from a desire to aid the rebels. He was therefore released, and being offered an appointment as scout in the Union service, he accepted it and was of great service to the Union cause.

In March, 1863, he left Nashville on horseback, with a small stock of goods, not exceeding one hundred dollars in value, with the intention of making his way into and through a certain portion of the Confederacy. Swimming his horse across Harpeth creek, and crossing with his goods in a canoe, he journeyed on, and passed the night at a house about six miles beyond Columbia, having previously fallen in with some of Forrest's men going to Columbia. The next morning he started for Shelbyville, where he arrived in due season. The occurrences there and in the subsequent portions of the trip, are best related in his own words :

"When I arrived, I could find stabling but no feed for my horse. I put the animal in the kitchen of a house, and gave a boy five dollars to get me a half bushel of corn, there being none in the town. I sold the little stock of goods to the firm of James Carr & Co., of Nashville, who gave me eight hundred dollars for the lot, and then went to visit General Frank Cheatham, General Maney, and General Bates, whom I saw at the house where I stopped. At the headquarters of General Cheatham, Colonel A—— arrived from the front, and stated in my presence that the whole Federal line had fallen back; and I further understood from the generals present and Colonel A——, that there would be no fight at Shelbyville. They said that probably there would be some skirmishing by the Federals, but that the battle would be fought at Tullahoma, and they had not more than one corps at Shelbyville, which was under General Polk

"Forage and provisions for man and beast it is utterly impossible to obtain in the vicinity of Shelbyville. The forage trains go as far as Lewisport, in Giles county, and the forage is then shipped to Tullahoma, and even farther back, for safe keeping—as far as Bridgeport. Confederate money is two for one of Georgia; Tennessee, two and one half for one.

"I next went to Tullahoma; and there I met on the cars a major on Bragg's staff, and scraped an acquaintance through the introduction of a Nashville gentleman. When we arrived within a few miles of Tullahoma, he made a short statement to me, called me to the platform, and pointed out the rifle-pits and breastworks, which extended on each side of the railroad about a mile, in not quite a right angle. The whole force of Bragg's army is composed of fifty-five thousand men, well disciplined; twenty thousand of them are

cavalry. When I left Tullahoma, I could not buy meat nor bread. When I arrived at Chattanooga, I gave a nigger one dollar for a drink of whiskey, one dollar for a small cake, and fifty cents for two eggs, which I took for subsistence, and started for Atlanta. I met, going thitherward, a good many acquaintances on the trains. When I arrived at Atlanta, I found a perfect panic in money matters. Georgia money was at seventy-five cents premium, and going up; gold, four and five dollars for one. I remained at Atlanta three days. Full one half of those I met were from Nashville; they were glad to see me.

"I commenced my return to Tullahoma with a captain from Nashville, who also showed me the rifle-pits, as I before stated. I made my way on to Shelbyville, and then I got a pass from the provost-martial—a Major Hawkins—to Columbia, where I arrived on Sunday morning. There I found Forrest and his command had crossed Duck river on their way to Franklin. As I started from the Nelson Hotel to the provost-marshal's office, I was arrested on the square as a straggling soldier; but I proved myself the contrary, and started without a pass to Williamsport. There some fool asked me if I had a pass. I told him 'yes,' and showed him the pass I had from Shelbyville to Columbia, and the documents I had in my possession, which he could not read. I gave the ferryman a five dollar piece to take me across the river, and he vouched for my pass—when I safely arrived at the Federal pickets."

About a month after this, Killdare made another, and his last trip, the full report of which is subjoined. It will be seen that he was watched and several times arrested. Though he finally escaped, his usefulness as a spy was totally destroyed, his name, appearance, and business having been

betrayed to the enemy. He has consequently retired from the business. On his return, he made the following report:—

“I left the city of Nashville on Tuesday, the 14th instant, to go south, taking with me a few goods to peddle. I passed down the Charlotte pike, and travelled two miles up the Richland creek; then crossed over to the Hardin pike, following that road to Harpeth creek, and crossed below De Morse’s mill. At the mill I met —— De Morse, who said to me, ‘Killdare, do you make another trip?’ I replied, ‘I do not know.’ De Morse then said, ‘if you get below the meeting-house you are saved,’ and smiled. I proceeded on my way, until I came to a blacksmith on the pike, at which a gentleman by the name of Marlin came out, and asked if I had heard any thing of Sanford being killed on the evening of the 13th instant. I told Marlin I did not know any thing about it, and proceeded on to South Harper, to Squire Allison’s, which is seventeen miles from Nashville. I then fed my mule, stopped about one hour, and proceeded across South Harper toward Williamsport.

“About one mile the other side of South Harper, two rebel scouts came galloping up, and asked me what I had for sale. I told them needles, pins, and playing-cards. They then inquired, ‘have you any papers to go south?’ I replied I had, and showed them some recommendations. They asked me to get down from my carryall, as they wanted to talk with me. This I did; and they then asked:—

“‘Have you any pistols?’

“‘No,’ I replied.

“Stepping back a few paces, and each drawing a pistol, one of them said, ‘you —— scoundrel, you are our prisoner; you are a Yankee spy, and you carry letters from the south, and at the dead hour of night, you carry these letters to

Truesdail's office. We lost a very valuable man on Monday, while attempting to arrest you at your house; his name was Sanford, and he was a great deal thought of by General Van Dorn.—So now we've got you, —— you; turn your wagon round and go back.'

"We turned, and went to Squire Allison's again, at which place I met Dr. Morton, from Nashville, whom I requested to assist in getting me released. Dr. Morton spoke to the men, who, in reply, said, 'we have orders to arrest him as a spy, for carrying letters to Truesdail's headquarters.' They then turned back to South Harper creek, and took me up the creek about one mile, where we met about eight more of these scouts, and Colonel McNairy, of Nashville, who was riding along in a buggy. The lieutenant, in command of the squad, wrote a dispatch to Van Dorn, and gave it to one of the men, by the name of Thompson, who had me in custody, and we then proceeded up the creek to Spring Hill, toward the headquarters of General Van Dorn. About six miles up the creek, Thompson learned I had some whiskey, which I gave him, and of which he drank until he got pretty well intoxicated. In the neighborhood of Ivy, we stopped until about six o'clock in the evening. About one mile from Ivy the wheel of my carryall broke. A neighbor came to us with an axe and put a pole under the axle-tree, and we proceeded on our way. We had gone but a few hundred yards when the wagon turned over; we righted it, and Thompson took a carpet-sack full of goods, filled his pockets, and then told me 'to go to ——; he would not take me to headquarters.' Changing his mind, however, he said he *would*, as he had orders so to do, and showed me the dispatch written by Lieutenant Johnston to General Van Dorn. It read as follows:—

"I have succeeded in capturing Mr. Killdare. Archy Cheatham, of Nashville, says Killdare is not loyal to the Confederacy. The Federals have mounted five hundred light infantry. Sanford's being killed is confirmed.

"(Signed) LIEUT. JOHNSTON."

"Thompson, being very drunk, left me, taking the goods he stole. Two citizens came up shortly and told me to turn round, and stop all night at Isaac Ivy's, first district, Williamson county. There we took the remainder of the goods into the house. At three o'clock in the morning, a negro woman came and knocked at the door.

"Mr. Ivy says, 'what do you want?'"

"'A soldier is down at the creek, and wants to know where his prisoner is,' was the reply.

"'What has he done with the goods he took from that man?'"

"'He has left them at our house, and has just started up the creek, as I came up.'

"'That will do. Go on.'

"I was awake, and tried to make my escape, asking Mr. Ivy if he had a couple of saddles to loan me. He said he had; and I borrowed from him seven dollars, as Thompson took all my money (fifty dollars in Georgia currency). He (Ivy) then told me the route I should take—going a few miles toward Franklin, and then turn toward my home in Nashville. Taking Ivy's advice, we proceeded on our way toward Franklin. About eight miles from Franklin, four guerrillas came up to me and fired pistols. 'Halt!' said they; 'you want to make your way to the Yankees. We have a notion to kill you, any way.'

"They then ordered me to turn, which I did,—two going

behind, whipping the mules, and hooting and hallooing at a great rate. We then turned back to Ivy's. When we got there, I said:—

“ ‘Where is Thompson, my guard, who told me to go on?’ ”

“ ‘He was here early this morning, and has gone up the hill hunting you, after borrowing my shot-gun,’ was the answer. ”

“ Some conversation ensued between the parties, when Ivy wrote a note to General Van Dorn, and gave it to Thompson. Ivy then gave us our equipage, and we went toward Spring Hill. On the way we met, on Carter's creek pike, a camp of four hundred Texan rangers. We arrived at Spring Hill at sundown of the day following. At Van Dorn's headquarters, I asked for an interview with the general, which was not allowed, but was ordered to Columbia to prison until further orders.

“ On Friday evening, a Nashville soldier who stood sentinel let me out, and said: ‘you have no business here.’ I made my way toward Shelbyville; crossed over Duck creek; made my way to the Louisburg and Franklin pike, and started toward Franklin. Before we got to the pickets we took to the woods, and thus got round the pickets. A farmer reported having seen me to the guard, and I was taken again toward Van Dorn's headquarters, six miles distant. I had gone about one mile, when I fell in with Colonel Lewis's command, and was turned over to an orderly sergeant with whom I was acquainted and by whom I was taken to the headquarters of Colonel Lewis. There I was discharged from arrest, and was told by the colonel what route I should take in order to avoid the scouts. I then started toward Columbia, and thence toward Hillsboro. At Hillsboro I met a friend by the name of Parkham, who guided me

within five miles of Franklin, where I arrived at daylight this morning. On Friday last Colonel Forrest passed through Columbia with his force (three thousand strong), and six pieces of artillery, to Decatur, Alabama. One regiment went to Florence. The whole force under Van Dorn at Spring Hill does not exceed four thousand; and are poorly clothed. I understand that the force was moving toward Tennessee river, in order to intercept forces that were being sent out by General Grant.

"SAM KILLDARE."

This Archy Cheatham, who it appears had informed upon Killdare, was a government contractor, and professed to be loyal. The manner in which he obtained his information was in this wise:

One day a genteel, well-dressed young man came to the police office and inquired for Judge Brien, an employee of the office. The two, it seems, were old acquaintances, and for some time maintained a friendly conversation in the presence of Colonel Truesdail. The visitor, whose name was Stewart, having taken his leave, Brien remarked to the colonel:

"There is a young man who can do us a great deal of good."

"Do you know him?" said the colonel.

"Very well. He talks right."

The result was that Stewart and Colonel Truesdail soon afterward had a private conversation in reference to the matter. Stewart stated that he lived about two miles from the city upon his plantation, that he was intimate with many prominent secessionists, was regarded as a good southern man, and could go anywhere within the lines of the Confederacy. The colonel replied that he was in want of just

such a man, and that he could be the means of accomplishing great good. It was an office, however, of vast responsibility, and, if he should be employed, he would be required to take a very stringent and solemn oath, which was read to him. To all this Stewart assented, and took the oath, only stipulating that he should never be mentioned as having any connection with the police office. He was consequently employed, and told to go to work at once.

For a time all seemed well enough. One or two minor cases of smuggling were developed by him. He subsequently reported that he had become acquainted with the cashier of the Planters' Bank, and a Mrs. Bradford who lived five miles from the city, and made herself very busy in carrying letters, in which she was aided by Cantrell, the cashier. He was also in the habit of meeting large numbers of secessionists, among whom was Archy Cheatham. He also was a member of a club or association which met every Saturday, to devise ways and means for aiding the rebellion, and at which Mrs. Bradford and Cantrell were constant attendants. One day he reported that Mrs. Bradford was just going to carry out what was ostensibly a barrel of flour, but really a barrel of contraband goods covered over with flour at each end. And so it went on from week to week. Somebody was just going to do something, but never did it, or was never detected; and, despite the many fair promises of Stewart, the results of his labors were not deemed satisfactory.

On the night that Killdare came in from his last trip, Stewart was at the office. Something was evidently wrong, and Stewart soon left. To some natural inquiries of the colonel, Killdare answered, excitedly:

"Somebody has nearly ruined me, colonel!"

"How is that, and who can it be?"

"Well I am sure that it is a man by the name of Stewart and Archy Cheatham who have done the mischief. Cheatham has been out in the country some fourteen miles, and there he met Lieutenant Johnston, whom he told that I was disloyal to the Confederacy, and one of your spies. The result was that I was arrested, and came near—altogether too near—hanging for comfort. Johnston telegraphed to Van Dorn that he had caught me, but I got away; and to make a long story short, I have been arrested and have escaped three times."

This opened the colonel's eyes somewhat, and inquiries were at once set on foot, which disclosed the fact that Stewart was a rebel of the deepest dye, and had been "playing off" all the time. It was found that he not only informed Cheatham of Killdare's business and position, but had himself been out in the country some fourteen miles, and had told the neighbors that Killdare had gone south in Truesdail's employ. He told the same thing to two guerrillas whom he met, and even taunted Killdare's children by saying that he knew where their father had gone. The colonel, for once, had been thoroughly deceived by appearances; but it was the first and last time. After a month or six weeks' search, Stewart was found and committed to the penitentiary; and before he leaves that institution it is by no means improbable that he will have ample time and opportunity to conclude that his operations, though sharp and skilful, were not of the most profitable character.

"OLD SORTIE," THE REBEL GENERAL.

THERE was a jolly old captain in the eighteenth Missouri regiment of mounted infantry. He was every thing good and efficient as an officer, a friend, and a gentleman; but he never deemed a close study of the dictionary as essential to getting a living or subduing a southern rebellion. One hot day, the captain, floating around, sat down under the arbor in front of a fellow officer's tent, and, picking up a late paper, commenced to read aloud the heading of the telegraphic column, as follows:—

"Repulse—of—a—sortie—at—Charleston." Says he, after musing a moment:—

"Sortie? Sortie? *A. Sortie?* Cap, have the rebels any general by the name of A. Sortie?"

"Certainly, I've heard of old Sortie frequently."

"Well, I guess I have," said the captain, "come to think now; I've hearn of his being repulsed very often."



SOL. MEREDITH.

A PLEASANT story is told by a correspondent, of Colonel Sol. Meredith, of Wayne County, Indiana, commanding the nineteenth Indiana, on the Potomac.

At the Lewinsville skirmish, the colonel was at the head of his men, as they were formed in line of battle, under the fire of the enemy. As the shells exploded over them, his boys would involuntarily duck their heads. The colonel saw their motions, and in a pleasant way exhorted them, as

he rode along the line, to hold up their heads and act like men. He turned to speak to one of his officers, and at that moment an eighteen pounder shell burst within a few yards of him, scattering the fragments in all directions. Instinctively, he jerked his head almost to the saddle-bow, while his horse squatted with fear. "Boys," said he as he raised up and reined his steed, "you *may* dodge the large ones!" A laugh ran along the line at his expense, and after that no more was said about the impropriety of dodging shells.

BALLOONING IN THE ARMY.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND gives the following brilliant description of the balloon service as practiced in McClellan's campaign against Richmond:—

The aeronaut of the Army of the Potomac was Mr. S. T. C. Lowe; he had made seven thousand ascensions, and his army companion was invariably either an artist, a correspondent, or a telegrapher.

A minute insulated wire reached from the car to headquarters, and McClellan was thus informed of all that could be seen within the Confederate works. Sometimes they remained aloft for hours, making observations with powerful glasses, and once or twice the enemy tested their distance with shell.

On the 13th of April, the Confederates sent up a balloon, the first they had employed, at which Lowe was infinitely amused. He said it had neither shape nor buoyancy, and predicted that it would burst or fall apart after a week. It

certainly occurred that, after a few fitful appearances, the stranger was seen no more, till, on the 28th of June, it floated, like a thing of omen, over the spires of Richmond.

At that time the Federals were in full retreat, and all the acres were covered with their dead.

On the 11th of April, at five o'clock, an event at once amusing and thrilling occurred at our quarters. The commander-in-chief had appointed his personal and confidential friend, General Fitz John Porter, to conduct the siege of Yorktown. Porter was a polite, soldierly gentleman, and a native of New Hampshire, who had been in the regular army since early manhood. He fought gallantly in the Mexican war, being thrice promoted and once seriously wounded, and he was now forty years of age,—handsome, enthusiastic, ambitious, and popular. He made frequent ascensions with Lowe, and learned to go aloft alone. One day he ascended thrice, and finally seemed as cosily at home in the firmament as upon the solid earth. It is needless to say that he grew careless, and on this particular morning leaped into the car and demanded the cables to be let out with all speed. I saw with some surprise that the flurried assistants were sending up the great straining canvas with a single rope attached. The enormous bag was only partially inflated, and the loose folds opened and shut with a crack like that of a musket. Noisily, fitfully, the yellow mass rose into the sky, the basket rocking like a feather in the zephyr; and, just as I turned aside to speak to a comrade, a sound came from overhead, like the explosion of a shell, and something striking me across the face laid me flat upon the ground.

Half blind and stunned, I staggered to my feet, but the air seemed full of cries and curses. Opening my eyes ruefully,

I saw all faces turned upwards, and when I looked above,—the balloon was adrift.

The treacherous cable, rotted with vitrol, had snapped in twain; one fragment had been the cause of my downfall, and the other trailed, like a great entrail, from the receding car, where Fitz John Porter was bounding upward upon a Pegasus that he could neither check nor direct.

The whole army was agitated by the unwonted occurrence. From battery No. 1, on the brink of the York, to the mouth of Warwick river, every soldier and officer was absorbed. Far within the Confederate lines the confusion extended. We heard the enemy's alarm-guns, and directly the signal flags were waving up and down our front.

The general appeared directly over the edge of the car. He was tossing his hands frightenedly, and shouting something that we could not comprehend.

"O—pen—the—valve!" cried Lowe, in his shrill tones; "climb—to—the—netting—and—reach—the—valve—rope."

"The valve!—the valve!" repeated a multitude of tongues, and all gazed with thrilling interest at the retreating hulk that still kept straight upward, swerving neither to the east nor the west.

It was a weird spectacle,—that frail, fading oval, gliding against the sky, floating in the serene azure, the little vessel swinging silently beneath, and a hundred thousand martial men watching the loss of their brother in arms, but powerless to relieve or recover him. Had Fitz John Porter been drifting down the rapids of Niagara, he could not have been so far from human assistance. But we saw him directly, no bigger than a child's toy, clambering up the netting and reaching for the cord.

"He can't do it," muttered a man beside me; "the wind

blows the valve-rope to and fro, and only a spry, cool-headed fellow can catch it."

We saw the general descend, and appearing again over the edge of the basket, he seemed to be motioning, to the breathless hordes below, the story of his failure. Then he dropped out of sight, and when we next saw him, he was reconnoitering the Confederate works through a long black spyglass. A great laugh went up and down the lines as this cool procedure was observed, and then a cheer of applause ran from group to group. For a moment it was doubtful that the balloon would float in either direction; it seemed to falter, like an irresolute being, and moved reluctantly south-eastward, toward Fortress Monroe. A huzza, half uttered, quivered on every lip. All eyes glistened, and some were dim with tears of joy. But the wayward canvas now turned due westward, and was blown rapidly toward the Confederate works. Its course was fitfully direct, and the wind seemed to veer often, as if contrary currents, conscious of the opportunity, were struggling for the possession of the daring navigator. The south wind held mastery for awhile, and the balloon passed the Federal front amid a howl of despair from the soldiery. It kept right on, over sharpshooters, rifle-pits, and outworks, and finally passed, as if to deliver up its freight, directly over the heights of Yorktown. The cool courage, either of heroism or despair, had seized upon Fitz John Porter. He turned his black glass upon the ramparts and masked cannon below, upon the remote camps, upon the beleaguered town, upon the guns of Gloucester Point, and upon distant Norfolk. Had he been reconnoitring from a secure perch at the tip of the moon, he could not have been more vigilant, and the Confederates probably thought this some Yankee device to peer into their sanctuary in despite

of ball or shell. None of their great guns could be brought to bear upon the balloon; but there were some discharges of musketry that appeared to have no effect, and finally even these demonstrations ceased. Both armies, in solemn silence, were gazing aloft, while the imperturbable mariner continued to spy out the land.

The sun was now rising behind us, and roseate rays struggled up to the zenith, like the arcs made by showery bombs. They threw a hazy atmosphere upon the balloon, and the light shone through the network like the sun through the ribs of the skeleton ship in the *Ancient Mariner*. Then, as all looked agape, the air-craft "plunged, and tacked, and veered," and drifted rapidly toward the Federal lines again.

The allelujah that now went up shook the spheres, and when he had regained our camp limits, the general was seen clambering up again to clutch the valve-rope. This time he was successful, and the balloon fell like a stone, so that all hearts once more leaped up, and the cheers were hushed. Cavalry rode pell-mell from several directions, to reach the place of descent, and the general's personal staff galloped past me like the wind, to be the first at his debarkation. I followed the throng of soldiery with due haste, and came up to the horsemen in a few minutes. The balloon had struck a canvas tent with great violence, felling it as if by a bolt, and the general, unharmed, had disentangled himself from innumerable folds of oiled canvas, and was now the cynosure of an immense group of people. While the officers shook his hands, the rabble bawled their satisfaction in hurrahs, and a band of music marching up directly, the throng on foot and horse gave him a vociferous escort to his quarters.

Five miles east of Richmond, in the middle of May, we

found the balloon already partially inflated, resting behind a ploughed hill that formed one of a ridge or chain of hills, bordering the Chickahominy. The stream was only a half-mile distant, but the balloon was sheltered from observation by reason of its position in the hollow.

Heretofore the ascensions had been made from remote places, for there was good reason to believe that batteries lined the opposite hills; but now, for the first time, Lowe intended to make an ascent whereby he could look into Richmond, count the forts encircling it, and note the number and position of the camps that intervened. The balloon was named the "Constitution," and looked like a semi-distended boa-constrictor, as it flapped, with a jerking sound, and shook its oiled and painted folds. It was anchored to the ground by stout ropes affixed to stakes, and also by sand-bags which hooked to its netting. The basket lay alongside; the generators were contained in blue wooden wagons, marked "U. S.," and the gas was fed to the balloon through rubber and metallic pipes. A tent or two, a quantity of vitriol in green and wicker carboys, some horses and transportation teams, and several men that assisted the inflation, were the only objects to be remarked. As some time was to transpire before the arrangements were completed, I resorted to one of the tents and took a comfortable nap. The "Professor" aroused me at three o'clock, when I found the canvas straining its bonds, and emitting a hollow sound, as of escaping gas. The basket was made fast directly, the telescopes tossed into place; the Professor climbed to the side, holding by the network; and I coiled up in a rope at the bottom.

"Stand by your cables," he said, and the bags of ballast were at once cut away. Twelve men took each a rope in

hand, and played out slowly, letting us glide gently upward. The earth seemed to be falling away, and we poised motionless in the blue ether. The tree-tops sank downward, the hills dropped noiselessly through space, and directly the Chickahominy was visible beyond us, winding like a ribbon of silver through the ridgy landscape.

Far and wide stretched the Federal camps. We saw faces turned upward gazing at our ascent, and heard clearly, as in a vacuum, the voices of soldiers. At every second the prospect widened, the belt of horizon enlarged, remote farm-houses came in view; the earth was like a perfectly flat surface, painted with blue woods, and streaked with pictures of roads, fields, fences, and streams. As we climbed higher, the river seemed directly beneath us, the farms on the opposite bank were plainly discernible, and Richmond lay only a little way off, enthroned on its many hills, with the James stretching white and sinuous from its feet to the horizon. We could see the streets, the suburbs, the bridges, the outlying roads, nay, the moving masses of people. The Capitol sat, white and colossal, on Shockoe Hill, the dingy buildings of the Tredegar Works blackened the river-side above, the hovels of Rockets clustered at the hither limits, and one by one we made out our familiar hotels, public edifices, and vicinities. The fortifications were revealed in part only, for they took the hue of the soil, and blended with it; but many camps were plainly discernible, and by means of the glasses we separated tent from tent, and hut from hut. The Confederates were seen running to the cover of the woods, that we might not discover their numbers, but we knew the location of their camp-fires by the smoke that curled toward us.

A panorama so beautiful would have been rare at any time, but this was thrice interesting from its past and coming

associations. Across those plains the hordes at our feet were either to advance victoriously, or be driven eastward with dusty banners and dripping hands. Those white farm-houses were to be receptacles for the groaning and the mangled; thousands were to be received beneath the turf of those pasture fields; and no rod of ground on any side, that should not, sooner or later, smoke with the blood of the slain.

"Guess I've got 'em now, jest where I want 'em," said Lowe, with a gratified laugh; "jest keep still as you mind to, and squint your eye through my glass, while I make a sketch of the roads and the country. Hold hard there, and anchor fast!" he screamed to the people below. Then he fell imperturbably to work, sweeping the country with his hawk-eye, and escaping nothing that could contribute to the completeness of his jotting.

We had been but a few minutes thus poised, when close below, from the edge of a timber stretch, puffed a volume of white smoke. A second afterward, the air quivered with the peal of a cannon. A third, and we heard the splitting shriek of a shell, that passed a little to our left, but in exact range, and burst beyond us in the ploughed field, heaving up the clay as it exploded.

"Ha!" said Lowe, "they have got us foul! Haul in the cables—quick!" he shouted in a fierce tone.

At the same instant, the puff, the report, and the shriek was repeated; but this time the shell burst to our right in mid air, and scattered fragments around and below us.

"Another shot will do our business," said Lowe, between his teeth; "it isn't a mile, and they have got the range."

Again the puff and the whizzing shock. I closed my eyes, and held my breath hard. The explosion was so close, that the pieces of shell seemed driven across my face, and my ears quivered with the sound. I looked at Lowe, to see

if he was struck. He had sprung to his feet, and clutched the cordage frantically.

"Are you pulling in there, you men?" he bellowed, with a loud imprecation.

"Puff! bang! whiz-z-z-z! splutter!" broke a third shell, and my heart was wedged in my throat.

I saw at a glimpse the whole bright landscape again. I heard the voices of soldiers below, and saw them running across fields, fences, and ditches, to reach our anchorage. I saw some drummer-boys digging in the field beneath for one of the buried shells. I saw the waving of signal flags, the commotion through the camps,—officers galloping their horses, teamsters whipping their mules, regiments turning out, drums beaten, and batteries limbered up. I remarked, last of all, the site of the battery that alarmed us, and, by a strange sharpness of sight and sense, believed that I saw the gunners swabbing, ramming, and aiming the pieces.

"Puff! bang! whiz-z-z-z! splutter! crash!"

"Puff! bang! whiz-z-z-z! splutter! crash!"

"My God!" said Lowe, hissing the words slowly and terribly, "*they have opened upon us from another battery!*"

The scene seemed to dissolve. A cold dew broke from my forehead. I grew blind and deaf. I had fainted.

"Pitch some water in his face," said somebody. "He ain't used to it. Hallo! there he comes to."

I staggered to my feet. There must have been a thousand men about us. They were looking curiously at the aeronaut and me. The balloon lay fuming and struggling on the clods.

"Three cheers for the Union Bal-loon!" called a little fellow at my side.

"Hip, hip—hoorooar! hoorooar! hoorooar!"

"Tiger-r-r—yah! whoop!"

RATTLESNAKES vs. REBELS.

THE best piece of satire upon the leniency observed by the authorities, in the early part of the war, in reference to rebels found committing depredations, is contained in the following story:—Some of the soldiers belonging to General Cox's army, stationed at Kanawha, Virginia, caught a large rattlesnake, which manifested a most mischievous disposition, snapping and thrusting out its forked tongue at all who came near it. The boys at last got tired of the reptile, and, as nobody wanted such a dangerous companion, the question arose, "What shall we do with him?" This question was propounded several times without an answer, when a half drunken soldier, who was lying near, upon his back, rolled upon his side, and relieved his companions by quietly remarking: "D—n it! swear him, and let him go!"



LIEUTENANT ——'S PERFUMED BREATH.

LITTLE Freddy H., a four-year-old, son of Chaplain H., of a New York regiment of volunteers, perpetrated a good thing while said regiment was at camp at Suffolk. A smart looking lieutenant, with dashing air and *perfumed breath*, came into a tent where Freddy was. The little soldier scanned him very closely, and when a convenient opportunity offered itself, he said to the lieutenant: "You are a *doctor*; I *know* you are a doctor." "No, my little man," replied the officer, "you are mistaken *this* time; I am not a doctor." "Yes, you are a *doctor*, too," replied Freddy; "I know you are a

doctor ; *for I can smell the medicine !*" This was too good a thing to be kept, and half an hour did not elapse before it had spread throughout the regiment.



A DARING SCOUT AND SPY.

AMONG the Union men and officers in our armies, none have been more earnest in their patriotism, or more ready to do and dare every thing for the Union cause, than some of the citizens and natives of Southern States. To be a Union man in the Southern Atlantic or Gulf States, meant, unless the man's social position was of the very highest, to be a martyr ; to be robbed, persecuted, stripped of all the comforts of life, deprived of a home, and often to be conscripted, imprisoned, shot, hung, or to suffer a thousand deaths in the tortures and indignities inflicted on his helpless family. Yet, with all this before them, many southern men dared to be true to their allegiance to the National Government, and to enter its service. As was to be expected, these men proved the most serviceable and fearless of the Union scouts and spies. Their familiarity with the country was of great service to them, and the remembrance of the wrongs they had endured fired them with an energy and zeal, and a desire to punish the foe, which rendered them invaluable. Among the men of this class, who have rendered the most efficient service to the national cause, was a young Georgian, born of Scotch parents, near Augusta, Georgia, in the year 1832. His real name was concealed, in consequence of the peril which would have accrued to his relatives, had it been known ; but he was known to some

extent in the Union army as John Morford. A blacksmith by trade, he early engaged in railroad work, and at the opening of the war was master mechanic upon one of the southern railroads. He was a decided Union man, and made no secret of his opinions, and was in consequence discharged from his situation, and not allowed employment upon any other railroad. Morgan's cavalry was also sent to his farm, and stripped it; and when he applied to the guerrilla leader for pay, for the property thus taken, he was told he should have it if he would only prove his loyalty to the south. As he would not do this, Morgan cursed and abused him, threatened to have him shot, and finally sent him under arrest to one Major Peyton. The major endeavored, but without any success, to convince him that the cause of the south was right; but Morford proving firm to his Union sentiments, he began to threaten him, declaring that he should be hung within two weeks. Morford coolly replied that he was sorry for that, as he should have preferred to live a little longer, but, if it must be so, he couldn't help it. Finding him unterrified, Peyton cooled down, and finally told him that if he would give a bond of one thousand dollars, as security for his good behavior, and take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, he would release him and protect his property. After some hesitation—no other plan of escape occurring to him—Morford assented, and took the required oath; upon the back of which Peyton wrote, "If you violate this, I will hang you."

With this safeguard, Morford returned to his farm and lived a quiet life. Buying a span of horses, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his land, seeing as few persons as he could, and talking with none. His house had previously been the headquarters of the Union men, but was now

deserted by them; and its owner endeavored to live up to the letter of the obligation he had taken. For a short time all went well enough; but one day a squad of cavalry came, with a special written order from Major Peyton, to take his two horses, which they did. This was too much for human nature; and Morford, perceiving that no faith could be placed in the assurances of those in command, determined to be revenged upon them and their cause. His house again became a secret rendezvous for Unionists; and by trusty agents he managed to send regular and valuable information to General Buell—then in command in Tennessee. At length, however, in May, 1862, he was betrayed by one in whom he had placed confidence, and arrested upon the charge of sending information to General Crittenden, at Battle creek. He indignantly denied the charge, and declared that he could easily prove himself innocent if released for that purpose. After three days' confinement, this was assented to; and Morford, knowing full well that he could not do what he had promised, made a hasty retreat, and fled to the mountains, whence, some days afterward, he emerged, and went to McMinnville, at which place General Nelson was then in command.

Here he remained until the rebel force left that vicinity, when he again went home, and lived undisturbed upon his farm, until Bragg returned with his army. The presence in the neighborhood of so many officers cognizant of his former arrest and escape rendered flight a second time necessary. He now went to the camp of General Donelson, with whom he had some acquaintance, and soon became very friendly there—acting the while in the double capacity of beef contractor for the rebel army, and spy for General Crittenden. Leaving General Donelson after some months' stay, although

earnestly requested to remain longer, Morford next found his way to Nashville, where he made numerous expeditions as a spy for General Negley. Buell was at Louisville, and Nashville was then the Federal outpost. Morford travelled about very readily upon passes given him by General Donelson, making several trips to Murfreesboro', and one to Cumberland Gap.

Upon his return from the latter, he was arrested near Lebanon, Tennessee, about one o'clock at night, by a party of four soldiers upon picket duty at that point. Halting him, the following conversation occurred :

"Where do you live?"

"Near Stewart's Ferry, between here and Nashville."

"Where have you been, and what for?"

"Up to see my brother, to get from him some jeans cloth and socks for another brother in the Confederate army."

"How does it happen you are not in the army yourself? That looks rather suspicious."

"Oh, I live too near the Federal lines to be conscripted,"

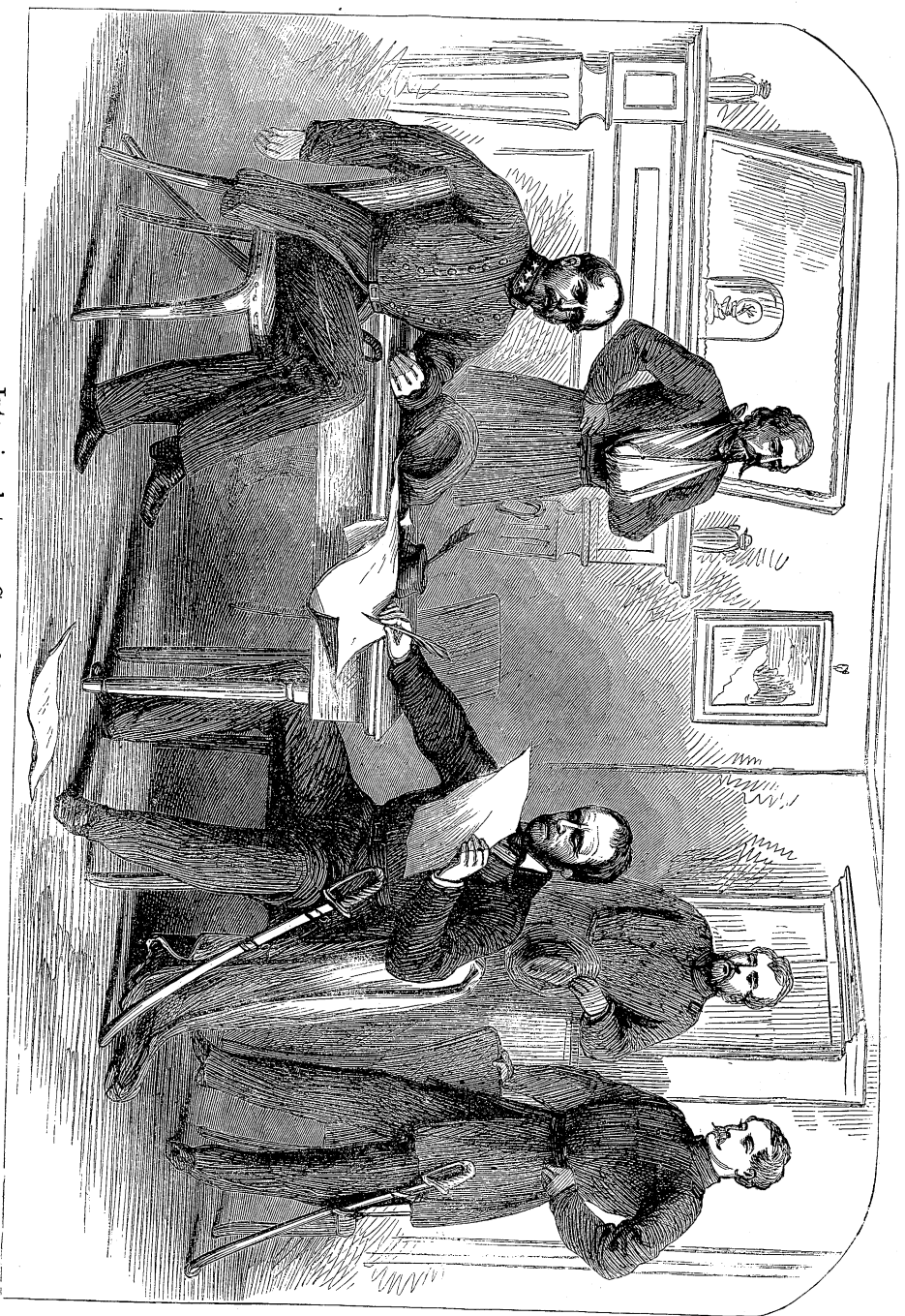
"Well, we'll have to send you to Murfreesboro. I reckon you're all right; but those are our orders, and we can't go behind them."

To this Morford readily consented, saying he had no objection; and the party sat down by the fire and talked in a friendly manner for some time. Morford soon remembered that he had a bottle of brandy with him, and generously treated the crowd. Further conversation was followed by a second drink, and soon by a third. One of the party now proposed to exchange his Rosinantish mare for a fine horse which Morford rode. The latter was not inclined to trade; but objection was useless, and he finally yielded, receiving seventy-five dollars in Confederate money and the mare.

The trade pleased the soldier, and a present of a pair of socks still further enhanced his pleasure. His companions were also similarly favored, and testified their appreciation of the gift by endeavoring to purchase the balance of Morford's stock. He would not sell, however, as he wished to send them to his brother at Richmond, by a person who had given public notice that he was soon going there. A fourth drink made all supremely happy; at which juncture their prisoner asked permission to go to a friend's house, only a quarter of a mile off, and stay until morning, when he would go with them to Murfreesboro. His friend of the horse-trade, now very mellow, thought he need not go to Murfreesboro at all, and said he would see what the others said about it. Finally it was concluded that he was "right," and might; whereupon he mounted the skeleton mare and rode rejoicingly into Nashville.

On his next trip southward he was arrested by Colonel John T. Morgan, just as he came out of the Federal lines, and, as his only resort, joined Forrest's command, and was furnished with a horse and gun. The next day Forrest made a speech to his men, and told them that they were now going to capture Nashville. The column immediately began its march, and Morford, by some means, managed to have himself placed in the advance. Two miles below Lavergne a halt for the night was made; but Morford's horse was unruly, and could not be stopped, carrying its rider ahead and out of sight. It is needless to say that this obstinacy was not overcome until Nashville was reached, nor that, when Forrest came the next day, General Negley was amply prepared for him.

At this time Nashville was invested. Buell was known to be advancing toward the city, but no scouts had been able



Interview between Generals Sherman and Johnston.

to go or come from him. A handsome reward was offered to any one who would carry a dispatch safely through to Bowling Green, and Morford undertook to do it. Putting the document under the lining of his boot, he started for Gallatin, where he arrived safely.

For some hours he sauntered around the place, lounged in and out of bar rooms, made friends with the rebel soldiers, and toward evening purchased a small bag of corn meal, a bottle of whiskey, a pound or two of salt, and some smaller articles, which he threw across his shoulder and started up the Louisville road, with hat on one side, hair in admirable disorder, and, apparently, gloriously drunk. The pickets jested at and made sport of him, but permitted him to pass. The meal, etc., was carried six miles, when he suddenly became sober, dropped it, and hastened on to Bowling Green, and there met General Rosecrans, who had just arrived. His information was very valuable. Here he remained until the army came up and passed on, and then set out on his return on foot, as he had come. He supposed that our forces had gone by way of Gallatin, but when near that place learned that it was still in possession of the rebels, and so stopped for the night in a shanty between Morgan's pickets, on the north side, and Woolford's (Union), on the south side. During the night the two had a fight, which finally centered around the shanty, and resulted in driving Morford to the woods. In two or three hours he came back for his clothes, and found that the contending parties had disappeared, and that the railroad tunnels had been filled with wood and fired. Hastily gathering his effects together, he made his way to Tyree Springs, and thence to Nashville.

For a short time he acted as a detective of the army police

at Nashville, assuming the character of a rebel soldier, and living in the families of prominent secessionists. In this work he was very successful; but it had too little of danger and adventure, and he returned again to scouting, making several trips southward, sometimes without trouble, but once or twice being arrested and escaping as best he could. In these expeditions he visited McMinnville, Murfreesboro, Altamont, on the Cumberland mountains, Bridgeport, Chattanooga, and other places of smaller note. He travelled usually in the guise of a smuggler, actually obtaining orders for goods from prominent rebels, and sometimes the money in advance, filling them in Nashville, and delivering the articles upon his next trip. Just before the battle of Stone river, he received a large order to be filled for the rebel hospitals; went to Nashville, procured the medicine, and returned to McMinnville, where he delivered some of it. Thence he travelled to Bradyville, and thence to Murfreesboro, arriving there just as the battle began. Presenting some of the surgeons with a supply of morphine, he assisted them in attending the wounded for a day or two, and then went to a hospital tent in the woods near the railroad, where he also remained one day and part of another. The fight was now getting hot, and, fearful that somebody would recognize him, he left Murfreesboro on Friday, and went to McMinnville. He had been there but little more than an hour, having barely time to put up his horse and step into a house near by to see some wounded men, when two soldiers arrived in search of him. Their description of him was perfect; but he escaped by being out of sight—the friend with whom he was supposed to be, declaring, though closely questioned, that he had not seen and knew nothing of him. In a few minutes pickets were thrown out around the town, and it was two days before he could get

away Obtaining a pass to Chattanooga at last, only through the influence of a lady acquaintance, with it he passed the guards; but when once out of sight, turned off from the Chattanooga road and made his way safely to Nashville.

General Rosecrans was now in possession of Murfreesboro, and thither Morford proceeded with some smuggler's goods, with a view to another trip. The necessary permission was readily obtained, and he set out for Woodbury. Leaving his wagon outside the rebel lines, he proceeded on foot to McMinnville, arriving there on the 19th of January, 1863, and finding General John H. Morgan, to whom he represented himself as a former resident in the vicinity of Woodbury; his family, however, had moved away, and he would like permission to take his wagon and bring away the household goods. This was granted, and the wagon brought to McMinnville, whence Morford went to Chattanooga, representing himself along the road as a fugitive from the Yankees. Near Chattanooga he began selling his goods to Unionists and rebels alike, at enormous prices, and soon closed them out at a profit of from four hundred to five hundred dollars. At Chattanooga he remained a few days, obtained all the information he could, and returned to Murfreesboro without trouble.

His next and last trip is the most interesting and daring of all his adventures. Making a few days' stay in Murfreesboro, he went to McMinnville, and remained there several days, during which time he burned Hickory Creek bridge, and sent a report of it to General Rosecrans. This he managed with so much secrecy and skill as to escape all suspicion of complicity in the work, mingling freely with the citizens and talking the matter over in all its phases. From McMinnville Morford proceeded to Chattanooga, and remained there

nearly a week, when he learned that three of our scouts were imprisoned in the Hamilton county jail, at Harrison, Tennessee, and were to be shot on the first Friday in May. Determined to attempt their rescue, he sent a Union man to the town to ascertain who was jailer, what the number of the guards, how they were placed, and inquire into the condition of things in general about the jail. Upon receipt of his report, Morford gathered about him nine Union men, on the night of Tuesday, April 21, 1863, and started for Harrison. Before reaching the place, however, they heard rumors that the guard had been greatly strengthened; and, fearful that it would prove too powerful for them, the party retreated to the mountains on the north side of the Tennessee river, where they remained concealed until Thursday night. On Wednesday night the same man who had previously gone to the town was again sent to reconnoitre the position. Thursday morning he returned and said that the story of a strong guard was all false: there were but two in addition to the jailer.

Morford's party was now reduced to six, including himself; but he resolved to make the attempt that night. Late in the afternoon all went down to the river and loitered around until dark, when they procured boats and crossed to the opposite bank. Taking the Chattanooga and Harrison road, they entered the town, looked around at leisure, saw no soldiers nor any thing unusual, and proceeded toward the jail. Approaching quite near, they threw themselves upon the ground and surveyed the premises carefully. The jail was surrounded by a high board fence, in which were two gates. Morford's plan of operations was quickly arranged. Making a prisoner of one of his own men, he entered the enclosure, posting a sentinel at each gate. Once inside, a light was

visible in the jail, and Morford marched confidently up to the door and rapped. The jailer thrust his head out of a window and asked what was wanted. He was told, "Here is a prisoner to put in the jail." Apparently satisfied, the jailer soon opened the door and admitted the twain into the entry. In a moment, however, he became alarmed, and hastily exclaiming, "Hold on!" stepped out.

For ten minutes Morford waited patiently for his return, supposing, of course, that he could not escape from the yard, both gates being guarded. Not making his appearance, it was found that the pickets had allowed him to pass them. This rather alarming fact made haste necessary, and Morford, returning to the jail, said he must put his prisoner in immediately, and demanded the keys forthwith. The women declared in positive terms that they hadn't them, and did not know where they were. One of the guards was discovered in bed and told to get the keys. Proving rather noisy and saucy, he was reminded that he might get his head taken off if he were not quiet—which intimation effectually silenced him. Morford again demanded the keys, and the women, somewhat frightened, gave him the key to the outside door. Unlocking it, and lighting up the place with candles, he found himself in a room around the sides of which was ranged a line of wrought-iron cages. In one of these were five persons, four white and one negro. Carrying out the character he had assumed of a rebel soldier in charge of a prisoner, Morford talked harshly enough to the caged men, and threatening to hang them at once, at which they were very naturally alarmed, and began to beg for mercy. For a third time the keys to the inner room, in which the scouts were, were demanded, and a third time the women denied having them. An axe was then ordered to be brought, but

there was none about the place: so said they. Morford saw that they were trifling with him, and determined to stop it. Snatching one of the jailer's boys, standing near, by the collar, and drawing his sabre, he told him he would cut his head off if he did not bring him an axe in two minutes. This had the desired effect, and the axe was forthcoming.

Morford now began cutting away at the lock, when he was startled by hearing the word "halt!" at the gate. Of his five men two were at the gates, two were inside as a guard, and one was holding the light. Ready for a fight he went out to see what was the matter. The sentinel reporting that he had halted an armed man outside, Morford walked out to him and demanded:

"What are you doing here with that gun?"

"Miss Laura said you were breaking down the jail, and I want to see McAllister, the jailer. Where is he?" was the reply.

"Well, suppose I am breaking down the jail: what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to stop it if I can."

"What's your name?"

"Lowry Johnson."

By this time Morford had grasped the muzzle of the gun, and told him to let go. Instead of complying, Johnson tried to pull it away; but a blow upon the neck from Morford's sabre soon made him drop it. Morford now began to search him for other weapons, but before he had concluded the operation Johnson broke away, leaving a part of his clothing in Morford's hands. The latter drew his revolver and pursued, firing five shots at him, sometimes at a distance of only six or eight paces. A cry, as of pain, showed that he was struck, but he managed to reach the hotel (kept by his

brother), and, bursting in the door, which was fastened, escaped into the house. Morford followed, but too late. Johnson's brother now came out and rang the bell in front, which gathered a crowd about the door; but Morford, not at all daunted, told them that if they wanted to guard the jail they had better be about it quick, as he was going to burn it and the town in the bargain. This so frightened them that no further demonstration was made, and Morford returned to the jail unmolested. There he and his men made so much shouting and hurraing as to frighten the people of the town beyond measure; and many lights from upper story windows were extinguished, and the streets were deserted.

A half hour's work was necessary to break off the outside lock—a splendid burglar-proof one. Morford now discovered that the door was double, and that the inner one was made still more secure by being barred with three heavy log chains. These were cut in two with the axe; but the strong lock of the door still remained. He again demanded the key, and told the women if it was not produced he would murder the whole of them. The rebel guard, Lew. Luttrell by name, was still in bed. Rising up, he said that the key was not there. Morford now ordered Luttrell to get out of bed, in a tone so authoritative that that individual deemed it advisable to comply. Scarcely was he out, however, before Morford struck at him with his sabre; but he was too far off, and the blow fell upon one of the children, drawing some blood. This frightened the women, and, concluding that he was about to put his threat in execution, and would murder them surely enough, they produced the key without further words. No time was lost in unlocking the door and releasing the inmates of the room. Procuring their clothes for them, and arming one with Johnson's gun, the whole party left the jail and hurried toward the river. Among the released prisoners

was a rebel with a wooden leg, the original having been shot off at Manassas. He persisted in accompanying the others, and was only induced to go back by the intimation that "dead men tell no tales."

Crossing the river in the boats, they were moved to another place at some distance, to preclude the possibility of being tracked and followed. All now hid themselves among the mountains, and the same Union man was again sent to Harrison, this time to see how severely Johnson was wounded. He returned in a day or two, and reported that he had a severe sabre cut on the shoulder, a bullet through the muscle of his right arm, and two slight wounds in one of his hands. Morford and his men remained in the mountains until all search for the prisoners was over, then went to the Cumberland mountains, where they remained one day and a portion of another, and then proceeded in the direction of McMinnville. Hiding themselves in the woods near this place during the day, seeing but not seen, they travelled that night to within eleven miles of Woodbury, when they struck across the road from McMinnville to Woodbury. Near Logan's Plains they were fired on by a body of rebel cavalry, but, though some forty shots were fired, no one of the ten was harmed, Morford having one bullet hole in his coat. The cavalry, however, pursued them across the barrens, surrounded them, and supposed themselves sure of their game: but Morford and his companions scattered and hid away, not one being captured or found. Night coming on, the cavalry gave up the chase, and went on to Woodbury, where they threw out pickets, not doubting that they would pick up the objects of their search during the night. Morford, however, was informed of this fact by a citizen, and, in consequence, lay concealed all the next day, making his way safely to Murfreesboro, with all of his company, the day after.

SCOUTING IN EAST TENNESSEE.

EDMUND KIRKE (Mr. J. R. Gilmore), who has explored extensively the regions desolated by the war, thus narrates one of the adventures of a Union East Tennessean, who had been acting as a scout for General Rosecrans, in his little volume "Down in Tennessee:"—

I was dreaming of home, and of certain-flaxen-haired juveniles who are accustomed to call me "Mister Papa," when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and a gruff voice said:

"Doan't want ter 'sturb yer, stranger, but thar haint nary nother sittin'-place in the whole kear."

I drew in my extremities, and he seated himself before me. He was a spare, muscular man of about forty, a little above the medium height, with thick, sandy hair and beard, and a full, clear, gray eye. There was nothing about him to attract particular attention except his clothing, but that was so out of all keeping with the place and the occasion, that I opened my eyes to their fullest extent, and scanned him from head to foot. He wore the gray uniform of a secession officer, and in the breast of his coat, right over his heart, was a round hole, scorched at the edges, and darkly stained with blood! Over his shoulder was slung a large army revolver, and at his side, in a leathern sheath, hung a weapon that seemed a sort of cross between a bowie-knife and a butcher's cleaver. On his head, surmounted by a black plume, was a moose-colored slouched hat, and falling from beneath it, and tied under his chin, was a white cotton handkerchief stiffly saturated with blood! Nine motley-clad natives, all heavily armed, had entered with him and taken the vacant seats around me, and at first view I was inclined to believe that in my sleep the train had gone over to the enemy and left me in the hands

of the Philistines. I was, however, quickly reassured, for, looking about, I discovered the Union guard and my fellow-travellers all in their previous places, and as unconcerned as if no unusual thing had happened. Still, it seemed singular that no officer had the new-comer in charge; and more singular that any one in the uniform he wore should be allowed to carry arms so freely about him. After awhile, having gleaned all the knowledge of him that my eyes could obtain, I said, in a pleasant tone:

"Well, my friend, you appear to take things rather coolly."

"Oh, yes, sir! I orter. I've been mighty hard put, but I reckon I'm good fur a nother pull now."

"Where are you from?"

"Fentress county, nigh onter to Jintown (Jamestown). I'm scoutin' it for Burnside—runnin' boys inter camp; but these fellers wanted ter jine Cunnel Brownlow—the old parson's son—down ter Triune. We put plumb fur Nashville, but hed ter turn norard, case the brush down thar ar thick with rebs. They'd like ter a hed us."

"Oh, then you wear that uniform as a disguise on scouting expeditions?"

"No, sir; I never hed sech a rig on afore. I allers shows the true flag, an' thar haint no risk, 'case, ye see, the whole deestrect down thar ar Union folks, an' ary one on 'em would house'n *me* ef all Buckner's army wus at my heels. But this time they run me powerful close, an' I hed to show the secesh rags."

As he said this, he looked down on his clean, unworn suit of coarse gray with ineffable contempt.

"And how could you manage to live with such a hole there?" I asked, pointing to the bullet rent in his coat.

"Oh! I warn't inside of 'em just then, though I warrant

me he war a likely feller thet war. I ortent ter a done hit—but I hed ter. This war he;" and taking from his side pocket a small miniature, he handed it to me.

It was a plain circlet of gold, attached to a piece of blue ribbon. One side of the rim was slightly clipped, as if it had been grazed by the passing ball, and the upper portion of the ivory was darkly stained with blood; but enough of it was unobscured to show me the features of a young man, with dark, flowing hair, and a full, frank, manly face. With a feeling akin to horror I was handing the picture back to the scout, when, in low, stammering tones, he said to me:

"'Tother side, sir! Luk at 'tother side."

I turned it over, and saw the portrait of a young woman, scarcely more than seventeen. She had a clear, transparent skin, regular, oval features, full, swimming, black eyes, and what must have been dark, wavy, brown hair, but changed then to a deep auburn by the red stains that tinged the upper part of the picture. With intense loathing, I turned almost fiercely on the scout, and exclaimed: "And you killed that man?"

"Yes, sir, God forgive me—I done hit. But I couldn't holp hit. He hed me down—he'd cut me thar," turning up his sleeve, and displaying a deep wound on his arm; "an' thar!" removing the bandage, and showing a long gash back of his ear. "His arm wus riz ter strike agin—in another minhit he'd hev cluv my brain. I seed hit, sir, an' I fired! God forgiv me, I fired! I wouldn't a done hit ef I'd a knowed thet," and he looked down on the face of the sweet young girl, and the moisture came into his eyes: "I'd hev shot 'im somewhar but yere—somewhar but *yere!*" and laying his hand over the rent in his coat, he groaned as if he felt the wound. With that blood-stained miniature in my

hand, and listening to the broken words of that ignorant scout, I realized the horrible barbarity of war.

After a pause of some minutes, he resumed the conversation.

"They killed one on our boys, sir."

"Did they? How was it?"

"Wal, sir, ye see they b'long round the Big Fork, in Scott county; and bein's I war down thar, an' they know'd I war a runnin' recruits over the mountins ter Burnside, they telled me they wanted me ter help 'em git 'long with the young cunnel. They'd ruthar a notion ter him—an' he *ar* a feller thet haint gro'd everywhar—'sides all the folks down thar swar by the old parson."

"Well, they ought to, for he's a trump," I remarked, good-humoredly, to set the native more at his ease.

"Ye kin bet high on thet; he haint nothin' else," he replied, leaning forward and regarding me with a pleased, kindly expression. "Every un down my way used ter take his paper; thet an' the Bible war all they ever seed, an' they reckoned one war 'bout so good as 'tother. Wall, the boys thort I could git 'em through—an' bein's it made no odds to me *whar* they jined, so long as they *did* jine, I 'greed ter du hit. We put out ten days, yisterday—twelve on 'em, an' me—an' struck plumb for Nashville. We lay close daytimes, 'case, though every hous'n ar Union, the kentry is swarmin' with Buckner's men, an' we know'd they'd let slide on us jest so soon as they could draw a bead. We got 'long right smart till we fotched the Roaring river, nigh onter Livingston. We'd 'quired, and hedn't heerd uv ary rebs bein' round; so, foolhardy like, thet evenin' we tuk ter the road 'fore hit war clar dark. We hedn't gone more'n a mile till we come slap onter 'bout eighty secesh calvary. We ske-

claddled fur the timber, powerful sudden; but they war over the fence an' on us 'fore we got well under cover. 'Bout thirty on 'em slid their nags, an' come at us in the brush. I seed twarn't no use runnin'; so I yelled out: 'Stand yer ground, boys, an' sell yer lives jest so high as ye kin!' Wall, we went at hit ter close quarters—hand ter hand, an' fut ter fut—an ye'd better b'lieve thar war some tall fightin' thar fur 'bout ten minhits. Our boys fit like fien's—that little chunk uv a feller thar," pointing to a slim, pale-faced youth, not more than seventeen, "laid out three on 'em. I'd done up two myself, when the cap'n come onter me—but, I've telled ye 'bout him;" and drawing a long breath, he put the miniature back in his pocket. After a short pause, he continued:

"When they seed the cap'n war done fur, they fell back a piece—them as war left on 'em—ter the edge uv the timber, an' hollered fur tuthers ter come on. That guv us time ter load up—we'd fit arter the fust fire wuth knives—an' we blazed inter 'em. Jest as we done hit, I heerd some more calvary comin' up the road, an' I war jest tellin' the boys we'd hev ter make tracks, when the new fellers sprung the fence, an' come plumb at the secesh on a dead run. Thar warn't only thirty on 'em, yit the rebs didn't so much as make a stand, but skedaddled as ef old Rosey himself hed been arter 'em."

"And who were the new comers?"

"Some on Tinker Beaty's men. They'd heerd the firin' nigh two mile off, an' come up, suspicionin' how things wus."

"But, are there Union bands there? I thought East Tennessee was overrun with rebel troops."

"Wall, hit ar; but thar's a small chance uv Union goorillas in Fentress an' Overton county. They hide in the mountains, an' light down on the rebs, now an' then, like death on a

sick parson. Thar is places in them deestriacts thet a hundred men kin hold agin ten thousand. They know 'em all, 'case they wus raised thar, an' they know every bridle path through the woods, so it's well nigh unpossible ter kotch 'em. I reckon thar's a hundred on 'em, all mounted, an' bein' as they haint no tents, nor wagins, nor camp fixin's, they git round mighty spry. Thar scouts is allers on the move, an' whar-ever thar's a showin', they pounce down on the rebs, cuttin' 'em ter pieces. Thet's the how they git powder an' provisions. They never trouble peaceable folk, an' haint no sort o' 'spense ter guvurnment; but they does a heap uv damage ter the secesh."

"Well, they did you a 'powerful' good turn."

"They did thet; but we lost one on our boys. He war only sixteen—brother ter thet feller thar," pointing to a young man sitting opposite. "They hung his father, an' now—they's killed him," and he drew a deep sigh.

"Why did they hang his father?"

"Wall, ye see, they kunscribed him—he war over age, but they don't mind thet—an' he deserted, meanin' ter git ter the Union lines. They kotched him in the woods, an' hung him right up ter a tree."

"Was only one of your men hurt?"

"Yes, two on 'em wus wounded too bad ter come wuth us. The calvary toted 'em off ter the mountins, an' I reckon they'll jine 'em when they gits round. But we left elevin uv the rebs dead on the ground."

"Did your men kill so many? The cavalry had a hand in that, I suppose?"

"Yes, they killed two—thet's all. They couldn't git at 'em, they run so. We done the rest."

"You must have fought like tigers. How many were wounded?"

"Nary one; what wan't dead the boys finished."

"You don't mean to say that your men killed the wounded *after the fight*?"

"I reckon they did—some four on 'em."

"My friend, that's nothing but murder. I had hoped the rebels did all of that work."

"Wall, they does—anuff on hit; an' I never could bring my mind ter think it war right or human: but I s'pose thet's case I never had a father hung, or a sister ravig'd, or a old mother shot down in har bed. Them things, you knows, makes a difference."

"And have any of your men suffered in such ways?"

"In sech ways? Thar haint one on 'em but kin tell you things 'ud turn yer blood ter ice. D'ye see thet feller thar?" pointing to a thin, sallow faced man, two seats in our rear. "Not two months gone, some twenty rebs come ter his house while he war layin out in the woods, an' toted his wife—as young an' purty a 'oman as yer own sister—off 'bout a mile, an' thar tuk thar will uv her—all on 'em! She made out ter crawl home, but it killed har. He warn't wuth har when she died, an' hit wus well he warn't, fur he'd hev gone clean crazy ef he hed been. He's mor'n half thet now—crazy fur blood! An' kin ye blame him? Kin ye 'spect a man thet's hed sech things done ter him ter show quarter? 'Taint in natur' ter do hit. All these boys hes hed jest sich, an' things like hit; an' they go in ter kill or be kilt. They doan't ax no marcy, an' they doan't show none. Nigh twenty thousand on 'em is in Burnside's an' old Rosey's army, an' ye kin ax *them* if they doan't fight like devils. The iron has entered thar souls, sir. They feel they's doin' God sarvice—an' they is—when they does fur a secesh. An' when this war ar over—ef it ever ar over—thar'll be sech a

reckonin' wuth the rebs uv East Tennessee as creation never know'd on afore. Thar wont be one on 'em left this side uv hell!" This was said with a vehemence that startled me. His eyes actually blazed, and every line on his seamed face quivered with passion. To change the subject, I asked:

"And what did you do after the fight?"

"Not knowin' what moight happen, we swapp'd cloes with sech uv the rebs as hed gray 'uns, an' put north—plumb for the mountins. Nigh onter Meigsville we come onter a Union man, who holped us ter cut some timber an' make a raft—fur we 'lowed the secesh would track us wuth houns, an' ter throw 'em off the scent we hed ter take ter the water. We got inter Obey's Fork, an' floated down ter the Cumberland; hidin' in the bushes in the daytime, an' floatin' at night. We got nigh onter Carthage, an' knowin' the river wan't safe no longer, we left hit an' struck 'cross fur the railroad. Thet kentry ar full uv rebs, but hevin' the secesh cloes on, we made out ter git 'nuff ter eat till we got yere."



THE PICKET GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon.
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack,—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips,—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! MARY, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,—
No sound save the rush of the river ;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket's off duty forever.

HOW THE PRISONERS ESCAPED

FROM THE RICHMOND JAIL—INCREDIBLE UNDERGROUND
WORK—FRIENDSHIP OF VIRGINIA NEGROES.

ABOUT the beginning of the year 1864 the officers confined in Libby prison conceived the idea of effecting their own exchange, and after the matter had been seriously discussed by some seven or eight of them, they undertook to dig for a distance toward a sewer running into a basin. This they proposed doing by commencing at a point in the cellar near to the chimney. This cellar was immediately under the hospital, and was the receptacle for refuse straw, thrown from the beds when they were changed, and for other refuse matter. Above the hospital was a room for officers, and above that yet another room. The chimney ran through all these rooms, and prisoners who were in the secret improvised a rope, and night after night let working parties down, who successfully prosecuted their excavating operations.

The dirt was hid under the straw and other refuse matter in the cellar, and it was trampled down to prevent too great a bulk. When the working party had got to a considerable distance underground, it was found difficult to haul the dirt back by hand, and a spittoon, which had been furnished the officers in one of the rooms, was made to serve the purpose of a cart. A string was attached to it, and it was run in the

tunnel, and as soon as filled was drawn out and deposited under the straw. But after hard work, and digging with finger nails, knives, and chisels, a number of feet, the working party found themselves stopped by piles driven in the ground. These were at least a foot in diameter. But they were not discouraged. Penknives, or any other articles that would cut, were called for, and after chipping, chipping, chipping, for a long time, the piles were severed, and the tunnelers commenced again, after a time reaching the sewer.

But here an unexpected obstacle met their further progress. The stench from the sewer and the flow of filthy water was so great that one of the party fainted, and was dragged out more dead than alive, and the project in that direction had to be abandoned. The failure was communicated to a few others beside those who had first thought of escape, and then a party of seventeen, after viewing the premises and surroundings, concluded to tunnel under Carey street. On the opposite side of this street from the prison was a sort of carriage house or outhouse, and the project was to dig under the street, and emerge from under or near the house. There was a high fence around it, and the guard was outside of this fence. The prisoners then commenced to dig at the other side of the chimney, and after a few handfuls of dirt had been removed they found themselves stopped by a stone wall, which proved afterward to be three feet thick. The party were by no means daunted, and with pocket-knives and penknives they commenced operations upon the stone and mortar.

After nineteen days and nights at hard work they again struck the earth beyond the wall, and pushed their work forward. Here, too (after they got some distance under ground), the friendly spittoon was brought into requisition, and the

dirt was hauled out in small quantities. After digging for some days the question arose whether they had not reached the point aimed at; and in order, if possible, to test the matter, Captain Gallagher, of the second Ohio regiment, pretended that he had a box in the carriage house over the way, and desired to search it out. This carriage-house, it is proper to state, was used as a receptacle for boxes and goods sent to the prisoners from the north, and the recipients were often allowed to go, under guard, across the street to secure their property. Captain Gallagher was allowed permission to go there, and, as he walked across, under guard, he, as well as he could, paced off the distance, and concluded that the street was about fifty feet wide.

On the 6th or 7th of February, the working party supposed they had gone a sufficient distance, and commenced to dig upward. When near the surface, they heard the rebel guards talking above them, and discovered they were two or three feet yet outside the fence.

The displacing of a stone made considerable noise, and one of the sentinels called to his comrade and asked him what the noise meant. The guards, after listening a few minutes, concluded that nothing was wrong, and returned to their beats. The hole was stopped up by inserting into the crevice a pair of old pantaloons, filled with straw, and bolstering the whole up with boards, which they secured from the floors, etc., of the prison. The tunnel was then continued some six or seven feet more, and when the working party supposed they were about ready to emerge to daylight, others in the prison were informed that there was a way now open for escape. One hundred and nine of the prisoners decided to make the attempt to get away. Others refused, fearing the consequences if they were recaptured.

At half-past eight o'clock, on the evening of the 9th, the prisoners started out, Colonel Rose, of New York, leading the van. Before starting, the prisoners had divided themselves into squads of two, three, and four, and each squad was to take a different route, and after they were out were to push for the Union lines as fast as possible. It was the understanding that the working party were to have an hour's start of the other prisoners, and, consequently, the rope-ladder in the cellar was drawn out. Before the expiration of the hour, however, the other prisoners became impatient, and were let down through the chimney successfully into the cellar.

The aperture was so narrow that but one man could get through at a time, and each squad carried with them provisions in a haversack. At midnight a false alarm was created, and the prisoners made considerable noise in their quarters. Providentially, however, the guard suspected nothing wrong, and in a few moments the exodus was again commenced. Colonel Kendrick and his companions looked with some trepidation upon the movements of the fugitives, as some of them, exercising but little discretion, moved boldly out of the enclosure into the glare of the gaslight. Many of them were, however, in citizen's dress, and as all the rebel guards wore the United States uniform, but little suspicion could be excited, even if the fugitives had been accosted by a guard.

Between one and two o'clock the lamps were extinguished in the streets, and then the exit was more safely accomplished. There were many officers who desired to leave, who were so weak and feeble that they were dragged through the tunnel by mere force, and carried to places of security, until such time as they would be able to move on their

journey. At half-past two o'clock, Captain Joyce, Colonel Kendrick, and Lieutenant Bradford, passed out in the order in which they are named, and as Colonel Kendrick emerged from the hole he heard the guards within a few feet of him sing out: "Post No. 7, half-past two in the morning, and all is well." Lieutenant Bradford was intrusted with the provisions of this squad, and in getting through was obliged to leave his haversack behind him, as he could not get through with it upon him.

Once out they proceeded up the street, keeping in the shade of the buildings, and passed easwardly through the city.

A description of the route pursued by this party, and of the tribulation through which they passed, will give some idea of the rough time they all had of it. Colonel Kendrick had, before leaving the prison, mapped out his course, and concluded that the best route to take was the one toward Norfolk or Fortress Monroe, as there were fewer rebel pickets in that direction. They, therefore, kept the York river railroad to the left, and moved toward the Chickahominy river. They passed through Boar Swamp, and crossed the road leading to Bottom Bridge. Sometimes they waded through mud and water almost up to their necks, and kept the Bottom Bridge road to their left, although at times they could see and hear the cars travelling over the York river road.

While passing through the swamp near the Chickahominy, Colonel Kendrick sprained his ankle and fell. Fortunate, too, was that fall for him and his party, for while he was lying there one of them chanced to look up, and saw in a direct line with them a swamp bridge, and in the dim outline they could perceive that parties with muskets were passing

over the bridge. They, therefore, moved some distance to the south, and after passing through more of the swamp, reached the Chickahominy about four miles below Bottom Bridge. Here now was a difficulty. The river was only twenty feet wide, but it was very deep, and the refugees were worn out and fatigued. Chancing, however, to look up, Lieutenant Bradford saw that two trees had fallen on either side of the river, and that their branches were interlocked. By crawling up one tree and down the other, the fugitives reached the east bank of the Chickahominy.

They subsequently learned from a friendly negro that, had they crossed the bridge they had seen, they would assuredly have been recaptured, for Captain Turner, the keeper of Libby prison, had been out and posted guards there, and in fact had alarmed the whole country, and got the people up as a vigilant committee to capture the escaped prisoners.

After crossing over this natural bridge they laid down on the ground and slept until sunrise on the morning of the 11th, when they continued on their way, keeping eastwardly as near as they could. Up to this time they had had nothing to eat, and were almost famished. About noon of the 11th they met several negroes, who gave them information as to the whereabouts of the rebel pickets, and furnished them with food.

Acting under the advice of these friendly negroes, they remained quietly in the woods until darkness had set in, when they were furnished with a comfortable supper by the negroes, and after dark proceeded on their way, the negroes (who everywhere showed their friendship to the fugitives) having first directed them how to avoid the rebel pickets. That night they passed a camp of rebels, and could plainly

see the smoke and camp fires. But their wearied feet gave out, and they were compelled to stop and rest, having only marched five miles that day.

They started again at daylight on the 13th, and after moving awhile through the woods they saw a negro woman working in a field and called her to them. From her they received directions and were told that the rebel pickets had been about there looking for the fugitives from Libby. Here they laid down again, and resumed their journey when darkness set in, and marched five miles, but halted till the morning of the 14th, when the journey was resumed.

At one point they met a negress in a field, and she told them that her mistress was a secesh woman, and that she had a son in the rebel army. The party, however, were exceedingly hungry, and they determined to secure some food. This they did by boldly approaching the house, and informing the mistress that they were fugitives from Norfolk, who had been driven out by Butler; and the secesh sympathies of the woman were at once aroused, and she gave them of her substance, and started them on their way, with directions how to avoid the Yankee soldiers, who occasionally scouted in that vicinity. This information was exceedingly valuable to the refugees, for by it they discovered the whereabouts of the Federal forces.

When about fifteen miles from Williamsburg the party came upon the main road and found the tracks of a large body of cavalry. A piece of paper found by Captain Jones satisfied him that they were Union cavalry; but his companions were suspicious, and avoided the road and moved forward. At the "Burnt Ordinary" (about ten miles from Williamsburg), they awaited the return of the cavalry that had moved up the road, from behind a fence corner, where

they were secreted, the fugitives saw the flag of the Union, supported by a squadron of cavalry, which proved to be a detachment of Colonel's Spear's eleventh Pennsylvania regiment, sent out for the purpose of picking up escaped prisoners. Colonel Kendrick says his feelings at seeing the old flag are indescribable.

At all points along the route the fugitives describe their reception by the negroes as most enthusiastic, and there was no lack of white people who sympathized with them and helped them on their way.

In their escape the officers were aided by citizens of Richmond; not foreigners or the poor class only, but by natives and persons of wealth. They know their friends there, but very properly with old any mention of their names. Of those who got out of Libby prison there were a number of sick ones, who were cared for by Union people, and will eventually reach the Union lines through their aid.



GENERAL POPE AND THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* says:—

I heard, while at Pillow, an anecdote of General Pope—an officer of ability, but sometimes a very unpleasant man, with a pompous and hectoring manner—which will bear repetition. While at his headquarters, the general was approached by a rather small, plain-looking, and entirely unassuming man, in citizen's attire, with the question: "Are you General Pope, sir?"

"That is my name," was the answer, in rather a repelling tone.

"I would like to see you, then, on a matter of business."

"Call on my adjutant, sir. He will arrange any business you may have."

"But I wish to have a personal conversation with you."

"See my adjutant," in an authoritative voice.

"But—"

"Did I not tell you to see my adjutant? Trouble me no more, sir;" and Pope was about walking away.

"My name is Scott, general," quietly remarked the small, plain man.

"Confound you! What do I care," thundered Pope, in a rising passion, "if your name is Scott, or Jones, or Jenkins, or Snooks, for the matter of that? See my adjutant, I tell you, fellow! Leave my presence!"

"I am," continued the quiet man, in his quiet way, "the Assistant Secretary of War, and—"

What a revolution those simple words made in the general's appearance and manner!

His angry, haughty, domineering air was dispelled in a moment, and a flush of confusion passed over his altered face.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Scott, I had no idea whom I was addressing. Pray be seated; I shall be happy to grant you an interview at any time."

Possibly a very close observer might have seen a faint, half contemptuous smile on the Secretary's lips; though he said nothing, but began to unfold his business without comment.

After that unique interview, Pope and the Assistant Secretary were very frequently together, and I venture to say the latter had no reason subsequently to complain of the general's rudeness.

MY CAPTURE AND ESCAPE FROM MOSBY.

CAPTAIN W. W. BADGER, Inspector-General of Cavalry in the Army of the Shenandoah, thus relates, in the *United States Service Magazine*, the story of his capture by Mosby's guerrillas, and his escape from them:—

Belle, my favorite mare, neighed impatiently in front of my tent, just as the bright sunrise of early autumn was gilding the hill. The morning was cold and brilliant, and the first crisp of frost had just sufficiently stiffened the sod to make a brisk gallop agreeable to both rider and horse.

The bold Shenandoah shook the icy wrinkles from its morning face, and rolled smoothly away before me into the gorgeous forest of crimson and gold below Front Royal.

It is the day of the regular train, and a thousand army wagons are already rolling away from Sheridan's headquarters down the famous Valley Pike, to bring food and raiment to a shivering and hungry army. I sprang into the saddle, and Belle, in excellent spirits, evidently thinks she can throw dust in the eyes of Mosby or any other guerrilla who dares follow her track. It is nine miles to where the train is parked, and before I arrive there the last wagon has passed out of sight, and the picket gate of the army has been closed for an hour behind it. My orders are imperative to accompany this train, and military law allows of no discretion. With a single orderly and my colored servant, George Washington, a contraband, commonly called Wash, to constantly remind him of the Christian virtue of cleanliness, I pass out into the guerrilla-infested country.

It is but an hour's work to overtake the train, and mounted as I am, I feel great contempt for guerrillas, and inwardly defy any of them to catch *me*, as I give Belle the

rein and dash on at a sweeping gallop till I come in sight of the train, a mile ahead, winding its way through the little village of Newtown, nine miles south of Winchester.

"Mosby be hanged!" I said to myself, as I slacken speed and pass leisurely through the town, noticing the pretty women, who, for some reason, appear in unusual force at the doors and windows, and one or two of whom wave their handkerchiefs in a significant manner, which, however, I fail to understand, and ride heedlessly forward. Who would suppose a pretty woman waving a handkerchief to be a sign of danger?

Evidently no one but a cynic or a crusty old bachelor, and, as I am neither, I failed to interpret the well-meant warning.

As I had nearly passed the town, I overtook a small party, apparently of the rear-guard of the train, who were lighting their pipes and buying cakes and apples at a small grocery on the right of the pike, and who seemed to be in charge of a non-commissioned officer.

"Good-morning, sergeant," I said, in answer to his salute. "You had better close up at once. The train is getting well ahead, and this is the favorite beat of Mosby."

"All right, sir," he replied, with a smile of peculiar intelligence, and nodding to his men they mounted at once and closed in behind me, while, quite to my surprise, I noticed three more of the party, whom I had not before seen, in front of me.

An instinct of danger at once possessed me. I saw nothing to justify it, but I felt a presence of evil which I could not shake off. The men were in Union blue complete, and wore in their caps the well known Greek cross, which distinguishes the gallant sixth corps. They were young, intelligent, cleanly, and good looking soldiers, armed with revolvers and Spencer's repeating carbine.

I noticed the absence of sabres, but the presence of the Spencer, which is a comparatively new arm in our service, reassured me, as I thought it impossible for the enemy to be, as yet, possessed of them.

We galloped on merrily, and just as I was ready to laugh at my own fears, Wash, who had been riding behind me, and had heard some remark made by the soldiers, brushed up to my side, and whispered through his teeth, chattering with fear, "Massa, secesh sure! Run like de debbel!"

I turned to look back at these words, and saw six carbines levelled at me at twenty paces' distance; and the sergeant, who had watched every motion of the negro, came riding toward me with his revolver drawn, and the sharp command, "Halt—surrender!"

We had reached a low place where the Opequan creek crosses the pike a mile from Newtown. The train was not a quarter of a mile ahead, but out of sight for the moment over the next ridge. High stone walls lined the pike on either side, and a narrow bridge across the stream in front of me was already occupied by the three rascals who had acted as advance-guard, who now coolly turned round and presented carbines also from their point of view.

I remembered the military maxim, a mounted man should never surrender until his horse is disabled, and hesitated an instant, considering what to do, and quite in doubt whether I was myself, or some other fellow whom I had read of as captured and hung by guerrillas; but at the repetition of the sharp command, "Surrender," with the addition of the polite words, "you d——d Yankee son of a b——h," aided by the somewhat disagreeable presence of the revolver immediately in my face, I concluded I was undoubtedly the other fellow and surrendered accordingly.

My sword and revolver were taken at once by the sergeant, who proved to be Lieutenant C. F. Whiting, of Clark County, Virginia, in disguise, and who remarked, laughing, as he took them, "We closed up, captain, as you directed; as this is a favorite beat of Mosby's, I hope our drill was satisfactory."

"All right, sergeant," I replied. "Every dog has his day, and yours happens to come now. You have sneaked upon me in a cowardly way, disguised as a spy, and possibly my turn may come to-morrow."

"Your turn to be hung," he replied. And then, as we hurried along a wood path down the Opequan, he told me with great satisfaction, how they had lain in ambush in expectation of catching some stragglers from our train, and seeing me coming, had reached the little grocery from the woods behind it, just in time to appear as belonging to our party; that Mosby was three miles back, with a hundred men, and I should soon have the honor of seeing him in person.

They were a jolly, good-natured set of fellows, who evidently thought they had done a big thing; and as I scanned them more closely, the only distinction in appearance between them and our equal soldiers which I could discover, was that the Greek cross on their caps was embroidered in yellow worsted.

I was offered no further indignity or insult, and was allowed to ride my own horse for the present, though I was quietly informed on the way, that Mosby had threatened to hang the first officer he should catch, in retaliation for his men who had been hung as guerrillas at Front Royal, and that I would undoubtedly be the unfortunate individual.

With this consoling information I was ushered into the

presence of the great modern highwayman, John S. Mosby, then lieutenant-colonel C. S. A.

He stood a little apart from his men, by the side of a splendid gray horse, with his right hand grasping the bridle-rein, the forearm resting on the pommel of his saddle, his left arm akimbo, and his right foot thrown across the left ankle and resting on its toe. He is a slight, medium-sized man, sharp of feature, quick of sight, lithe of limb, with a bronzed face of the color and tension of whip-cord; his hair a yellow-brown, with full but light beard, and mustache of the same. A straight Grecian nose, firm-set expressive mouth, large ears, deep-gray eyes, high forehead, large well-shaped head, and his whole expression denoting hard services, energy, and love of whiskey.

He wore top-boots, and a civilian's overcoat—black, lined with red—and beneath it the complete gray uniform of a Confederate lieutenant-colonel, with its two stars on the sides of the standing collar, and the whole surmounted by the inevitable slouched hat of the southern race. His men were about half in blue and half in butternut.

He scarcely noticed me as I approached, but fixed his gaze on the noble animal I rode, as evidently the more valuable prize of the two. As I dismounted, he said to his servant: "Dick, take that horse;" and I knew the time had come when I must part with my beautiful Belle, whom I had rode nearly three years, through many a bloody field and hair's-breadth escape, and who loved me with an almost human love. Twice during the last three miles, as I came to a space of open country, had I resolved to dash away and trust to her nimble feet to distance their deadly rifles—and twice the sweet faces of home had appeared to scare me back to propriety.

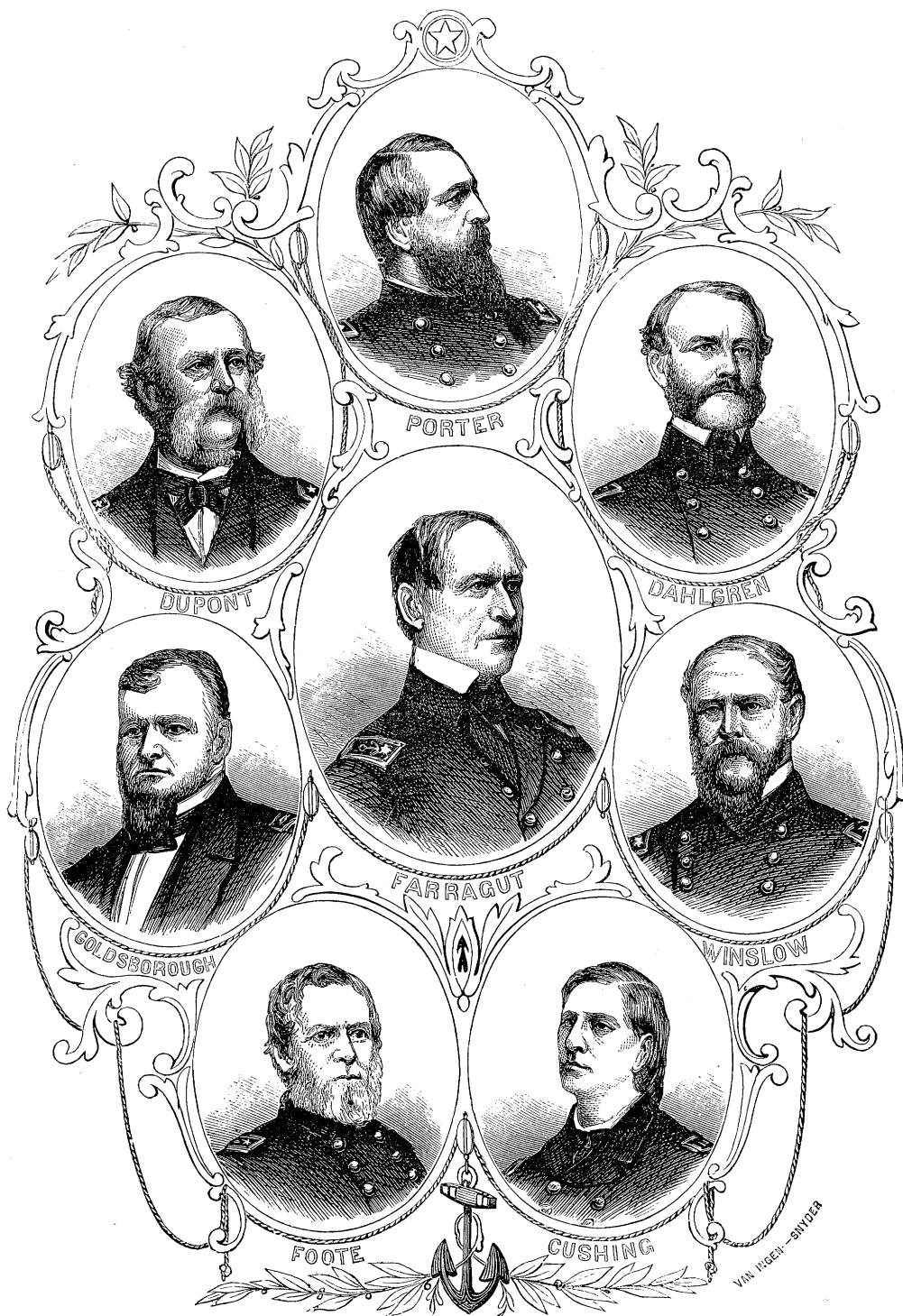
Ah! what will a man not endure for the sweet faces of home? Beware of tender ties, you who aspire to deeds of desperate daring! For, although ennobling and inspiring to all that is duty, you will be either more or less than man if they fail to compel you to prudence wherever there is a choice of action left. I could not refrain from throwing my arms around Belle's neck, and tenderly caressing her for the last time before she was led away.

The lieutenant ventured to protest against Mosby's appropriating the mare to himself, without an apportionment and division of her value, in accordance with the rules of the gang; but he was promptly silenced, and ordered to content himself with his choice of the other two horses he had captured—which he immediately did by taking both of them. While this colloquy was passing, Mosby was quietly examining my papers, which had been taken from my pocket on my arrival; and presently, looking up with a peculiar gleam of satisfaction on his face, he said:

"Oh, Captain B——! inspector-general of ——'s cavalry? Good-morning, captain—glad to see you, sir! Indeed, there is but one man I would prefer to see this morning to yourself, and that is your commander. Were you present, sir, the other day, at the hanging of eight of my men as guerrillas at Front Royal?"

This question pierced me like a sword, as I really had been present at the terrible scene he mentioned. And although I had used my full influence, even to incurring the charge of timidity, in attempting to save the lives of the wretched men, believing that retaliation would be the only result, I could not show that fact, and doubted if it would avail me aught if I could.

I therefore answered him firmly: "I was present, sir, and



like you, have only to regret that it was not the commander, instead of his unfortunate men."

This answer seemed to please Mosby, for he apparently expected a denial. He assumed a grim smile, and directed Lieutenant Whiting to search me. My gold hunting watch and chain, several rings, a set of shirt studs and buttons, some coins, a Masonic pin, and about three hundred dollars in greenbacks, with some letters and pictures of the dear ones at home, and a small pocket Bible, were taken.

A board of officers was assembled to appraise their value, also that of my clothing, and to determine the ownership of each of the articles—the rules of the gang requiring that all captures should be thus disposed of, or sold, and their value distributed proportionately among the captors.

My boots were appraised at six hundred and fifty dollars, in Confederate money; my watch at three thousand; and the other articles in the same proportion, including my poor old servant Wash, who was put up and raffled for at two thousand dollars. Wash was very indignant that he should be thought worth only two thousand dollars Confederate money, and informed them that he considered himself quite unappreciable; and that, among other accomplishments, he could make the best milk punch of any man in the Confederacy—and, if they had the materials, he would like to try a little of it now. This hit at the poverty of their resources raised a laugh; and Mosby's man, Dick, to show that they had the materials, offered Wash a drink—which, quite to my surprise, and doubtless to that of his own stomach also, he stubbornly refused. On asking him privately why he refused, he replied: "You know, massa, too much freeder breeds despise!"

When all this was concluded, Mosby took me one side,

and returned to me the Bible, letters, and pictures, and the Masonic pin, saying, quietly, as he did so, alluding to the latter with a significant sign:—

“You may as well keep this; it may be of use to you somewhere. Some of my men pay some attention to that sort of thing. Your people greatly err in thinking us merely guerrillas. Every man of mine is a duly enlisted soldier, and detailed to my command from various Confederate regiments. They are merely picked men, selected from the whole army for their intelligence and courage. We plunder the enemy, as the rules of war clearly allow. To the victors belong the spoils, has been a maxim of war in all ages. I can hang two for one all the year round, if your men insist upon it; but I hope soon to have a better understanding. I yesterday executed eight of your poor fellows on the valley pike, your highway of travel, in retaliation for my men hung at Front Royal; and I have to-day written to General Sheridan, informing him of it, and proposing a cessation of such horrible work, which every true soldier cannot but abhor. I sincerely hope he will assent to it.”

I thanked him warmly for his kindness, as I took his offered hand with a grip known all the world over to the brethren of the mystic tie, and really began to think Mosby almost a gentleman and a soldier, although he had just robbed me in the most approved manner of modern highwaymen.

The sun was now approaching the meridian, and immediate preparations were made for the long road to Richmond and the Libby. A guard of fifteen men, in command of Lieutenant Whiting, was detailed as our escort; and accompanied by Mosby himself, we started directly across the country, regardless of roads, in an easterly direction, toward

the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge. We were now in company of nine more of our men, who had been taken at different times, making eleven of our party in all, besides the indignant contraband, Wash, whom it was also thought prudent to send to the rear for safe keeping.

I used every effort to gain the acquaintance and confidence of these men, and by assuming a jolly and reckless manner, I succeeded in drawing them out and satisfying myself that some of them could be depended on in any emergency. I had determined to escape if even half an opportunity should present itself, and the boys were quick in understanding my purpose, and intimated their readiness to risk their lives in the attempt.

Two of them in particular—George W. McCauley, of Western Virginia, commonly known as Mack, and one Brown, of Blaser's scouts—afterward proved themselves heroes of the truest metal.

We journeyed rapidly, making light of our misfortunes, and cracking many a joke with our rebel guard, until we reached Howittsville, on the Shenandoah, nine miles below Front Royal, where we bivouacked for the night in an old school-house, sole relic left of a former civilization. It is an old, unpainted two-story building, with wooden blinds nailed shut, and seems to have been fitted up by Mosby as a kind of way station, in which to camp with his stranger guests. Many a sad heart, more hopeless and broken than ours' has doubtless throbbed restless on its naked floors, with premonitions of the dreary Libby. All of the guard confirmed Mosby's statement as to the organization of his band and the execution of our men the day previous; and his letter to Sheridan in regard to it has since been published, and certainly speaks for itself of the business-like habits of its author.

Our party of eleven were assigned to one side of the lower floor of the school-house, where we lay down side by side, with our heads to the wall, and our feet nearly touching the feet of the guard, who lay in the same manner, opposite to us, with their heads to the other wall, except three who formed a relief guard for the sentry's post at the door. Above the heads of the guard, along the wall, ran a low school desk, on which each man of them stood his carbine and laid his revolver before disposing himself to sleep. A fire before the door dimly lighted the room, and the scene as they dropped gradually to sleep was warlike in the extreme, and made a Rembrandt picture on my memory which will never be effaced.

I had taken care, on lying down, to place myself between McCauley and Brown, and at the moment the rebels began to snore and the sentry to nod over his pipe, we were in earnest and deep conversation. McCauley proposed to unite our party and make a simultaneous rush for the carbines, and take our chances of stampeding the guard and making our escape; but on passing the whisper quietly along our line, only three men were found willing to assent to it. As the odds were so largely against us, it was useless to urge the subject.

The intrepid McCauley then proposed to go himself alone in the darkness among the sleeping rebels, and bring over to our party every revolver and every carbine before any alarm should be given, if we would only use the weapons when placed in our hands; but again timidity prevailed, and I must confess that I myself hesitated before this hardy courage, and refused to peril the brave boy's life in so rash a venture, as a single false step or the least alarm, in favor of which the chances were as a thousand to one, would have been to him, and probably to all of us, instant death.

I forbade the attempt, but could not help clasping the brave fellow to my heart, and kissing him like a brother for the noble heroism of which he was evidently made. He was a fair boy of but eighteen summers, with soft black eyes, and a rosy, round face, as smooth and delicate as a girl's, with a noble forehead and an unusually intelligent countenance. I had picked him out at first sight as a hero, and every hour was increasing my admiration of him. He slept in my arms at last, as the long night wore away, till the morning broke dull and rainy, finding us exhausted and thoroughly wretched and despondent.

The march began at an early hour, and our route ran directly up the Blue Ridge. We had emerged from the forest and ascended about one third the height of the mountain, when the full valley became visible, spread out like a map before us, showing plainly the lines of our army, its routes of supply, its foraging parties out, and my own camp at Front Royal, as distinctly as if we stood in one of its streets. We now struck a wood path running southward and parallel with the ridge of the mountain, along which we travelled for hours, with this wonderful panorama of forest and river, mountain and plain, before us in all the gorgeous beauty of the early autumn.

"This is a favorite promenade of mine," said Mosby. "I love to see your people sending out their almost daily raids after me. There comes one of them now almost toward us. If you please, we will step behind this point and see them pass. It may be the last sight you will have of your old friends for some time."

The coolness of this speech enraged me, and yet I could not help admiring the quiet and unostentatious audacity which seemed to be the prominent characteristic of its

author. I could hardly restrain an impulse to rush upon him and

“Try this quarrel hilt to hilt,”

but the important fact that I had not a hilt even, while he wore two revolvers, restrained me, and looking in the direction he pointed, I distinctly saw a squadron of my own regiment coming directly toward us on a road running under the foot of the mountain, and apparently on some foraging expedition down the valley. They passed within a half mile of us under the mountain, and Mosby stood with folded arms on a rock above them, the very picture of stoical pride and defiance, or, as Mack whispered :

“Like patience on a monument smiling at grief.”

We soon moved on, and before noon reached the road running through Manassas Gap, which place we found held by about one hundred of Mosby's men, who signalled him as he approached; and here, much to my regret, the great chieftain left us, bidding me a kindly good-by, and informing me that my last hope of rescue or escape was now gone.

We were hurried on through the gap and down the eastern slope of the mountain, and turning southward, in a few hours passed Chester Gap, finding it also occupied by Mosby's men in force, and we were only able to approach it after exchanging the proper signals.

This gave me an idea of how Mosby conducts his raids so successfully, by leaving a garrison in each of the gaps behind him before he ventures far into the valley. These garrisons he can concentrate at any desired point by signals almost in an hour, and any of them can communicate with him from the mountain tops to any part of the valley, and either warn him of danger or direct him where to strike. If pursued, he

has but to retreat in such a direction as to draw his pursuers on to this reserve force, which he concentrates in some strong position, or in ambush, at his pleasure, and develops with fresh horses just as his pursuers are exhausted with the long chase. He is thus enabled, with about five hundred picked men, to remain, as he has been for two years past, the terror of the valley.

After passing Chester Gap, we descended into the valley and moved toward Sperryville, on the direct line to Richmond, the last gate of hope seeming to close behind us as we left the mountains. Our guard is now reduced, as we are far within the Confederate lines, to Lieutenant Whiting and three men, well mounted and doubly armed, and our party of eleven prisoners have seven horses to distribute among us as we please, so that four of us are constantly dismounted. There is also a pack-horse carrying our forage, rations, and some blankets. To the saddle of this pack-horse are strapped two Spencer carbines, muzzle downward, with their accoutrements complete, including two well filled cartridge boxes.

I called Mack's attention to this fact as soon as the guard was reduced, and he needed no second hint to comprehend its significance at once. He soon after dismounted, and when it came his turn again to mount, he secured, apparently by accident, the poorest and most broken down horse in the party, with which he appeared to find it very difficult to keep up, and which he actually succeeded in some mysterious way in laming.

He then dropped back to the lieutenant in charge, and modestly asked to exchange his lame horse for the pack-horse, and being particularly frank in his address, his request was at once granted, without a suspicion of its object, or a thought of the fatal carbines on the pack-saddle. I used

some little skill in diverting the attention of the lieutenant while the pack was readjusted; and as the rain had now begun to fall freely, no one of the guard was particularly alert.

I was presently gratified with the sight of Mack riding ahead on the pack-horse, with the two carbines still strapped to the saddle, but loosened and well concealed by his heavy *poncho*, which he had spread as protection from the rain.

These carbines are seven-shooters, and load from the breech by simply drawing out from the hollow stock a spiral spring and dropping in the seven cartridges, one after the other, and then inserting the spring again behind them, which coils as it is pressed home, and by its elasticity forces the cartridges forward, one at a time, into the barrel, at the successive movements of the lock.

I could see the movement of Mack's right arm by the shape into which it threw the *poncho*; and while guiding his horse with his left, looking the other way and chatting glibly with the other boys, I saw him carefully draw the springs from those carbines with his right hand and hook them into the upper button-hole of his coat to support them, while he dropped in the cartridges, one after another, trotting his horse at the time to conceal the noise of their click, and finally forcing down the springs and looking around at me with a look of the fiercest triumph and heroism I have ever beheld.

I nodded approval, and fearing he would precipitate matters, yet knowing that any instant might lead to discovery and be too late, I rode carelessly across the road to Brown, who was on foot, and dismounting, asked him to tighten my girth, during which operation I told him as quietly as possible the position of affairs, and asked him to get up gradually

by the side of Mack, communicate with him, and at a signal from me to seize one of the carbines and do his duty as a soldier if he valued his liberty.

Brown, though a plucky fellow, was of quite a different quality from Mack. He was terribly frightened, and trembled like a leaf, yet went immediately to his post, and I did not doubt would do his duty well.

I rode up again to the side of Lieutenant Whiting, and like an echo from the past came back to me my words of yesterday, "Possibly my turn may come to-morrow." I engaged him in conversation, and among other things spoke of the prospect of sudden death as one always present in our army life, and the tendency it had to either harden or ameliorate the character according to the quality of the individual. He expressed the opinion which many hold that a brutal man is made more brutal by it, and a refined and cultivated man is softened and made more refined by it.

I scanned the country closely for the chances of escape if we should succeed in gaining our liberty; I knew that to fail or to be recaptured would be instant death, and the responsibility of risking the lives of the whole party, as well as my own, was oppressing me bitterly. I also had an instinctive horror of the shedding of blood, as it were, with my own hands, and the sweet faces of home were haunting me again, but this time, strange to say, urging me on, and apparently crying aloud for vengeance.

We were on the immediate flank of Early's army. His cavalry was all around us. The road was thickly inhabited. It was almost night. We had passed a rebel picket but a mile back, and knew not how near another of their camps might be. The three rebel guards were riding in front of us and on our left flank, our party of prisoners was in the

centre, and I was by the side of Lieutenant Whiting, who acted as rear-guard, when we entered a small copse of willow which for a moment covered the road.

The hour was propitious; Mack looked round impatiently; I wove the fatal signal, "Now's the time, boys," into a story of our charge at Winchester, which I was telling to distract attention, and at the moment of its utterance threw myself upon the lieutenant, grasping him around the arms and dragging him from his horse, in the hope of securing his revolver, capturing him, and compelling him to pilot us outside of the rebel line.

At the word, Mack raised one of the loaded carbines, and in less time than I can write it, shot two of the guard in front of him, killing them instantly; and then coolly turning in his saddle, and seeing me struggling in the road with the lieutenant, and the chances of obtaining the revolver apparently against me, he raised the carbine the third time, and as I strained the now desperate rebel to my breast, with his livid face over my left shoulder, he shot him as directly between the eyes as he could have done if firing at a target at ten paces' distance. The bullet went crashing through his skull, the hot blood spirted from his mouth and nostrils into my face, his hold relaxed, and his ghastly corpse fell from my arms, leaving an impression of horror and soul-sickness which can never be effaced.

I turned around in alarm at our now desperate situation, and saw Mack quietly smiling at me, with the remark:

"Golly, cap! I could have killed five or six more of them as well as not. This is a bully carbine; I think I will take it home with me."

Brown had not accomplished so much. He had seized the second carbine at the word, and fired at the third guard on

our flank; but his aim was shaky, and he had only wounded his man in the side, and allowed him to escape to the front, where he was now seen half a mile away, at full speed, and firing his pistols to alarm the country.

Our position was now perilous in the extreme; not a man of us knew the country, except its most general outlines. The rebel camps could not be far away; darkness was intervening; the whole country would be alarmed in an hour; and I doubted not that before sundown even bloodhounds would be on our track. One half of our party had already scattered, panic-stricken, at the first alarm, and, every man for himself, were scouring the country in every direction.

But five remained, including the faithful Wash, who immediately shows his practical qualities by searching the bodies of the slain, and recovering therefrom among, other things, my gold hunting watch from the person of Lieutenant Whiting, and over eleven hundred dollars in greenbacks, the proceeds, doubtless, of their various robberies of our men.

"Not quite 'nuff," said Wash, showing his ivories from ear to ear. "Dey valley dis nigger at two thousand dollars—I think I ought ter git de money."

We instantly mounted the best horses, and, well armed with carbines and revolvers, struck directly for the mountain on our right; but knowing that would be the first place where we should be sought for, we soon changed our direction to the south, and rode for hours directly into the enemy's country as fast as we could ride, and before complete darkness intervened, we had made thirty miles from the place of our escape; and then, turning sharp up the mountain, we pushed our exhausted horses as far as they could climb; and then abandoning them, we toiled on, on foot, all night, to the very summit of the Blue Ridge, whence we could see the

rebel camp fires, and view their entire lines and position just as daylight was breaking over the valley.

We broke down twigs from several trees in line to determine the points of compass and the direction of the rebel forces and pickets after it should be light, and then crawled into a thicket to rest our exhausted frames and await the return of friendly darkness in which to continue our flight.

The length of this weary day, and the terrible pangs of hunger and thirst which we suffered on this barren mountain, pertain to the more common experience of a soldier's life, and I need not describe them here.

Neither will I narrate, in detail, how some of our party who scattered arrived in camp before us, and how one feeble old man was recaptured and killed, nor our hopeless despair as day after day we saw the mountain alive with rebel scouts sent out for our capture, and at night blazing with their picket fires; and how we even ate a poor little dog which had followed our fortunes to his untimely end, and were thinking seriously of eating the negro Wash, when he, to save himself from so unsavory a fate, ventured down in the darkness to a cornfield, and brought us up three ears of corn apiece, which we ate voraciously; and how we had to go still farther south and abandon the mountain altogether, to avoid the scouts and pickets; and how we finally struck the Shenandoah, twenty miles to the rear of Early's army, and there built a raft and floated by night forty miles down that memorable stream, through his crafty pickets, and thereafter passed for rebel scouts, earnestly "looking for Yanks" until we found them, and the glorious old flag once more welcomed us to Union and liberty.

These things the writer expects to tell, by the blessing of God, to the next generation, with his great-grandchildren on his knee. '

THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BY GEO. H. BOKER.

"Give me but two brigades," said Hooker, frowning at fortified
Lookout,

"And I'll engage to sweep yon mountain clear of that mocking
rebel rout!"

At early morning came an order that set the general's face
aglow:

"Now," said he to his staff, "draw out my soldiers. Grant
says that I may go!"

Hither and thither dash'd each eager colonel to join his regi-
ment,

While a low rumor of the daring purpose ran on from tent to
tent;

For the long-roll was sounding in the valley, and the keen
trumpet's bray,

And the wild laughter of the swarthy veterans, who cried "We
fight to-day!"

The solid tramp of infantry, the rumble of the great jolting
gun,

The sharp, clear order, and the fierce steeds neighing, "Why's
not the fight begun?"—

All these plain harbingers of sudden conflict broke on the
startled ear;

And, last, arose a sound that made your blood leap,—the ring-
ing battle-cheer.

The lower works were carried at one onset. Like a vast roar-
ing sea

Of steel and fire, our soldiers from the trenches swept out the
enemy;

And we could see the gray-coats swarming up from the mountain's leafy base,

To join their comrades in the higher fastness,—for life or death the race !

Then our long line went winding round the mountain, in a huge serpent track,

And the slant sun upon it flash'd and glimmer'd, as on a dragon's back.

Higher and higher the column's head push'd onward, ere the rear moved a man ;

And soon the skirmish-lines their straggling volleys and single shots began.

Then the bald head of Lookout flamed and bellow'd, and all its batteries woke,

And down the mountain pour'd the bomb-shells, puffing into our eyes their smoke ;

And balls and grape-shot rain'd upon our column, that bore the angry shower

As if it were no more than that soft dropping which scarcely stirs a flower.

Oh, glorious courage that inspires the hero, and runs through all his men !

The heart that fail'd beside the Rappahannock, it was itself again !

The star that circumstance and jealous faction shrouded in envious night

Here shone with all the splendor of its nature, and with a freer light !

Hark ! hark ! there goes the well-known crashing volleys, the long continued roar,

That swells and falls, but never ceases wholly, until the fight is o'er.

Up toward the crystal gates of heaven ascending, the mortal
tempest beat,

As if they sought to try their cause together before God's very
feet !

We saw our troops had gain'd a footing almost beneath the
topmost ledge,

And back and forth the rival lines went surging upon the
dizzy edge.

Sometimes we saw our men fall backward slowly, and groan'd
in our despair ;

Or cheer'd when now and then a stricken rebel plunged out in
open air,

Down, down, a thousand empty fathoms dropping, his God
alone knows where !

At eve, thick haze upon the mountain gather'd, with rising
smoke stain'd black,

And not a glimpse of the contending armies shone through the
swirling rack.

Night fell o'er all ; but still they flash'd their lightnings and
roll'd their thunders loud,

Though no man knew upon what side was going that battle in
the cloud.

Night ! what a night !—of anxious thought and wonder ; but
still no tidings came

From the bare summit of the trembling mountain, still wrapp'd
in mist and flame.

But toward the sleepless dawn, stillness, more dreadful than the
fierce sound of war,

Settled o'er Nature, as if she stood breathless before the morn-
ing star.

As the sun rose, dense clouds of smoky vapor boil'd from the
valley's deeps,
Dragging their torn and ragged edges slowly up through the
tree-clad steeps,
And rose and rose, till Lookout, like a vision, above us grandly
stood,
And over his black crags and storm-blanch'd headlands burst
the warm, golden flood.

Thousands of eyes were fix'd upon the mountain, and thousands
held their breath,
And the vast army, in the valley watching, seem'd touched
with sudden death.
High o'er us soar'd great Lookout, robed in purple, a glory on
his face,
A human meaning in his hard, calm features, beneath that
heavenly grace.

Out on a crag walk'd something,—What? an eagle, that treads
yon giddy height?
Surely no man! But still he clamber'd forward into the full,
rich light;
Then up he started, with a sudden motion, and from the blazing
crag
Flung to the morning breeze and sunny radiance the dear old
starry flag!

Ah! then what follow'd? Scarr'd and war-worn soldiers, like
girls, flush'd through their tan,
And down the thousand wrinkles of the battles a thousand
tear-drops ran;
Men seized each other in return'd embraces, and sobbed for
very love;
A spirit which made all that moment brothers seem'd falling
from above.

And as we gazed, around the mountain's summit our glittering
files appear'd ;
Into the rebel works we saw them marching ; and we,—we
cheer'd, we cheer'd !
And they above waved all their flags before us, and join'd our
frantic shout,
Standing, like demigods, in light and triumph, upon their own
Lookout !

THE SECRET SERVICE.

“GENERAL ORDERS, No. —.

“CAPTAIN CARTER, —th Indiana volunteers, is hereby relieved of his command indefinitely, and will report at these headquarters immediately.

“By order of Major-General ROSECRANS.

“Lieut.-Col. C. GODDARD, A. A. G.

“(Current Series.)”

The above order was read upon dress parade to the gallant old —th, in January, 1863. The cotton fields and cedar thickets of “Stone river” were as yet scarcely dry from the loyal blood which had there been given up to freedom's cause. The regiment was struck dumb, so to speak, and the captain most of all. What could such an order mean? Surely, none deserved censure less than Captain Carter. He was the idol of the regiment—a perfect specimen of manly strength ; bold and fearless in battle, perfect master of the “sword” and “gloves,” kind and gentle-hearted, always found upon the side of the weak. He had been frequently spoken of by his superiors for his gallantry. These thoughts passed through the minds of some after this order was read, but none could

give a sufficient reason why he should be thus relieved; for, said they, does not the order imply disgrace? But these mutterings were not heard at headquarters, and were of no avail. The captain retired to his tent, relieved himself of his accoutrements, called his servant, Tom, and set out for headquarters, with none but his sable companion.

General Rosecrans was quartered in Judge Ready's house, and had a private suite of rooms on the second floor, with windows opening upon a veranda. He was sitting before a bright fire on the evening our story opens, in undress uniform, with nothing but the buttons to betoken rank. An orderly entered and announced Captain Carter. The general arose quickly, and advanced to meet him, with that easy, smiling look, that put the captain's fears at rest. The general took him by the hand, while his countenance assumed a more thoughtful look, or rather settled in repose, and said:—

"This is Captain Carter, of the —th Indiana?"

"It is, sir," replied the captain.

"You received a peremptory order this evening to report forthwith."

"I did, sir, and have done so."

"Yes, yes; take a seat, captain. I am in want of a man of some experience, captain, who has not only a 'hand to do and a heart to dare,' but also has judgment to guide and direct both. General Thomas, after quietly looking through his command, has fixed on you; and I have such confidence in the 'grizzled old hero' that I have summoned you here for secret service. Are you willing to undertake it, with all its risks?"

"Any thing, general, for our country's good."

"Very well, sir; you will remain here to-night. Any of your effects you may need, send for by the orderly at the

door. During the night I will inform you what your duties will be."

General Bragg's headquarters were at Tullahoma. The two armies were lying in a semi-circle, the rebel right resting on the Cumberland at Hartsville, above Nashville, their left resting at the "shoals" below.

General Van Dorn commanded the left, with headquarters at Spring Hill. Our right rested at Franklin, which is nearly on a direct line between Spring Hill and Nashville. This much by way of explanation.

One morning, in February, 1863, two persons were making their way on horseback from Shelbyville to Spring Hill. The first of these was dressed in Quaker garb, and bestrode a light-built, dapple-bay stallion, whose small, sinewy limbs, broad chest, and open nostrils betokened both speed and bottom. Horse and rider were ill-matched, but seemed to have a perfect understanding.

The other person was a negro, dressed like his master, broad brim, white neck-tie, and all, mounted on a stout roadster. They were fast approaching a vidette post; were shortly halted by a cavalryman; they drew rein and dismounted.

"Is thee a man of war?" asked the Quaker.

"Don't know; reckon tho', I mought be. But what's your business, Quaker?"

"Does thee know a Mr. Van Dorn about here?"

"Well, I reckon I does; but he'll mister ye if you call him that."

"Well, I have business with him, and I desire admittance into thy camps."

"All right, old fellow; wait till I call the corporal."

General Van Dorn was examining some maps and charts,

when an orderly entered and announced that a Quaker desired to see him.

"Admit him," said the general.

"Is thee Mr. Van Dorn, whom carnal men call general?"

"What is your business with me, sir?" asked the general, without answering the question.

"I am sent, friend Van Dorn, by my society, to administer comforts and consolation to these men of war, and would ask permission to bring such things as they may need or my means may supply."

"Have you any recommendations?"

"Yes, verily;" and the Quaker produced a bundle of papers, and commenced assorting them out. "Here is one from friend Quackenbush, and here—"

"Never mind," said the general, while the corner of his mouth commenced to jerk; "here, Mr. ——"

"Thurston," suggested the Quaker.

"Mr. Thurston, here is a pass through the lines at will for such articles as you may see proper to bring. This is all, sir?"

"May I ask, friend, how far it is to those ungodly men who are persecuting our people with fire and sword, whom the carnal men call the Yankees?"

"Yes, sir. About fourteen miles. See that you give them a wide berth, for they have a curious way of burning men of your persuasion."

"Yes, verily will I;" and with this the Quaker retired.

"Queer character, that," remarked the general to himself; "but it takes all kinds to make a world."

The Quaker passed out among the camps, meeting a smile here, and a rough jest there; but they seemed not to ruffle the placidity of his countenance, though the negro's eyes flashed, who followed a few steps in the rear. The Quaker

seemed to have a good supply of tracts and religious papers, which he scattered freely, with a word of gentle admonition to the card-players, and a hint of the world to come to all. He was particular in his inquiries for the sick, and even visited all the forts and fortifications, and made particular inquiries in and about them for the sick, writing a letter for one, furnishing a stamp to another; so that at the close of the day he had visited all, and made a memorandum of what was needed, and was preparing to leave camp when a lieutenant accosted him with, "I say, stranger, haven't we met before?"

"Nay, verily," replied the Quaker, "I go not about where carnal men do battle."

"No! Well, I must have seen you at some place, but I don't recollect where. Likely I'm mistaken."

"Very like, friend; good day to you."

"Massa, did ye see dat debbil's eyes brighten up toward de last? Tells ye, sure, we'd better be trablin'."

"Yes, Sam, I saw it, and my recollection is better than his, for I took him prisoner at Stone river, though he escaped soon after. We will pass out as soon as possible."

Not long after, the Quaker and his colored companion were galloping over the smooth pike. As they approached a house, they slackened their speed, but when out of sight, they again increased it. Thus they pushed on till after dark, when they came to a by-road, into which they rode some miles, and finally drew rein at a little log-cabin, to which, after reconnoitering a little, the negro advanced, and knocked, and a voice from the inside bade him enter, which he did, followed by his master.

That night a dispatch went to General Bragg, which read:—

"Look out for a Quaker, followed by a nigger. He is a spy. Arrest him."

GENERAL VAN DORN."

The next day a negro rode into Murfreesboro', and passed on to General Rosecrans' headquarters, and presenting a pass, was admitted to his private apartments, and handed the general a paper which read:—"2 overcoats and 6 hats, 37 shirts, 3200 tracts, 2000 for the unconverted at Spring Hill."

General Rosecrans was eagerly looking over the document when General Thomas was announced. The latter was cordially met by General Rosecrans, who immediately handed him the paper he had just received.

"This is all cipher to me, general," said General Thomas.

"I suppose so," said the former, who had been writing. "Well, here is something more intelligible:—'Two forts of six guns each; thirty-seven additional guns; three thousand two hundred troops, two thousand of which are cavalry, at Spring Hill.'"

"Humph! Some of Captain Carter's ingenuity," said General Thomas.

"Yes, he is doing his work nobly, so far. I only hope no harm may come to him."

"Well, general," said Thomas, "Colonel B——, of the —th Indiana, was asking me to-day why the captain was relieved of his command; of course I knew nothing about it."

"That was right," said Rosecrans; the effectiveness of the 'secret service' would be greatly impaired by having the names of those engaged in it made known. I enjoined the utmost secrecy upon the captain, and kept him here that night that he might not be questioned too closely by his comrades. We will hear from him by ten o'clock to-morrow."

"Where do you reside?" asked General Bragg.

"I live near Brandyville, general, and came down to see if something can't be done to keep these infernal Yankees from our section. They were down there yesterday, and

took off over two thousand bushels of corn, and nearly all the wheat in the country."

The speaker was a middle-aged man of rather good features, but his countenance betokened the too free use of Confederate whiskey.

"What did you say your name was, colonel?"

"Ashcroft, sir."

"Yes, yes, I have heard of your family. You have done nobly for our cause, from report."

"We have tried to do our duty, general, and what little I have left you are welcome to, but I don't want the Yankees to get it. I sent down, by General Wheeler's command, the other day, a hundred bushels of wheat as a gift."

"I wish we had more like you," said Bragg. "Let me fill your glass again, colonel. I wish I had something better to offer you."

"Permit me, general, to send my portmanteau for a bottle of wine."

"Yes, sah."

"Rare vintage, this, general. It's one of a lot I got north before the war."

"Excellent," says Bragg. "I would like to have a supply. By the way, colonel, did you see any thing of a Quaker-like personage on the road this morning?"

"Riding a bay horse, with a nigger following?"

"The same."

"Why, yes. He came to my plantation last night. I insisted on his staying all night, but he was in a hurry, and could not stop."

"He was a Yankee spy," said Bragg.

"The devil! and to think I gave the rascal his supper!"

"Well, well, never mind colonel; we'll pick him up yet."

I'm going to make a feint on the enemy's flanks to-morrow with my cavalry, and we'll probably get him. He has information that would be valuable to the enemy. I look for a couple of officers back in a few days, that I sent up to Franklin to find out the enemy's strength. If they bring me a correct report, I'll match Rosecrans, with all his low cunning. Besides this, colonel, I'm looking for some Georgia and Alabama troops up shortly, and if the cowardly Dutchman don't run, I'll make another Stone River for him."

"Good for you, general. Don't leave even one of the cussed mudsills on our soil. But it is getting late, and I must try and get some supplies before I go back. Will you accommodate me with a pass?"

"Certainly, and here is a bill of protection for your person and property. No thanks; good day to you."

"Golly, Massa Cap'n, you's bin talkin' to de ole debbil hissef."

"Hush! not so loud, Tom. I've got one more to visit and then we'll be off, and take a straight shoot up Hoover's Gap."

"Cap'n, cap'n! dey's a regiment ob dese dirty rebels just started up de Manchester road, dat's going up from Hoover's Gap, for I heard de kernel say so."

"All right, Tom; we'll take the Shelbyville road, and run the risk of meeting Van Dorn. Go out through the 'abatis,' the same way we came in with the horses, and I'll meet you in half an hour by that old house."

"Missus, dey's a gentleman dat got a frow off his horse out here, and would like to stop awhile wid ye, if ye please, missus."

"Very well; I'll send a boy out to help him in. Are you much hurt, sir?"

"No, madam, I think not; my horse got frightened at some object in the road, and threw me heavily on my right shoulder. A night's rest, madam, will enable me to pursue my journey, I think."

Our hero found, upon examination, that there were no bones broken, and yet the bruise was severe enough to make him covet a night's rest, in preference to passing it on the saddle. So, without more ado, he submitted to his hostess's desire to bathe the bruised shoulder, and prepare him a comfortable bed by the fire.

During the night he was awakened by the loud clatter of horses' hoofs, followed immediately by a loud "hilloa."

During the conversation which occurred outside, he heard the name of Van Dorn mentioned, and the thought that they might meet was any thing but comfortable to him just at that time; but he resolved to trust to luck, and if that failed, he would try what virtue there was in "right angles, horizontals," etc. Presently the door opened, and an officer entered, dressed in the height of Confederate style,—gilt buttons, gold lace, and all,—a glance at which showed that he bore the rank of lieutenant-general. The conversation that ensued informed our hero that he had the honor of occupying the same room with General Hardee. He had as yet feigned sleep. He heard the general ask the lady if she knew who he was, and her reply was, that she did not. Then followed the story of his getting thrown, and so on. He was anxious to establish his reputation with the general as a *sound secesh*, and a little ruse occurred to him, which he resolved to practise even to the extent of making himself ridiculous, suddenly bawling out, as if asleep,—

"Run, Tom; the infernal Yankees are coming; put all the horses in the back pasture; take away every nigger with you."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the general; "he's all right. I'll bet on, him. But you see, madam, there is a spy in our lines that we are anxious to catch, and he has, so far eluded us, and if we meet a stranger, we are anxious to find out his standing. I'm satisfied with this one, for a man will tell the truth when he's asleep."

"Your supper's ready, sah."

"And I'm ready for it," replied the general, and left the room.

Our hero moved, grunted, and finally turned over, and found his hostess still in the room, and behind her he saw Tom making motions for him to come out.

The lady asked if he felt comfortable, had he slept well, etc., to all of which he replied in the affirmative; upon which she left the room, and he followed soon after, and found Tom waiting for him.

"Massa, dese debbils has 'sprised' us, and we'd better be a leabin. I's got a 'nigh shoot' from de niggahs, dat we can cut across to Manchester and up fru de gap from heah."

"All right, Tom; where's the horses?"

"I'se got um, massa, out below here."

"Here's for them, then, Tom; come on quickly."

It is needless to follow them further; suffice it to say they reached our lines the following evening, and reported to General Rosecrans.

The following order explains itself:—

SPECIAL FIELD ORDER, No. —.

Capt. Carter (—th Ind. Vols.) is hereby ordered to return to his command, and is recommended for promotion. By order

W. S. ROSECRANS, *Major-Gen.*

Lieut.-Col. C. GODDARD, *A. A. G.*

YOUNG HART, THE GUIDE.

RICH MOUNTAIN is famous as the scene where the first decisive battle was fought in West Virginia between General McClellan and General Garnett.

Rich Mountain Range, as it is sometimes called, is in Randolph county, sixty miles from Glenville, one hundred miles from Parkersburg, and twelve miles from Beverly, the county seat of Randolph county. It is long, narrow, and high; and, except the summit, whereon is Mr. Hart's farm, it is covered with timber densely, save a narrow strip on one side, which is thickly covered with laurel. The Parkersburg and Staunton pike winds round the mountain, and passes, by the heads of ravines, directly over its top. The soil is black and rich, differing from that of all adjacent mountains; and it is from this circumstance that its name is derived.

The topographical formation of the mountain-top is admirably adapted for the erection of strong military defences; and on this account General Garnett had selected it as a stronghold for his army. He had erected formidable fortifications, rendering an attack fatal to the assailing party, on the *road* leading up the mountain, which was deemed the only route by which the enemy could possibly reach his position. General McClellan was advancing with an army of five thousand men from Clarksburg, on the Parkersburg and Staunton turnpike, intending to attack Garnett early in the morning where his works crossed the road, not deeming any *other* route up the mountain practicable. Had he carried his plan into execution, subsequent examination showed that no earthly power could have saved him and his army from certain defeat. The mountain was steep in front of the fortifications; reconnoissance, except in force, was impossible; and

McClellan had determined to risk a battle directly on the road, where Garnett, without McClellan's knowledge, had rendered his defences impervious to any power that man could bring against him.

Mr. Hart, whose farm is on the mountain, was a Union man, knew the ground occupied by Garnett, and had carefully examined his fortifications on the road coming up the mountain. Hearing that McClellan was advancing, and fearing that he might attempt to scale the works at the road, he sent his little son, Joseph Hart, in the night, to meet McClellan and inform him of the situation of affairs on the mountain. Joseph, being but a boy, got through the rebel lines without difficulty, and travelling the rest of the night and part of the following day, reached the advanced guard of the Union army, informed them of the object of his coming, and was taken under guard to the general's quarters. Young as he was, the Federal commander looked upon him with suspicion. He questioned him closely. Joseph related in simple language all his father had told him of Garnett's position, the number of his force, the character of his works, and the impossibility of successfully attacking him on the mountain in the direction he proposed. The general listened attentively to his simple story, occasionally interrupting him with, "Tell the truth, my boy." At each interruption Joseph earnestly but quietly would reply, "*I am* telling you the truth, general." "But," says the latter, "do you know, if you are not, you will be shot as a spy?" "I *am willing* to be shot if all I say is not true," gently responded Joseph. "Well," says the general, after being satisfied of the entire honesty of his little visitor, "if I cannot go up the mountain by the road, in what way am I to go up?" Joseph, who now saw that he was believed, from the manner of his in-

terrogator, said there was a way up the *other* side, leaving the turnpike just at the foot, and going round the base to where the laurel was. There was no road there, and the mountain was very steep; but *he* had been up there; there were but few trees standing, and none fallen down to be in the way. The laurel was very thick up the side of the mountain, and the top matted together so closely that a man could walk on the tops. The last statement of Joseph once more awakened a slight suspicion of General McClellan, who said sharply, "Do you say men can walk on the *tops* of the laurel?" "Yes, sir," said Joseph. "Do you think my army can go up the mountain, over the tops of the laurel?" "No, sir," promptly answered Joseph; "but *I* have done so, and a man *might* if he would walk slowly and had nothing to carry." "But, my boy, don't you see, I have a great many men, and horses, and cannon to take up, and how do you think we could get up over that laurel?" "The trees are small; they are so small you can cut them down, without making any noise, with knives and hatchets; and they will not know on the top of the mountain what you are doing or when you are coming," promptly and respectfully answered Joseph, who was now really to be the leader of the little army that was to decide the political destiny of West Virginia.

The Federal commander was satisfied with this; and, although he had marched all day, and intended that night to take the easy way up the mountain by the road, he immediately changed his plan of attack, and suddenly the army of the Union was moving away in the direction pointed out by Joseph Hart. When they came to the foot of the mountain, they left the smooth and easy track of the turnpike, and with difficulty wound round the broad base of the mountain

through ravines and ugly gorges, to the point indicated by the little guide. Here the army halted. McClellan and some of his staff, with Joseph, proceeded to examine the nature of the ground, and the superincumbent laurel covering the mountain from its base to its summit. All was precisely as Joseph had described it in the chief's tent on the Staunton pike; and the quick eye of the hero of Rich Mountain saw at a glance the feasibility of the attack. It was past midnight when the army reached the foot of the mountain. Though floating clouds hid the stars, the night was not entirely dark, and more than a thousand knives and hatchets were soon busy clearing away the marvellous laurel. Silence reigned throughout the lines, save the sharp click of the small blades and the rustle of the falling laurel. Before daybreak the narrow and precipitous way was cleared, and the work of ascending commenced. The horses were tied at the foot of the mountain. The artillery horses were taken from the carriages. One by one the cannon were taken up the rough and steep side of the mountain by hand, and left within a short distance of the top, in such a situation as to be readily moved forward when the moment of attack should arrive. The main army then commenced the march up by companies, many falling down, but suddenly recovering their places. The ascent was a slow and tedious one. The way was winding and a full mile. But before daybreak all was ready, and the Yankee cannon were booming upon and over the enemy's works, nearly in his rear, at an unexpected moment, and from an entirely unexpected quarter. They were *thunder* struck, as well as struck by shell and canister. They did the best they could by a feeble resistance, and fled precipitately down the mountain, pursued by the Federals to Cheat river, where the brave Garnett was killed. Two hundred fell on

the mountain, and are buried by the side of the turnpike, with no other sign of the field of interment than a long indentation made by the sinking down of the earth in the line where the bodies lie.



HURRAH FOR THE GUNSPIKER.

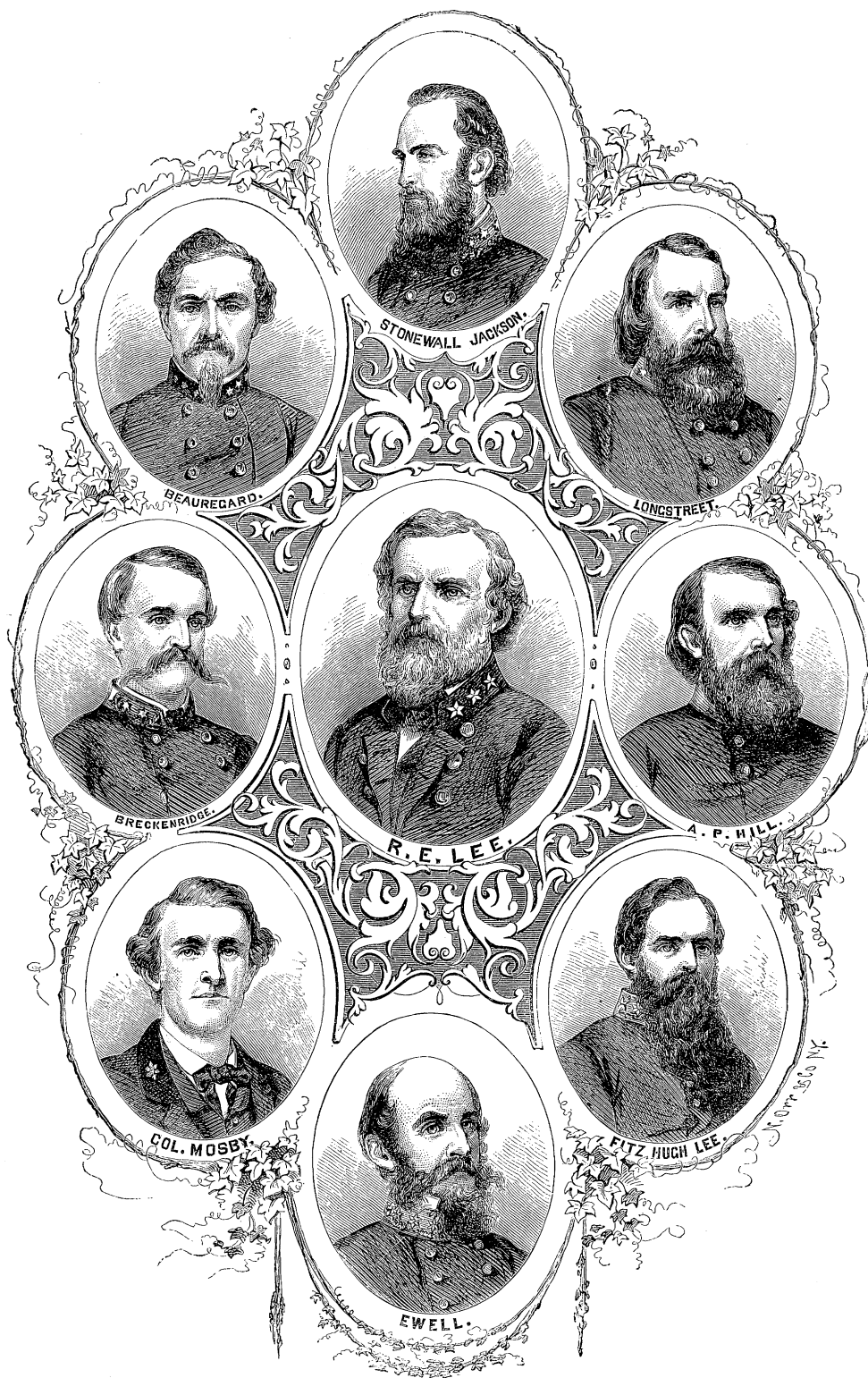
COLONEL ROBERTS, of the forty-second Illinois, rendered himself conspicuous for his bravery at Island No. 10, (where he so gloriously spiked the battery), and at Farmington; services so distinguished, that, in the subsequent battle in which he engaged, he acted as brigadier-general. His regiment was also noted for its coolness and bravery. When ordered to fall back, they did so under a terrible crossfire of grape and shell, with all the regularity of a parade. Halting occasionally and facing about, they would check the onward rush of the enemy, and then quietly resume their retreat. Their coolness was so conspicuous, that General Palmer, struck with admiration, galloped along their lines, hat in hand, shouting: "Brave forty-second, I wish I could be the father of every one of you!" Colonel Roberts exposed himself constantly, with perfect *sang froid*, to the hottest fire of the enemy, and when the last regiment, the forty-second, passed through the gap, he in person commanded the rear-guard. Several times during the fight, as the colonel rode along the lines, the boys ceased from their labors to "hurrah for the gunspiker!"

COL. DE VILLIERS' ESCAPE.

THE experiences of Col. De Villiers, of the eleventh Ohio regiment, who was captured with others, in Western Virginia, in 1861, and conveyed to Richmond, and who afterward made his escape, are thus detailed:—

“Arrived at Richmond, they were taken to a tobacco warehouse, where they found forty other prisoners. In the room there was neither table nor bed. They were kept without food; no breakfast given them the next morning after their arrival—and when, finally, a little bread was brought them, it was thrown upon the floor as to a dog; and the quantity so small, that every man must make double-quick in grabbing it, or he got none, and was compelled to beg from the others. But there were rich officers, who could *buy* something to eat; for if the rebels did not love the northerners, they loved their gold. But, to shorten, he got the brain fever in prison, and was removed to the hospital; and here the colonel took occasion to affirm, that the kindness which had been spoken of, as practised by the physicians, was not from rebels, but from our own surgeons.

“Being by profession a physician, Col. De V., when he had sufficiently recovered, was asked by the hospital doctor to assist, which he consented to do; and he was thus permitted to enjoy more liberty. By good fortune, one day the commanding general gave the physicians liberty to go into the city several times. They wore, as a distinguished body, a red ribbon, or badge, fixed in their button-hole. When he encountered the sentinel, he was challenged, and forbidden to pass on the ground of being a prisoner; the order of the general did not include him. Now, as they called him a nuch Yankee, he thought he would play them a Yankee



trick; so he wrote a note stating that he was included. When he returned to the hospital, the rebel physician said he had been practising deceit, and must consequently go back among the prisoners. He was again incarcerated and put in irons. He soon made up his mind, however, to escape from there, or die. He was asked to take an oath by the rebels; but, said he, 'I have taken an oath as a naturalized citizen of the United States, and I will never take another to conflict with it.' He had been tempted by the offer of position, but he abhorred the enemies of this Union, and could never forget that he came here for liberty's sake. He told Col. Woodruff of his determination to escape, for his time had come. Col. W. wished him well, and hoped that he would escape. He set about it, and devised a lie, and stole; for which he felt assured he would be forgiven. He stole the coat and hat of a secession officer, and in that garb passed the guard.

"Col. De Villiers, while brigade inspector at Camp Denison, Ohio, learned a lesson from the soldiers who wanted to go to Cincinnati. They were in the habit of lying in the bushes to hear the countersign, and having obtained it, passed the guard. Without the countersign he could not get out of the gate, even with his full uniform. So he lay for about two hours behind the guard-house (in the night, as should have been stated), until he was happy by hearing it. The guard called, at his approach, 'Who comes there?' 'A friend, with the countersign.' He passed the guard, the gate was opened, and he was once more free. He made his way to Manassas Junction, which is nothing but a swamp. About six miles from Richmond, he was encountered by a guard, and to his challenge replied, 'A friend, without the countersign.' [He had the precaution to lay the double-barrel shot gun, which he contrived to get before he escaped from Rich

mond, down, before he approached this guard. He had, besides, a revolver and a bowie-knife.]

"Approaching, they asked him where he was from and whither he was going. He replied from Richmond to Petersburg. They then asked why he did not take the railroad, and he said he missed the cars. They then took him in custody, and marched, one on each side of him, upon a narrow bridge crossing a stream near at hand. The situation was desperate, but he was determined never to go back to Richmond alive; so when he got to about the middle of the bridge, he struck to the right and left, knocking one of the guards on one side and the other on the other side, and giving them both a good swim. Hence he made his way toward Petersburg, subsisting for three days upon nothing but a few raw beans, 'which was not very good for his digestion.'

"Upon this tramp, for a distance of sixty-five miles, he carried his skiff for crossing rivers (a pine board), upon his shoulder. During his travels he was several times shot at. When he got in the neighborhood of Magruder's forces, his hardest time began. He tried to pass sentinels several times, and at one time was twice shot at in quick succession. He shot too. He did not know whether he hit the two sentinels or not, but they never answered. But the whole brigade was aroused, and he took to the James River in what he called his skiff, viz.: his pine board companion. He landed on the other side in a swamp, recrossing again near Jamestown, where he lost his gun. He had cast away his officer's coat, and what remained of his suit was rusty enough. So he took an open course, and resolved to ask for work; but like the poor men in the south, when they ask for work, they are told to go into the service. Even the ladies do not look upon

a young man unless he is in the service; viewed from this test, there were more patriots in the south than in the north; they were all soldiers, old and young.

"He hired with a German blacksmith, at \$1.50 per week, having concluded to remain a while, and learn something of the condition of the rebel forces. He staid a fortnight, observing all the rebel movements. At the expiration of this time he got tired of blacksmithing, and wanted to go home. He found a good German Union man, to whom he told his story, without reservation, just as if he were telling it here to-night. This was of great service to him; he led him for nine days, the colonel having adopted another Yankee trick, and made a blind man of himself; he couldn't see, and the German was his guide. Dropping the Yankee French, he became a French subject, and wanted to go back to France, because he could not get any work to do here; and so he told General Huger, when he got into his command. This General promised to send him to Fortress Monroe with a flag of truce. The next flag of truce that was sent he accompanied, blind still, and led by this faithful German Union man.

"He contrived, unobserved, to tell the captain of the flag party that he was a prisoner, a Union officer, and had assumed blindness as a disguise, and that he should take him; but the young officer said he could not understand it, and said he would inform General Wool. He did so, and Wool, being an old soldier, comprehended the matter at once, immediately sending another boat out to bring him; but it was too late, for the rebel officer said it was not worth while waiting on the Yankees, and hastened off. Having lost his German guide, General Huger himself led him (the poor old blind man) with unaffected sympathy, to the hotel, and he assured him that he should go with the next flag of truce

which was sent; and he further took the trouble of writing a special letter to General Wool about the 'old French blind man who wanted to go home.' Colonel De Villiers remarked that General Huger evinced true kindness toward him.

"With the flag, there were, besides, a number of ladies, who 'left the south for the purpose of going north to do business.' Though he was blind, he could see the glances they exchanged; and though old and somewhat deaf, he could hear the officers tell the ladies to learn all they could, and come back with the information—wishing them much success. 'It is surprising what fine spies they make!'

"When he got into safe quarters, he threw off his disguise, his decrepitude—saw and was strong—observing, without surprise himself, the astonishment of the ladies at the change."

INCIDENTS OF MORGAN'S RAID.

THE Morgan raid is ended—the great marauder captured and safely quartered in the Ohio Penitentiary; the brave militia, who responded so nobly to the governor's call to rally and drive the invaders from our soil, have returned to their homes, and the narration of adventures is now the order. As every incident connected with the raid is of interest, I propose to relate my experience with the raiders, how they looked, and what they said.*

About an hour before the expedition under Colonel Runkle left, I received from Surgeon Scott a peremptory order to report forthwith for duty on his staff. Reported accordingly at the railroad depot, where Dr. Scott was already waiting with

* From the "Sciota Gazette."

sundry ominous-looking mahogany boxes, baskets of bandages, lint and other articles necessary in the care of sick and wounded. For an hour we waited at the depot, while, in the dim starlight, companies and regiments of armed men marched and countermarched, forwarded and halted, and at last, about midnight, all were safely stowed away in the cars, and the long train moved off amid enthusiastic cheers.

Arrived at Hamden about two o'clock. From there we could distinctly see the light of the burning depot at Jackson—evidence unmistakable that we were in the vicinity of "the enemy." Our forces, numbering about two thousand, were unloaded and got in marching order, and about daylight the column began to move toward Berlin, distant six miles, where it was thought the rebels would pass on their way east from Jackson. Reached a position about half a mile from Berlin about six o'clock A. M., when a report was brought in that the rebs were still in Jackson, and would probably soon be in our vicinity. For a short time there was a little excitement along our column, but this soon died away, and it grew dull and tiresome, lying there by the roadside waiting for something to turn up. An hour passed away and yet no rebels in sight or hearing; so, borrowing a couple of horses that our men had "pressed" into the service, Dr. J. D. Miller and myself organized ourselves into an independent scouting party and set out to gather what information we could about the enemy.

The morning was pleasant, the air pure and bracing, and the excitement just sufficient to render the ride delightful. Learning that a number of scouts had gone out on the Jackson road, we decided to strike south from Berlin to the road leading from Jackson to Gallipolis, which we thought it probable the rebels would take. All along the road the houses

were apparently deserted; the doors were closed, the window-blinds down, and neither man, woman, child, nor horse was to be seen. At one house we could see, through a broken window-pane, the breakfast-table standing with the morning meal apparently untouched. The family had probably heard the news of Morgan's approach, and without waiting for his appearance had made a precipitate retreat. At another, where all was quiet and apparently deserted, on looking back after we had passed, we saw a terrified looking face peeping timidly out from behind a window-blind. The people along that road were evidently enjoying a tremendous scare.

At length we arrived at the little village of Winchester, on the road leading from Jackson to Gallipolis, and eight miles from the former. It is a pretty hard place, and I'll wager an old hat that its voters are pretty nearly unanimous for Vallandigham. We had the luck to be mistaken here for a couple of Morgan's men, which I can only account for from the fact that my companion, Dr. J. D. M., is an ardent Vallandighammer. I haven't much doubt, however, but that we fared better than if we had been known as Union scouts. We inquired of a mild-looking old man, if he could tell us where we could get something to eat. He directed us up the street to a little eight-by-ten grocery; we rode up and found the door locked and the windows barred. After sundry vigorous knocks, we got an answer from the proprietor inside, who cautiously unlocked the door, when the following colloquy took place:—

“Have you any bread?”

“No, sir.”

“Any pies?”

“No, sir.”

“Any crackers?”

"Yes, a few."

"Any cheese?"

"Not a bit."

"Well, give us some crackers, then?" and with trembling hand he weighed out a pound or so, that might have been a part of the stores in Noah's ark. In the meanwhile a crowd of a dozen or so of rather variegated specimens of humanity gathered around, all eager to learn the news. We ate our crackers and departed toward Jackson, distant eight miles, keeping a sharp lookout from every hill-top for the rebels. We met one young man who advised us not to go any further on that road; *he* had been chased by about twenty-five of Morgan's men.

"How near did they get to you?" I asked.

"Within about two miles."

The young man was evidently a little frightened.

We rode on rapidly about a mile further, when leaving the main road we made a circuit of a mile or so through the fields toward the top of a high hill, from which we had been told we could see into Jackson. On the hill-side we tied our horses to a fence where they were, as we thought, well concealed by the brier and other bushes. Walking up to the top of the hill, we found a number of citizens there, eagerly watching the movements of the rebels, who could be seen from our position riding through the streets of the town, about a mile distant. In a short time they began to move out on the road we had travelled, and which passed within half a mile of our position on the hill. Securing the services of a young man to carry a dispatch back to Colonel Runkle, I left Dr. J. D. and the citizens on the hill, and went down to a house by the roadside where I could have a better view of the rebels and see how they were mounted, armed, etc.

I had been there but a few minutes when two of the raiders, who were about a quarter of a mile in advance of the main body, came along. Riding up to where I was standing, they inquired the distance to Gallipolis; what was the nearest point to the river; whether there was any Union troops about there, etc. I answered their questions so as to leave them rather more in the dark than before, and turning questioner, asked them how many men they had.

"How many do you think we have?"

"There are various reports about your number," I replied.

"Well, what is your opinion?"

"I don't think you have more than four or five thousand."

"Yes, we have over twelve thousand," one of them replied.

"You haven't half that number," I answered.

"Well, we have enough any how to ride through your State without any trouble," said they.

"You're not through yet," I replied as they moved along.

Shortly the main body came up, and I began to count them. They rode along rather slowly, several of them stopping a few minutes to inquire about the road, the nearest route to the river, etc., but I managed to keep an accurate account until about five hundred had passed, while one of them rode up with the request:

"Will you be so good as to bring me a drink of water?"

He was *very* polite for a rebel, and a horse thief to boot and if it had not been for the company he was in, would have passed for a gentleman. I can't say I liked his polite request, but as it was backed by a pair of revolvers and a carbine, I concluded that it might be promotive of my longevity to comply, so without stopping to argue the matter, I merely remarked:—

"Well, sir, I don't like to wait on a rebel, but as you are a pretty good-looking man, I guess I can get you a drink."

Next came a man apparently fifty years of age, riding in a buggy with a boy not more than fourteen or fifteen. "Will you please give me a cup of water for my sick boy?" he asked. The boy was evidently quite sick. He was leaning heavily against his father, who supported him as well as he could with his left arm. I handed him the cup, which he took with a trembling hand, thanking me very kindly for it, his eyes speaking more thanks than his lips. He was a fine looking boy, but what a training was it that he was receiving! His father I could see felt very anxious about his condition, and to my remark that "that was a hard business for a boy, especially a sick one," he replied: "Yes, and I wish we were out of it." My conversation with them was cut short by a fellow with a face that ought to have hung him long ago, who rode up to the fence and sung out:—

"Here, stranger, give *me* a drink."

I took another look at his face, and then at the pair of revolvers in his belt, and concluded that I had better get rid of *him* as soon as possible; so I gave him a drink, and he went on without so much as saying "Thank you."

By this time quite a number had gathered around the place where I was standing, some wanting water, others bread, others pies, or any thing else they could get to eat; while others appeared more anxious to learn the nearest road to the river. I told them to go to the well and help themselves to water, and a number of them rode in, while others dismounted, tied their horses to the fence and walked in. Their applications for food were not very successful; all they got was a cold biscuit and two cold potatoes,—the ladies at the house assuring them that they had nothing else prepared. One of the ladies was the mother and the other the wife of Lieutenant-colonel Dove of the second (Union) Virginia

Cavalry. Colonel Dove had returned home wounded, a few days before; but, on hearing of the approach of the raiders, had been taken to some place of concealment. The ladies, of course, were unconditional Unionists, and not at all disposed to furnish supplies for such a band of rebel marauders. One fellow rode up and inquired of Mrs. Dove if there was a saddle about the place that he could get. She told him there was not.

"I'll see if I can't find one," he said, as he rode over to the barn on the opposite side of the road.

He didn't find a saddle, but there was a good buggy in the barn, to which he harnessed his horse, and driving out into the road, took his place in the ranks and went on, apparently very well pleased with the change in his mode of travelling.

"What do you think of rebels now?" inquired a rather jolly-looking young man, as they rode by.

"Rather a hard-looking set," I answered.

"Well, I haven't seen a good-looking Yankee, since I've been north of the river," he replied; at which the squad he was with felt called upon to indulge in a laugh.

Another stopped and dismounted near where I was standing to arrange something about his saddle. His horse was small, poor, and nearly worn out.

"If I got my horses as you do," I remarked to him, "I'd ride a better one than that."

"We can't always get such as we want," said he; "and they don't raise any good horses through here."

Another came riding up on what had been one of the finest horses they had—a large and elegantly built iron gray—but very much worn down. The rebel said he had ridden him ever since they crossed the river—said he wanted a fresh horse, and asked if I had one I'd like to trade. Told him I didn't know but I had.

"Where?"

"Across there."

"How far?"

"About forty or fifty miles."

"I guess I'll not go to-day," he said, as he started off.

I asked another why they didn't go to Chillicothe the day before?

"Were they looking for us there?"

"I believe some people were."

"Well, we're going on through two or three more States, and we'll call as we return," he replied.

"Provided Hobson isn't in your way," I said.

"Hobson won't trouble us," he answered. "All we know about him is what we see in the daily papers."

I thought, but didn't say, that it was probable they would have the honor of a more intimate acquaintance ere many days.

But enough of what they said. A few words about how they looked.

Personally a majority of them would have been fine-looking men, if they had been washed and respectably dressed; but they were covered with dust and all looked tired and worn down. Many went nodding along half asleep. A hundred or more wore veils, most of which looked new, and I presume had been taken from the stores in Jackson; others had handkerchiefs over their faces to shield them from the dust. I noticed an intelligent looking contraband wearing a fine blue veil, which he raised very gracefully, as he rode up to a rebel, whom he accosted as "massa." Scarcely any two were dressed alike. Their clothing was made of butternut jeans, tweed, cassimere, linen, cloth, and almost every thing ever used for men's wear. A few—perhaps a dozen—wore

blue blouses and pants such as are worn by United States soldiers.

A large number of them had various articles of dry goods, —bolts of calico and muslin, pieces of silks and satins, cassimeres, and broadcloths,—tied on behind their saddles. Some had two or three pairs of new boots and shoes hanging about them. I don't think the stock of dry goods left in Jackson could have been very large or varied.

They were not well armed, as has been reported. A few had carbines; many had double barrelled shot guns, some muskets, a small number had revolving rifles, and nearly all had revolving pistols. There were not, I think, a dozen sabres in the whole division. They had three pieces of artillery,—brass six-pounders,—but not a single caisson, so that all the ammunition for these must have been carried in the boxes of the gun-carriages, which would have held but a small supply.

Their only wagon-train consisted of five light two-horse wagons. In four of these they had sick men; in the other, carpet-sacks, valises, a few trunks, etc., which I took to be the officers' baggage.

They did not ride in any regular order, but two, three, four, and sometimes eight abreast, just as it happened. The officers wore no badges, or any thing that would distinguish them from privates. The last two men in the division rode up to where I was standing, and entered into conversation. One was perhaps twenty years of age, the other about twenty-five, and both appeared to be intelligent and well-informed. I learned from them that their division was under command of Colonel Bushrod Johnson; that John Morgan and Basil Duke were both with the division that took the Berlin road from Jackson (and with which our boys fought the famous

"battle of Berlin Heights"). They admitted that they were very tired, but felt confident they could get safely out of the State. I told them, in the course of the conversation, that I was from Chillicothe, when they said they knew some of our citizens, and, naming them, inquired if I was acquainted with them. Answering in the affirmative, they gave me some friendly messages for their Chillicothe friends and rode on. The name of the elder was George Logan, that of the younger, Lloyd Malone. I did not tell them that one of their friends was a major in one of our militia regiments, and about that time was up at Berlin engaging their leader, John Morgan. I have since learned that Malone was, until recently, a strong Unionist, and it was only after long continued importunity by his father that he was induced to espouse the rebel cause.

I think the number of men in that division was about two thousand five hundred, and comprised something more than half of Morgan's entire force.

As soon as they had all passed, I started up the hill, intending to get my horse and ride back to headquarters as speedily as possible and report to Colonel Runkle. I had not gone far when I met a badly frightened individual making fast time down the hill. I managed to bring him to a halt, and learned from him that a squad of the rebels had just passed that way and taken our horses, saddles, and bridles, leaving in their stead, two of their worn-down horses, and one mule, but no saddle or bridle. They were better horse-thieves than I gave them credit for being, or they never would have found our horses, away up there among the brier-bushes. Arriving at the top of the hill, I stopped a short time to consider "the situation." My companion, J. D. M., after a liberal application of Jackson county free soil to

his hands and face, borrowed an old coat and an old hat, and thus disguised, ventured, with the citizens who had collected on the hill, to go out to the roadside at a point half a mile or so beyond the house to which I had gone. I have heard, but don't vouch for the truth of the report, that the doctor, in order to insure his personal safety and conciliate the rebels, assured a number of them that he was an ardent Vallandighammer.

I waited a short time for his return to the place we had left our horses, but he did not come, and I started alone on my way back to camp. He soon afterward returned, however, and secured the horses the rebels had left in place of ours, went to Jackson, and there got a conveyance to headquarters, where we arrived about ten o'clock at night.

The rebels did not make any thing by that trade—the horses they had left, as soon as they recover from their fatigue, will be worth more than those they took.

My march back to camp was not a very pleasant one. To save distance, I took across hills and fields and through the woods. The mercury must have been about ninety, and those Jackson hills are high, and steep, and rough. I tried at several farm-houses to "press" a horse into service, but always found that Morgan's men had been there just before me. I heard, as I neared Berlin, some exciting stories about the terrific "battle of Berlin Heights,"—how there had been heavy cannonading all day, and how our gallant militia had "fought like demons." Arrived at headquarters about four P. M., and made my report to Colonel Runkle, well satisfied with my day's scouting.

ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN STRONG.

THE following account of the adventure of Captain W. E. Strong, of the second regiment of Wisconsin volunteers, was given by that officer in an official report to Major Larabee, dated at Camp Advance, September 7, 1861:—

“In pursuance of your order of yesterday, I proceeded to examine the woods to the right of our exterior line, for the purpose of satisfying yourself whether the line should be extended. The last picket was stationed about four hundred yards from the river—being our outpost on our right exterior line—leaving a dense thicket of pine undergrowth between it and the river. From my means of observation up to that time, I had concluded that our pickets were not sufficiently advanced in that direction, as this space was wholly unoccupied. At least I thought the ground should be examined; and in this you were pleased to fully concur.

“You desired me to make a minute examination of the ground, and be ready to report when you should return, at three o'clock, P. M. of that day. Accordingly, after dinner, I passed along the line until I reached the extreme outpost on the right, which consisted of Lieutenant Dodge, Corporal Manderson, and three privates, and then proceeded along over very rough and densely wooded ground to the river. I soon ascertained that these physical obstacles were so great that no body of troops could, in this direction, turn our right flank, and there was no necessity of extending our pickets. I then concluded to return; and for the purpose of avoiding the dense undergrowth, I turned back on a line about a hundred rods in advance of the direction of our line of pickets. As I was passing through a thicket, I was surrounded by six rebel soldiers—four infantry and two

cavalry. The footmen were poorly dressed and badly armed. Seeing I was caught, I thought it best to surrender at once. So I said, 'Gentlemen, you have me.' I was asked various questions as to who I was, where I was going, what regiment I belonged to, etc., all of which I refused to answer. One of the footmen said, 'Let's hang the d—d Yankee scoundrel,' and pointed to a convenient limb. Another man said, 'No: let's take him to the camp, and then hang him.' One of the cavalrymen, who seemed to be leader, said, 'We'll take him to camp.' They then marched me through an open place—two in front, two in the rear, and a calvaryman on each side of me. I was armed with two revolvers and my sword.

"After going some twenty rods, the sergeant on my right, noticing my pistols, ordered me to give them up, together with my sword. I said, 'Certainly, gentlemen,' and immediately halted. As I stopped, they all filed past me, and of course were in front. We were at this time in an open part of the woods, but about sixty yards to the rear was a thicket of undergrowth. Thus every thing was in my favor; I was quick of foot, and a passable shot, yet the design of escape was not formed until I brought my pistol pouches round to the front part of my body, and my hands touched the stocks. The grasping of the pistols suggested the thought of cocking them as I drew them out. This I did; and the moment I got command of them, I shot down two footmen nearest me—about sixty feet off—one with each hand. I immediately turned and ran toward the thicket in the rear. The confusion of my captors was apparently so great, that I had nearly reached cover before shots were fired at me. One ball passed through my left cheek, passing out of my mouth. Another one, a musket-ball, passed through my canteen. Immediately upon this volley the two cavalrymen separated—

one on my left and the other on my right—to cut off my retreat. The remaining two footmen charged directly toward me; I turned, when the horsemen got up, and fired three or four shots, but the balls flew wild. I ran on, got over a small knoll, and nearly regained one of our pickets, when I was headed off by both the mounted men. The sergeant called out to me to halt and surrender; I gave no reply, but fired and ran in the opposite direction. He pursued and overtook me; I turned, took good aim, pulled the trigger, but the cap snapped. At this time his carbine was unslung, and he was holding it with both hands on the left side of his horse. He fired at my breast without raising the piece to his shoulder, and the shot passed from the right side of my coat, through it and my shirt, to the left, just grazing the skin; the piece was so near as to burn the cloth out the size of one's hand. I was, however uninjured at this time, save the shot through my cheek. I then fired at him again, and brought him to the ground, hanging by his foot in the left stirrup, and the horse galloping towards the camp. I saw no more of the other horsemen, nor of the footmen, but running on soon came to our own pickets uninjured, save the shot through my cheek, but otherwise much exhausted from my exertions,”



“DABNEY,” THE COLORED SCOUT.

HE was emphatically what the old southern advertisements used to call a “smart, likely negro fellow;” and after he had left his secesh master, who lived on the south bank of the Rappahannock, above Fredericksburg, General Hooker

found his minute and reliable knowledge of the country and the character of its inhabitants of great importance to him.

On one occasion, just before the battle of Chancellorsville, a scouting party had come in, who reported a certain locality entirely free of the enemy; they had talked with Mr. D——, a farmer, who said there were no southerners anywhere near him, and had not been for several days. Dabney heard the report of the scouts, and warned the general not to believe a word of what they heard Mr. D—— say.

“You must take him just contrarywise from what he talks,” said Dabney. “If he says there are no rebels there, you may be sure there are plenty of them all about, and got their big guns all ready.”

But considerable faith was attached to what the scouts had reported, and a force was sent to feel in that neighborhood, and see what there might be there.

Dabney went at the head of the column as pilot, though all the time protesting that, instead of taking that man at his word, they should be prepared for the worst. Dabney was well mounted, and felt no little pride as he moved along, at the head of a powerful column, over roads which he had so often trod with the dejected air and clouded spirit of a slave.

“I know that man very well,” he kept saying. “He’s my ole mass’r, and he’s a man you have to take just contrary to what he says.”

Soon the head of the column approached the locality; and sure enough, the rebels were there in force, and opened with a storm of grape and canister. The Union force soon got guns in position, and a brisk skirmish was going on, in the midst of which Dabney’s fine horse fell under him, pierced by a grape-shot. But he was not to be dismounted as easily

as that, and while the fight was quite lively, and his old master was fully occupied with the stirring scene, Dabney slipped down to the river, swam across, went to the stables, and taking the finest horse there, mounted him, dashed down to the river, swam him across, and came back to the Union lines, all the time under fire, saying, as he rode up, "I told you you couldn't depend on what that man said about the rebs not being there; but never mind, it has given me a chance to 'fiscate a mighty fine horse."

After that adventure, as he was finely mounted, and his knowledge of the inhabitants was shown to be reliable, he was constantly employed as a pilot to the scouting parties.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

BY MISS KATE P. OSGOOD.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain ;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done ;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one :

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind ;
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue ;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again ;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb ;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

A SOUTHERN MARTYR.

WHEN the secret history of current events at the south is brought to light, there will be revelations of sacrifice and suffering for loyalty to the Union that will show that the age of heroism has not wholly gone by. A letter from a lady in Charleston, of undoubted authenticity, gives an account of a martyr to loyalty whose name will be honored in the history that is to be written of the great events of this age, though now concealed from motives of prudence :—

“ Poor F—— is dead ; before the fall of Sumter, he exerted all his influence, using both pen and voice against the rebellion, until he was thrown into prison. At first he was treated as an ordinary criminal awaiting trial ; but after the battle of Manassas, the Confederates seemed drunk with triumph at their victory, and mad with rage over the vast number of victims who fell in their ranks. I wrote you with what pomp this city mourned her dead ; amid it all, when the Confederate host seemed like to win, F—— was offered freedom and promotion if he would espouse the Confederate cause. His military and scientific attainments were consid-

erable, which made them anxious for his services. 'I have sworn allegiance to the Union,' said he, 'and am not one to break my pledge.' When tempted with promotion if he could be prevailed upon to enlist beneath their banner, he said, 'You cannot buy my loyalty. I love Carolina and the south; but I love my country better.' Finding him faithful to the flag he loved, he was made to feel the power of his enemies. He was cast into a miserable, damp, ill-ventilated cell, and fed on coarse fare; half the time neglected by his drunken keeper. His property was confiscated, and his wife and children beggared. Poor fellow! he sank beneath his troubles, and was soon removed from the persecution of his oppressors. The day before his death he said to his wife: 'Mary, you are beggared because I would not prove disloyal.' 'God be thanked for your fidelity!' replied the wife. 'They have taken your wealth and life, but could not stain your honor, and our children shall boast of an unspotted name. My husband, rejoice in your truth.' She returned to her friends after his death, openly declaring her proudest boast should be, her husband died a martyr to his patriotism. Who shall say the day of heroism has passed?"

ADVENTURES OF AN IOWA BOY.

AMONG the most remarkable adventures¹ perpetrated during the war, is that related of Charles H. Smith, a private of the fourth Iowa cavalry, which is as follows:—

He started with his regiment on Colonel Winslow's expedition to Grenada, and was captured by the rebels at that place. He remained their prisoner for four days, walking in

that time a distance of eighty miles in a state of semi-starvation. One evening they had halted about sundown, and put up for the night in an old school-house, situated ten miles west of West Point, on the road leading from West Point to Grenada. The school-house had a door on each side, a chimney in one end, and a window without frame or shutter in the other. They barricaded the window with a desk convenient, barred the eastern door, and stationed a guard in the other.

When it had come sleeping time, the Yankees—six in all—were allotted that portion next the chimney, while the Butternuts—twenty in number—occupied the other end; a line was designated across which no one must pass. Charlie laid down without removing any of his clothes, intending to lie awake and watch for an opportunity to escape, but weariness of body overcame the resolution, and he fell asleep. But he awakened between one and two o'clock, and saw the guard sitting in the door smoking his pipe and conversing with the corporal of the guard, who was sitting by the fire outside. Slipping off his boots, and gathering his hat, haversack, and canteen, he crept over the sleeping "chivalry" up on to the desk, and let himself quietly down and out at the window, reaching *terra firma* in safety. A splendid horse was tied to a tree at the end of the house, six or seven feet from where his doughty master and several companions were sleeping. A saddle and bridle were found on the window after considerable feeling around, which a few moments sufficed to put in their place, a moment more to lead the horse thirty yards and mount him. Six days sufficed to place him inside the Yankee lines, at Lagrange, Tennessee, nearly two hundred miles being travelled in that time. In passing through the Confederacy he avoided all towns and stations at which troops

were quartered, though, with all his precaution, he several times came near running into their camps, only escaping by the greatest good fortune. He met small squads of shot-gun gentlemen nearly every day. To these and to the citizens he passed himself off for a paroled prisoner belonging to McCulloch's command (second Missouri), and going home to see his old mother for the first time since the war broke out. Charlie considered the capture of the horse a capital joke. Its proprietor belonged to the fifteenth Mississippi regiment, and was home on a furlough.

EXPLOITS OF A FORAGING PARTY.

A SOLDIER in the fifty-sixth New York volunteers was engaged in one of those excursions—partly military and partly predatory—which characterized the earlier years of the war. Just after his first exploits in that line in the winter of 1862, he wrote home to his father the following account from Yorktown, Virginia:—

“In order to make my promise good to you, I will now endeavor to pen you a short sketch of our expedition to Gloucester Court House.

“On the morning of the eleventh of December, our regiment was drawn up in line at daylight, and a few minutes after, we started toward the fort. There was but little said by any of us as we marched along, keeping step to the beat of the drum. Every man's mind was busy; for none of us knew where we were to go. Some thought we were going to join Burnside's army; others, that we were going to Richmond direct; and none liked the idea of leaving our

cheerful quarters for the fierce and bloody fight, and the hardships of a winter campaign.

“ Well, we trudged along, entered the fort, and went down to the river, where we found a boat waiting to take us over to Gloucester Point. We found out soon after crossing the river, that we were to go to Gloucester Court House to drive out some rebels, who, it was said, were fortifying themselves there. We started a little after seven, and one hour later had passed the outer pickets, and were fairly in Secessia. The people were surprised at the display we made. There had never been any soldiers through there before us. The darkies were overjoyed at our coming, and kindly gave us all the eggs, milk, and hoe-cake we wanted. The country we passed through was a rich one. No army had been there to destroy their crops and cattle, and they possessed abundance.

“ At three P. M. we entered the town. Our cavalry had driven off a few stray rebels, and we took peaceable possession. There was no visible evidence of the rebels intending to fortify the town. Not knowing but that we might be attacked during the night, General Naglee had the battery planted in a good position, a strong picket posted, and issued orders to have every man ready to fall in at a minute's notice.

“ Our regiment lay on their arms all night on the roadside. We suffered some from cold. The boys could not stand that; so they commenced prowling about the place for plunder. There was soon a great uproar among the fowls. Chickens cackled, geese and ducks quacked, and turkeys gobbled; but 'twas no use. It was too near Christmas to give them a chance for their lives. Consequently they lost their heads and feathers, and soon found themselves boiling in the camp-kettles.

"A good old secesh dominie, living in the upper part of the town, heard a great racket in the neighborhood of his henery. He poked his head out of the window to see what was going on. He saw three or four blue-jackets. One was lugging off a skip of honey.

" 'Stop! stop! I command you!' roared out the old fellow.

"His wife (who, no doubt had been in Richmond, and learned the military) told him to call 'Corporal of the guard.' He did so, when a fellow jumped into the yard, saying he was a corporal, and wanted to know what was the matter. Dominie told him how he had been robbed, and asked him to take care of his honey.

" 'To be sure I will,' says the willing corporal; and he picks up a skip, and starts off with it.

" 'But where are you going with that skip?' says dominie.

" 'O, I am going to take care of it for you,' says *Bogus*; and off he goes.

"The dominie hauls in his head, and the boys haul in the rest of his honey and fowls.

"At noon we pitched our camp in a gentleman's dooryard. We did nothing more to-day, and had a bully night's rest. Next morning the general gave orders for the fifty-sixth to go out foraging. Captain Smith headed the party, numbering forty or fifty. We started for the plantation of a Mr. Field, a strong secessionist. On arriving at his house the captain halted and fronted us, and then went up to Field and told him that we wanted some of his stock for government use. He told the captain to help himself to what he wanted. The captain then divided the squad into two equal parts, one to capture and bring in stock, the other party to act as reserve and guard. Well, this fun lasted about an hour, and

I caught but one old setting hen, and my sides ached with laughter. The ground was thickly strewn with dead poultry, for the boys soon learned to kill their birds, and they now set about picking them up. The captain started twenty men back to camp with the plunder. The rest of us went to another house, but luckily for somebody, it was deserted. Farther on was to be seen another house. The first glance, on arriving at the place, told us that these folks were poor. Captain went to speak to an old woman, who came to the door. I went to the negro quarters, and found by inquiry, that the old lady had long been a widow, that she was very poor, and had three sons in the rebel army. One had been killed in the battle before Richmond. The boys now commenced a war on the poultry, and I was determined that all the fowls should be spared to the old lady. There she stood in the door with clasped hands, her gray hair looking out from underneath the wide border of her cap. A pretty little girl of five or six years (a grandchild), with golden hair in curls, stood near, clinging to the old lady's skirt, and trying to get her in and shut the door. The boys were bent on having the poultry, and as Captain Smith had not forbidden it, they took every thing. Here I did one of the meanest acts that I ever did in all my life. It was this: after trying to save the old lady's property, I caught a duck and wrung its neck before her eyes. Never shall I forget the look she gave me. She thought me to be her only friend before this; but now I, too, had proved an enemy. O, how her heart sunk within her! She sank down into a chair, and gave herself up to the loudest lamentations. I can reconcile myself to take property from rich secessionists for the government, but now I am down on robbing poor people's hen-roosts."

THE BRAVE DRUMMER BOY.

THE battle of Fredericksburg was attended by many memorable instances of individual heroism. It is known that, for several days, a curtain of thick fog rose up from the waters of the Rappahannock, completely hiding from view the artillery that crowned the opposite hills, and the infantry that crowded the sheltering ravines. But the preparation for the great fight, so hopefully commenced, was continued amid the thunder of cannon and the eruptions of exploding batteries.

The hazardous work of laying the pontoon bridges was frequently interrupted by the murderous fire of Confederate sharpshooters, concealed in the stores and dwelling-houses on the banks of the river. To dislodge these men, and drive them out of their hiding-places, seemed an impossible task. At a given signal, the Union batteries opened with a terrific fire upon the city, crashing through the walls of houses and public buildings. But in this storm of shot and shell, which ploughed the streets, and set the buildings on fire, the sharpshooters survived, like salamanders in the flames, and continued to pour a deadly fire upon the Federal engineers and bridge-builders.

In this dilemma it became evident that the bridges could not be laid except by a bold dash. Volunteers were called for to cross in small boats; forthwith, hundreds stepped forward and offered their services. One hundred men were chosen, and at once started for the boats. Robert Henry Hendershot was then a member of the eighth Michigan—acting as drummer-boy. Seeing a part of the Michigan seventh preparing to cross the river, he ran ahead, and leaped into the boat. One of the officers ordered him out,

saying he would be shot. The boy replied that he didn't care, that he was willing to die for his country. When the boy found that the captain would not permit him to remain in the boat, he begged the privilege of pushing the boat off, and the request was granted. Whereupon, instead of remaining on shore, he clung to the stern of the boat, and, submerged to the waist in water, he crossed the Rappahannock. Soon as he landed, a fragment of a shell struck his old drum, and knocked it to pieces. Picking up a musket, he went in search of relics, and obtained a secesh flag, a clock, a knife, and a bone ring. On opening a back door in one of the enemy's houses, he found a Confederate wounded in the hand, and ordered him to surrender. He did so, and was taken by the boy-soldier to the seventh Michigan. When the drummer boy recrossed the river from Fredericksburg, General Burnside said to him, in the presence of the army:—

“Boy, I glory in your spunk; if you keep on this way a few more years, you will be in my place.”

Robert is a native of New York, but moved with his parents to Michigan when he was an infant. His father died, leaving the mother in destitute circumstances, and with a family of four children to support and educate. Bob went from Jackson (Michigan) to Detroit, with Captain Deland, in the capacity of waiter in the ninth Michigan. With that regiment he went to Louisville, West Point, Kentucky, and Elizabethtown, Kentucky,—at the last named place, being appointed drummer boy. Subsequently he was in six battles, namely, Lebanon, Murfreesboro, Chattanooga, Shelbyville, McMinnville, and Fredericksburg. At the battle of Murfreesboro, where the Union forces were taken by surprise, before daylight, in the morning, after beating the long-roll, and pulling the fifer out of bed to assist him, he threw aside

his drum, and seizing a gun, fired sixteen rounds at the enemy from the window of the court-house in which his regiment was quartered ; but the Union men were compelled to surrender, and they were all taken prisoners, though immediately paroled, and afterwards sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. Soon as the news came from the Rappahannock that Bob had lost his drum in that terrible tempest of fire and iron, the New York Tribune Association promised to make good his loss and give him a new drum. If ever a little fellow deserved both drum and drumsticks, it was Robert Hendershot, the gallant little western drummer boy, whose "spunk" elicited the admiration of Burnside.

MISS MAJOR CUSHMAN AMONG HER CAPTORS.

SOME of the experiences of that remarkable woman, Miss Major Pauline Cushman, the Federal scout and spy, are equal to any thing found in the pages of romance. They are of the most thrilling character. Indeed, among the women of America who made themselves famous during the opening of the rebellion, few have suffered more, or rendered more service to the Union cause, than she.

At the commencement of hostilities, Miss Cushman resided in Cleveland, Ohio, and was quite well known as a clever actress. From Cleveland she went to Louisville, where she had an engagement in Wood's theatre. Here, by her intimacy with certain rebel officers, she incurred the suspicion of being a secessionist, and was arrested by the Federal authorities. She indignantly denied that she was disloyal, although born at the south, and having a brother in a secession Mississippi regiment.

In order to test her love for the old flag, she was asked if she would enter the secret service of the government. She readily consented, and was at once employed to carry letters between Louisville and Nashville. She was subsequently employed by General Rosecrans, and was for many months with the army of the Cumberland. She visited the enemy's lines time after time, and was thoroughly acquainted with all the country and roads in Tennessee, Northern Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, in which sections she rendered the Federal armies invaluable service.

Twice was she suspected of being a spy, and taken prisoner, but managed to escape. At last, however, she was not so fortunate. After the Union forces had captured Nashville, Major Cushman made a scout toward Shelbyville, to obtain information of the strength and position of the enemy, and while returning to Nashville, was captured eleven miles from that city. She was placed on a horse, and, in charge of two scouts, was being taken to Spring Hill, the headquarters of Forrest. While thus on her way to that place, she feigned sickness and said she could not travel any further without falling from her horse. Her captors stopped at a house on the roadside, when it was ascertained that a Federal scouting party had passed the place an hour before. Knowing that her guards had important papers for General Bragg, the quick-witted spy seized the fact and schemed to use it to her advantage.

Seeing an old negro, who appeared to commiserate her unfortunate plight, she watched her opportunity and placed ten dollars of Tennessee money in his hand, saying—

“Run up the road, ‘Uncle,’ and come back in a few minutes, telling us that four hundred Federals are coming down the street.”

The faithful negro obeyed the order literally, and soon came back in the greatest excitement, telling the story. The two 'rebs' told him he lied. The old colored man got down imploringly upon his knees, saying—

"O massa, dey's comin, sure nuff; de Lord help us, dey is comin'."

The scouts at this believed his story, mounted their horses, and 'skedadled' for the woods. Miss Cushman, seizing a pistol belonging to a wounded soldier in the house, also mounted her horse and fled toward Franklin. She travelled through the rain, and, after nightfall, lost her way. Soon came the challenge of a picket, "Who comes there?" Thinking she had reached the enemy's line, she said, "A friend of Jeff Davis." "All right," was the reply, "advance and give the countersign."

She presented the countersign in the shape of a canteen of whiskey. She passed five pickets in this way, but the sixth and last was obdurate. She pleaded that she was going to see a sick uncle at Franklin, but the sentry 'couldn't see it.' Sick and disheartened she turned back. Seeing a light at a farm-house she sought shelter. An old man received her kindly, showed her a room, and said he would awake her at an early hour in the morning, and show her the road to Franklin.

A loud knock awoke her in the morning from her lethargic slumbers, and upon arousing, she found her horse saddled, and the two guards from whom she had escaped the previous afternoon! She was taken to the headquarters of Forrest, and, after a critical examination, he sent her to General Bragg. Nothing could be found against her, until a secession woman stole her gaiters, under the inner sole of which were found important documents which clearly proved her



Prison Camp at Andersonville.

to be a spy. She was tried and condemned to be executed as such, but being sick, her execution was postponed. She finally, after lying in prison some three months, sent for General Bragg, and asked him if he had no mercy. She received from him the comforting assurance that he should make an example of her, and that he should hang her as soon as she got well enough to be hung decently.

While in this state of suspense, the grand army of Rosecrans commenced its forward movement, and one fine day the secession town where she was imprisoned, was surprised and captured, and the heroine of this tale was, to her great joy, released.



ROSECRANS' ORDERLY SERGEANT DELIVERED OF A BABY IN CAMP.

THE following order, as unique in its way as any that the war gave rise to, can be best explained—if any further explanation be needed—by Major-General Rosecrans:—

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, }
April 17, 1863. }

‘GENERAL:—The general commanding directs me to call your attention to a flagrant outrage committed in your command,—a person having been admitted inside your lines, without a pass, and in violation of orders. The case is one which calls for your personal attention, and the general commanding directs that you deal with the offending party or parties according to law.

“The medical director reports that an orderly sergeant in Brigadier-General ——’s division *was to-day delivered of a*

baby,—which is in violation of all military law and of the army regulations. No such case has been known since the days of Jupiter.

“You will apply the proper punishment in this case, and a remedy to prevent a repetition of the act.”



ESCAPING FROM PRISON.

ONE of the neatest “sells” was that practiced by Mr. Richardson, (the brilliant writer for the *New York Tribune*,) upon the prison-guard at Salisbury, North Carolina, when he—Mr. R.,—made his escape from that southern domicil, together with some similarly situated comrades. In Mr. Richardson’s account of his unique experience in this matter, he says:—

Both “Junius” and our esteemed collaborator, Mr. William E. Davis, of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, had been furnished with passes to visit, during the day, a rebel hospital, outside the fence and inner line of guards, to order in medical supplies for the prisoners. The inflexible rule was, to exact paroles whenever passes were granted, but in the confusion attendant upon the great influx of prisoners, the authorities had neglected to require them. None of us would have given paroles in any event; but my friends had the good fortune not to be asked for them.

On that Sunday evening, half an hour before dark—the latest hour they could pass the guard—they both went outside as usual to the rebel hospital. A few minutes after, taking in my hand a great box full of the bottles in which medicines were brought in, I, too, walked rapidly up to the gate, while a dozen friends, in the secret, were looking on to

see the result. I attempted to pass the sentinel, but he halted me, and asked :—

“Have you a pass, sir?”

“Certainly I have a pass,” I answered. “Have you not seen it often enough to remember by this time?”

“Very likely,” he answered, a little nonplussed, “but I was not quite sure, and our orders are very strict.”

Thereupon I exhibited to him the genuine pass belonging to my colleague, whose face was so well known to the sentinel—though not his name, as the event proved—that he had been able to go out without showing it. The soldier examined it, reading slowly and with difficulty, “Guards will permit Junius H. Browne, citizen-prisoner, to pass the inner gate, to bring in medical supplies;” and then returned it, saying: “All right, sir: that pass is correct, for I know Captain Fuqua’s handwriting.”

Once outside, I hid the medical box behind the fence, and found refuge in a little outbuilding until dark. My two friends there joined me; and we walked through the outer gate into the streets in full view of the guard, who, seeing us come from the rebel hospital, supposed us to be surgeons or their assistants.

By skilful movements the escape, so ingeniously commenced, was carried out to complete success.

BEFORE VICKSBURG.

THE president has recently appointed to the Naval School at Newport a little drummer-boy of the fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteers, whose case was brought before him by Major-

General W. T. Sherman in the following letter. Truly, the letter does as much honor to the distinguished major-general, who could pause in the midst of the duties of a great campaign to pay such tribute to a drummer-boy, as it does to the little hero whom it celebrates:—

“HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
“CAMP ON BIG BLACK RIVER, August 8, 1863. }

“HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War*:—

“SIR:—I take the liberty of asking through you that something be done for a lad named Orion P. Howe, of Waukegan, Illinois, who belongs to the fifty-fifth Illinois, but at present at home wounded. I think he is too young for West Point, but would be the very thing for a midshipman.

“When the assault at Vicksburg was at its height, on the nineteenth of May, and I was in front near the road, which formed my line of attack, this young lad came up to me, wounded and bleeding, with a good, healthy boy’s cry, ‘General Sherman, send some cartridges to Colonel Malm-borg: the men are nearly all out.’ ‘What is the matter, my boy?’ ‘They shot me in the leg, sir; but I can go to the hospital. Send the cartridges right away.’ Even where we stood the shot fell thick, and I told him to go to the rear at once, I would attend to the cartridges; and off he limped. Just before he disappeared on the hill, he turned, and called, as loud as he could, ‘Calibre 54.’ I have not seen the lad since, and his colonel (Malmborg), on inquiry, gives me the address as above, and says he is a bright intelligent boy, with a fair preliminary education.

“What arrested my attention then was—and what renewed my memory of the fact now is—that one so young, carrying a musket-ball through his leg, should have found his way to

me on that fatal spot, and delivered his message, not forgetting the very important part, even the calibre of his musket—54—which, you know, is an unusual one.

“I’ll warrant the boy has in him the elements of a man, and I commend him to the government as one worthy the fostering care of some one of its national institutions.

“I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

“W. T. SHERMAN.

“*Major-General commanding.*”

WHILE Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire
That from the lines of Vicksburg gleam’d,
And bomb-shells tumbled in their smoky gyre,
And grape-shot hiss’d, and case-shot scream’d
Back from the front there came,
Weeping and sorely lame,
The merest child, the youngest face,
Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stifling his tears, he limp’d his chief to meet;
But, when he paused and tottering stood,
Around the circle of his little feet
There spread a pool of bright young blood.
Shock’d at his doleful case,
Sherman cried, “Halt front face!
Who are you? speak, my gallant boy!”
“A drummer, sir,—fifty-fifth Illinois.”

“Are you not hit?” “That’s nothing. Only send
Some cartridges. Our men are out,
And the foe press us.” “But, my little friend——”
“Don’t mind me! Did you hear that shout?
What if our men be driven?
Oh, for the love of heaven,
Send to my colonel, general dear——”
“But you?” “Oh, I shall easily find the rear.”

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop,
 Angels might envy, dimm'd his eye,
 As the boy, toiling toward the hill's hard top
 Turn'd round, and, with his shrill child's cry,
 Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!
 We'll win the battle yet!
 But let our soldiers have some more—
 More cartridges, sir,—calibre fifty-four!"



THE BELGIAN MUSKETS.

~~AN Illinois colonel felt it his duty to praise these double-~~
~~acting arms. Said he,~~ "In platoon firing with the Belgian
 musket, I can tell what I cannot with any other, and that is
 how many pieces have been fired."

"How can you tell that?" ~~An~~ *an ordnance inspector asked him.*
 "O," ~~I count the men on the ground.~~ *said the Colonel,* "It never deceives me.
 It is 'fire and fall back,' *flat.*"

"One of these Belgian muskets will kick like a mule, and
 burst with the greatest facility. Several soldiers in our
 Illinois regiments have been killed in this way. The bayo-
 net, too, is a novelty—a soft iron affair, apparently designed
 to coil round the enemy, as it is introduced, thus taking
 him prisoner."

HONORABLE COMMENDATION INSTEAD OF
IGNOMINIOUS DEATH.

It appears that information reached the President that a young man belonging to the Army of the Potomac had been sentenced by court martial to be shot for desertion. The boy was doomed to die in a few hours when the dispatch was received. A telegram was sent to General Meade, suspending the execution of the sentence. An examination of the case was ordered by the President, when it was ascertained that the young man ought, in justice, to have been promoted long ago for gallant and meritorious service, instead of being shot! It was proved that upon the march of the Army of the Potomac toward Maryland, on the occasion of General Lee's first raid northward, the young man in question became exhausted and fell out of the ranks, and, as soon as he recovered, he proceeded on after his regiment, but not finding it, and there being no time to lose, he fell into the ranks of another regiment and fought gallantly at South Mountain and Antietam, and was wounded in the last named battle. He was sent to the hospital, which fact, owing to the absence of a proper system in such cases, did not reach the officers of his regiment. At last he was arrested as a deserter, tried condemned, and was about to be shot, when, by the interference of the executive, his life was saved, and a young man hastily doomed to an ignominious death was suddenly restored to honor.

ANNIE LILLYBRIDGE AND LIEUTENANT W—.

ANNIE LILLYBRIDGE, of Detroit, was for "Union," and in favor of the hardships and dangers of war, if need be, to secure that end. She courted, rather than shrank from, those hardships, and bared her breast to rebel bullets.

According to Annie's account, her parents resided in Hamilton, Canada West. In the spring of 1862, she was employed in a dry goods store in Detroit, where she became acquainted with Lieutenant W—, of one of the Michigan regiments, and an intimacy immediately sprang up between them. They corresponded for some time, and became much attached to each other. But during the ensuing summer season, Lieutenant W— was appointed to a position in the twenty-first Michigan infantry, then rendezvousing in Ionia county.

The thought of parting from the gay lieutenant nearly drove Annie mad, and she resolved to share his dangers and be near him. No sooner had she resolved upon this course than she proceeded to act. Purchasing male attire she visited Ionia, and enlisted in Captain Kavanagh's company, twenty-first regiment. While in camp she managed to keep her secret from all; not even the object of her attachment, who met her every day, was aware of her presence so near him.

Annie left with her regiment for Kentucky, passed through all the dangers and temptations of a camp-life, endured long marches, and slept on the cold ground—all without a murmur. At last, before the battle of Pea Ridge, in which her regiment took part, her sex was curiously discovered by a member of her company, upon whom she laid the injunction of secrecy, after relating to him her previous history.

On the following day she was under fire, and from a letter in her possession, it appears she behaved with marked gallantry, and by her own hand shot a rebel captain who was in the act of firing upon Lieutenant W—. But the fear of revealing her sex continually haunted her.

After the battle, she was sent out with others, to collect the wounded, and one of the first corpses found by her was the soldier who had discovered her sex. Days and weeks passed on, and she became a universal favorite with the regiment; so much so, that her colonel, Stephens, frequently detailed her as regimental clerk—a position that brought her in close contact with her lover, who, at this time, was major, or adjutant, of the regiment.

A few weeks subsequently she was out on picket duty, when she received a shot in the arm that disabled her, and notwithstanding the efforts of the surgeon, her wound grew worse from day to day. She was sent to the hospital at Louisville, where she remained several months, when she was discharged by the post surgeon, as her arm was stiffened and useless.

Annie implored to be permitted to return to her regiment, but the surgeon was unyielding, and discharged her. Annie immediately hurried toward home. At Cincinnati she told her secret to a benevolent lady, and was supplied with female attire. She declared she would enlist in her old regiment again, if there was a recruiting officer for the twenty-first in Michigan. She still clung to the lieutenant—said she must be near him if he fell, or was taken down sick—that where he went she would go—and when he died, she would end her life by her own hands.

RATHER BE A SOLDIER'S WIDOW THAN A
COWARD'S WIFE.

ONE day a poor wounded soldier on crutches entered one of the New York city railway cars, which on this occasion happened to be occupied mainly by women. One of them considerably arose and gave the wounded man a place. Her neighbor, seeming to be scandalized by this abdication of feminine privileges, asked her if it were possible that she had voluntarily resigned her seat to "that man." She replied she had; and she had a husband who was a soldier in the Union army, and that she had done only what she would wish others would do for him in a similar situation. The other replied that she had no husband in the Union army, and was glad of it. "Well," retorted the true American wife, "I would rather be a *soldier's widow than a coward's wife.*"



SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

AN old and crippled veteran to the War Department came:
He sought the chief who led him on many a field of fame,—
The chief who shouted, "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, general," the batter'd soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your
side?"

Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true I'm old and pension'd; but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten," said the chief, "my brave old soldier?
No!

And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old,
and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, general," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,
"The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now.
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old Red, White,
and Blue;
And, while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun,
To get the range of traitors' hearts and pick them one by one.
Your minie rifles and such arms it a'n't worth while to try:
I couldn't get the hang of them; but I'll keep my powder
dry!"

"God bless you comrade!" said the chief; "God bless your
loyal heart!

But younger men are in the field, and claim to have their part:
They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town,
And woe henceforth to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, general," still persisting, the weeping veteran cried,
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;
And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that at least
can I:

So give the young ones a place to fight, but me a place to die!

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel in command
Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-staff in my hand:
No odds how hot the cannon smoke, or how the shells may
fly,

I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!

"I'm ready, general, so you let a post to me be given
Where *Washington* can see me, as he looks from highest heaven,
And says to Putnam at his side, or may-be General Wayne,
'There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane!

"And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly
When shell and ball are screeching and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's and not to Arnold's place."

FLIGHT, CAPTURE, AND DEATH OF BOOTH.

AFTER eleven days had transpired since the death of the President, his murderer, John Wilkes Booth, was discovered in a barn, on Garrett's farm, near Port Royal, on the Rappahannock. Immediately after the murder, Colonel Baker, of the detective service, set out to find Booth's hiding-place. He soon succeeded in capturing Atzerodt, the would-be assassin of Vice-President Johnson, and Dr. Mudd. It was Dr. Mudd, who attended to Booth's leg, crippled by his getting entangled with the flag that decorated the President's box, and a boot with Booth's name in it was found in his possession. A negro was then arrested, who said he had seen Booth and another man cross the Potomac in a fishing-boat. Colonel Baker sent to General Hancock for twenty-five mounted men to aid him in the pursuit. These were sent under Lieutenant Dougherty, and Baker placed them under the control of Lieutenant-Colonel Conger, and of his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. Baker, and dispatched them to Belle Plain, with orders to scour the country about Port Royal.

The detectives and cavalrymen left Washington at two P. M., on the 23d of April, and at ten o'clock disembarked at Belle Plain, near Fredericksburg. Here they commenced their inquest, but without any result. The next morning they came to Port Royal ferry and crossed. At Port Royal they found one Rollins, a fisherman, who referred them to a negro, named Lucas, as having driven two men a short distance toward Bowling Green, in a wagon. These men perfectly answered the description of Booth and his accomplice Harold. Some disbanded men, it was learned, belonging to Mosby's command, took Booth under their protection on the way to Bowling Green. On the 25th, Baker and his party proceeded to Bowling Green, a small court-house town in Caroline county. Here they found the captain of the rebel cavalry, and extorted from him a statement of Booth's hiding-place. It was found that this was at the house of a Mr. Garrett, which they had passed on their way to Bowling Green.

Returning with the captain for a guide, the worn-out command halted at Garrett's gate, at two o'clock on the morning of the 26th. Without noise the house was surrounded, and Baker went up to the kitchen door, on the side, and rapped. An old man, in half undress, undrew the bolts, and had scarcely opened the door before Baker had him by the throat, with a pistol at his ear, and asked, "Where are the men who stay with you?" Under the menace of instant death, the old man seemed paralyzed, but at Baker's order lit a candle. The question was then repeated. "They are gone," replied the old man. Soon a young boy appeared, and told Baker the men he sought were in the barn. The barn was then surrounded. Baker and Conger went to the door. The former called out, signifying his intention to

have a surrender on the part of the men inside, or else to fire the barn, and shoot them on the spot. The young boy was sent in to receive their arms. To the boy's appeal, Booth answered with a curse, accusing the boy of having betrayed him. The boy then came out, and Baker repeated his demand, giving Booth five minutes to make up his mind. Booth replied:—

“Who are you, and what do you want with us?”

“We want you to deliver up your arms and become our prisoners,” said Baker.

“But who are you?”

“That makes no difference. We know who you are, and we want you. We have here fifty men with carbines and pistols. You cannot escape.”

After a pause, Booth said: “Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends.” He then asked time to consider, which was granted. After a little interval, Baker threatened to fire the barn, if they did not come out. Booth replied that he was a cripple, and begged a chance for his life, declaring that he would fight them all at so many yards' space, and that he would never be taken alive. Baker replied that he did not come there to fight, but to capture him, and again threatened to fire the barn.

“Well, then, my brave boys,” said Booth, “prepare a stretcher for me.”

Harold now wanted to surrender, and, in the midst of a shower of imprecations from Booth, did so. Conger then set fire to the barn.

The blaze lit up the black recesses of the great barn till every wasp's nest and cobweb in the roof was luminous, flinging streaks of red and violet across the tumbled farm gear in the corner, and bathed the murderer's retreat in a

vivid illumination, and while in bold outline his figure stood revealed, they rose like an impenetrable wall, to guard from sight the dreaded enemy who lit them. Behind the blaze, with his eye to a crack, Conger saw Wilkes Booth standing upright upon a crutch. He likens him, at this instant, to his eminent brother, Edwin, whom he says he so much resembled that he half believed, for the moment, the whole pursuit to have been a mistake. At the gleam of fire, Wilkes dropped his crutch and carbine, and on both hands crept up to the spot to espy the incendiary and shoot him dead. His eyes were lustrous like fever, and swelled and rolled in terrible anxiety, while his teeth were fixed, and he wore the expression of one in the calmness before frenzy. In vain he peered with vengeance in his look: the blaze that made him visible, concealed his enemy. A second he turned glaring at the fire, as if to leap upon and extinguish it, but the flames had made such headway that this was a futile impulse, and he dismissed it. As calmly as upon the battle-field a veteran stands amidst the hail of ball and shell and plunging iron, Booth turned at a man's stride, and pushed for the door, carbine in poise, and the last resolve of death—despair—set on his high, bloodless forehead.

At this instant, Sergeant Boston Corbett fired through a crevice and shot Booth in the neck. They then took him up and carried him out on the grass, a little way from the door, beneath a locust tree. Conger went back to the barn, to see if the fire could be put out, but found it could not, and returned to where Booth was lying. Before this (says Lieutenant-Colonel Conger), I supposed him to be dead; he had all the appearance of a dead man; but when I came back his eyes and mouth were moving. I called immediately for water and put some on his face. He seemed to revive, and

attempted to speak. I put my ear down to his mouth, and heard him say, "Tell my mother I died for my country." I repeated the words to him and said, "Is that what you would say?" He said, "Yes." They carried him to the porch of Garrett's house, and laid him on a straw bed or tick. At that time he revived considerably, and could talk in a whisper so as to be intelligibly understood. He could not speak above a whisper. He wanted water; I gave it to him. He wanted to turn on his face; I said he couldn't lie on his face. He wanted to be turned on his side; we turned him on his side three times, but he could not lie with any comfort, and asked immediately to be turned back. He asked me to put my hand on his throat, and press down, which I did. He said "Harder;" I pressed as hard as I thought necessary. He made a very strong exertion to cough, but was unable to do so. I suppose he thought there was blood in his throat. I asked him to put out his tongue, which he did. I said, "There is no blood in your throat." He repeated several times—two or three times at least—"Kill me! kill me!" I replied, "I do not want to kill you. I want you to get well."

When the doctor, whom Conger had sent for, arrived, Booth asked to have his hands raised and shown him. When this was done, he muttered "Useless, useless!" These were his last words. He died about four hours after he was shot.

Booth and Harold were dressed in rebel gray uniform. Booth's mustache had been cut off, apparently with scissors, and his beard allowed to grow, thus changing his appearance considerably. His hair had been cut somewhat shorter than he usually wore it. Being taken to Washington, a post-mortem examination of the remains took place on board the monitor Montauk, the body being laid out on a carpen-

ter's bench between the stern and turret. The shot which terminated his life entered on the left side, at the back of the neck, a point not far different from that in which his victim, the lamented President, was shot.

On the night of the 27th of April, a small row-boat received the remains of the assassin, and no one save two men—sworn to irrevocable secrecy—it is said, knows the place or manner of his sepulture.

The capture and solemn trial of the other accomplices and conspirators in the great crime of simultaneously murdering the President, Vice-President, Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and Lieutenant-General Grant—viz.: the Surratts, mother and son, Payne, Atzerodt, Harold, O'Loughlin, Arnold, etc.—constitute the remainder of this darkest chapter in the annals of human crime. Four of these expiated their crime on the gallows, and the blood of the martyred President was avenged.



THE BALLAD OF ISHMAEL DAY.

ONE summer morning a daring band
Of rebels rode into Maryland,
Over the prosperous peaceful farms,
Sending terror and strange alarms,
The clatter of hoofs and the clang of arms.

Fresh from the South, where the hungry pine,
They ate like Pharaoh's starving kine;
They swept the land like devouring surge,
And left their path, to its furthest verge,
Bare as the track of the locust-scourge.

“The rebels are coming,” far and near
Rang the tidings of dread and fear ;
Some paled, and cowered, and sought to hide ;
Some stood erect in their fearless pride ;
And women shuddered, and children cried.

But others—vipers in human form,
Stinging the bosom that kept them warm—
Welcomed with triumph the thievish band,
Hurried to offer the friendly hand
As the rebels rode into Maryland,—

Made them merry with food and wine,
Clad them in garments rich and fine,—
For rags and hunger to make amends,—
Flattered them, praised them with selfish ends :
“Leave us scathless, for we are friends !”

Could traitors trust a traitor ? No !
Little they favored friend or foe,
But gathered the cattle the farms across,
Flinging back, with a scornful toss—
“If ye are *friends*, ye can bear the loss !”

Flushed with triumph, and wine, and prey,
They neared the dwelling of Ishmael Day,
A sturdy veteran, gray and old,
With heart of a patriot, firm and bold,
Strong and steadfast—unbribed, unsold.

And Ishmael Day, his brave head bare,
His white locks tossed by the morning air,
Fearless of danger, or death, or scars,
Went out to raise, by the farm-yard bars,
The dear old flag of the Stripes and Stars.

Proudly, steadily, up it flew,
Gorgeous with crimson, and white, and blue :
His withered hand, as he shook it freer,
May have trembled, but not with fear,
While, shouting, the rebels drew more near.

“ *Halt !*” They had seen the hated sign
Floating free from old Ishmael’s line—
“ Lower that rag !” was their wrathful cry.
“ Never !” rung Ishmael Day’s reply ;
“ Fire, if it please you—I can but die !”

One with, a loud, defiant laugh,
Left his comrades, and neared the staff.
“ *Down !*”—came the fearless patriot’s cry—
“ Dare to lower that flag, and die !
One must bleed for it—you or I !”

But caring not for the stern command,
He drew the halliards with daring hand ;
Ping ! went the rifle-ball—down he came
Under the flag he had tried to shame—
Old Ishmael Day took careful aim !

Seventy winters and three had shed
Their snowy glories on Ishmael’s head ;
But though cheeks may wither, and locks grow
gray,
His fame shall be fresh, and young away—
Honor be to old Ishmael Day !

PART IV.

THE BLUE COATS AFLOAT.

HOW A BLOCKADE RUNNER WAS CAUGHT.

THE following is a highly interesting account of a shrewd trick by which a blockade-running steamer was trapped in her voyage from Nassau toward Charleston:—

The harbor was crammed with craft of all sorts and sizes; the bay was full of shipping; the little streets were crowded, and there was a continual stir and turmoil on the quay, all too small for the press of traffic that daily poured in. All this animation, all this activity, had been caused by the Federal blockade of the southern coast; and the cheerful faces of the burghers attested the fact that Nassau was the great emporium for contraband of war and smuggled cotton, and that much money was being spent in the island by those employed in this gainful but perilous commerce. Wherever I went, in tavern, grocery, store, or counting-house, there was but one all-engrossing topic, one common subject of interest—the blockade. Such and such a schooner had been taken;

such a brig had been burned, cargo and all, to keep her out of Yankee hands; such a droger had come in with cotton; such a steamer had got safe to Charleston, with so many thousand stands of arms on board. The Black-Eyed Susan had been sunk by the United States gunboat Sloper—no, she had only received four round shot in her hull, and had escaped among the sand-keys. Who had insured the Delight? They would lose smartly, for the vessel had been condemned, whereas the Fly-by-Night had got into Charleston securely, and her freight of Blakely guns was worth twenty-three thousand dollars, net profit.

All this gambling and venturing, this staking of fortunes on the speed of a vessel, or the wariness of a captain, was thrillingly exciting to the brokers, merchants, and other speculators who swarmed in the Nassau boarding-houses, and who had only a pecuniary interest in the game. And I perceived that the risks nearly balanced the favorable chances; that if many escaped, many were taken; and the loss of a ship was philosophically borne by her owners.

At last he found a steamer about to sail. "When do you start?" he asked the captain.

The commander's voice sunk to a whisper as he told me that at sunset every landsman must come on board, taking boat at some secluded jetty, to avoid prying eyes, and using all reasonable caution, since Nassau teemed with northern spies. Half an hour after sundown he was to hoist a signal, which was to be replied to; and then the pilot would come off, and the steamer would stand out to sea.

"After dark," muttered Pritchard, with an oath, "we may hope to get past that Yankee thief that hangs about the island. The governor bade her keep at the distance of one marine league, but she's always sneaking in—now for coal,

now for bread, now because her engine's out of order; and the United States consul communicates with her every day. I tell you, shipmate, there isn't one of us that isn't dogged up and down by rascals in Federal hire. See there! that mulatto hound has been after me these four days," pointing to a dark complexioned fellow in the dress of a stevedore, who, on seeing himself observed, as he stood under the geranium hedge, lay down with well-feigned nonchalance, and lit his pipe. * * * * * *

I found a great deal of quiet bustle and suppressed excitement on board the Bonny-bell. The fires were banked up; the swarthy faces and red shirts of the engineer and his gang were visible at the hatch of their Cyclopean den, getting a breath of the cool breeze before starting. Some brass guns, that had been hidden under fruit baskets, hencoops and tarpaulins, were visible enough now; and beside them lay piled little heaps of round shot. The crew bustled to and fro, and the captain was so busy that he could but return a brief word and a nod to my greeting. The sky grew darker, and surrounding objects dimmer every instant.

Before long the passengers arrived. Several southern gentlemen, a few ladies and children, all making their way back from Europe to their homes in Carolina or Virginia by this dangerous route, and all in peril of harsh imprisonment at least, in the event of capture. By the uncertain light I could see that most of them were pale and nervous; but they talked in an undertone among themselves, and did not appear anxious to enter into conversation with strangers.

"Get up steam!"

By the time the hoarse roar of the escaping vapor grew loud and menacing, there was a fresh bustle on deck, and I heard the captain give orders to "stand by" for slipping

from the moorings, and to hoist the signal, as we only waited for the pilot.

"There they are, slick and right—three red lights and a green one!" murmured a tall Virginian at my elbow; and looking up, I saw the colored lamps glimmer from the mast-head. Instantly they were answered by a similar signal from some window on shore.

"We'll soon see the pilot now," said Pritchard, rubbing his hands in a cheery manner; "the signal's made and repeated. In ten minutes our man will be with us. Hilloa!—boat ahoy!—what dy'e want?"

"Bonny-bell ahoy!" was the rejoinder, in a shrill, harsh voice, cautiously lowered for the occasion; "pilot wants to come on board."

There was a stir, and a start of surprise among those on deck, and as a rope was thrown to the boatmen, Captain Pritchard bent over the side, exclaiming:

"You're uncommon quick, my hearty. If you've come from shore since the lights were hoisted, you must be own cousin to the Flying Dutchman. Are you sure you're our pilot?"

"I'm the pilot engaged by Colonel Jeremy Carter, of Spottsylvania, if that'll do," answered a very tall, bony, black-haired man, as he actively ascended the side. "Zack Foster's my name, and I know every inch about Charleston, where I was raised."

While the captain, reassured by the mention of Colonel Carter's name—gave hasty orders to cast off the cable and go ahead, I in common with the rest of the passengers and the unoccupied portion of the crew, looked with much interest at the new comer. The latter was about forty years of age long and lean of figure, with a hardy, sunbrowned face. There

was no mistaking the resolute air and daring of the man; his mouth was as firm as iron, though a little dry humor seemed to lurk about his lips; and I hardly liked the expression of his half-shut eyes, which had a lazy cunning in their dark glance. Still, though dressed in a black suit of shore-going clothes, and a swallow-tailed coat of antiquated cut, there was something about Mr. Zack Foster that bespoke the thoroughbred seaman. He took no share in the proceedings, for his duty did not begin till we were clear of Nassau roadstead; but yet he seemed impatient for the start, gnawing viciously at his quid, and drumming on the taffrail with a finger that seemed as hard and brown as bronze.

It was an anxious time when the Bonny-bell, under a full head of steam, went darting out of the bay; her look-outs straining their eyes to pierce the mist, and give warning to the helmsman of vessels ahead; while Pritchard walked to and fro, too fidgety and eager to endure conversation, listening every instant for some sound that was to indicate that the Federal cruiser had taken the alarm. But on we went, without check or hindrance; and we all drew our breath more freely as the lights of the town began one by one to vanish, as if the sea had swallowed them, and the dark headlands faded away into obscurity. The American gunboat was neither seen nor felt, a circumstance which I did not the less regret, because I perceived, not only by the display of the cannon alluded to, but by the resolute demeanor of several of the crew, who stood grouped about a couple of uncovered arm-chests, that our pigmy foe would not have found an entirely unresisting prize.

One slight circumstance, hardly, as I thought, worth mentioning, did occur before we had run half a mile to seaward. There came a long, faint hail, from so great a dis-

tance as to be hardly distinguishable even by a sailor's practised ear, but which was announced to be addressed to us.

"Some boat, with a message, perhaps, for a passenger. The lubbers deserve rope's-ending for being so late. Can I lie-to safely, do you think?" said Pritchard to the pilot, irresolutely, and giving the word, "Slacken speed!" What the pilot answered, I know not. I only caught the concluding phrase:

"Yankee tricks; so, cap, you'd best look sharp about you."

So Pritchard thought. He gave the word to go on at full speed, and we heard no more about the matter.

The run was speedy and pleasant, over a dimpling summer sea, with no boisterous behavior on Neptune's part to make even the lady passengers uneasy. We saw several vessels, but none of a hostile character; and the voyage was as agreeable and safe hitherto as any yachting excursion in holiday waters. We were all disposed to be pleased, and the pilot, although a saturnine and morose personage, viewed through this rose-colored haze of satisfaction and hope, became a popular man on board. Captain Pritchard pronounced him worth his weight in gold; for if there were no gales or rough seas to thwart our purpose, fogs were rather frequent, and here the pilot's intimate acquaintance with the rocks, shoals and islands—many of which were not noted down in the chart—more than once saved the Bonny-bell from an ugly thump upon some hidden obstacle. For an American, Zack Foster was singularly silent; yet there was something elephantine about his high forehead and narrow dark eyes which suggested shrewdness rather than faculty. He did his work, answered when spoken to, but seldom addressed any one.

"Land ho!" sung out the look-out man at the masthead, and Pritchard and the pilot, who were poring together over the map close to the binnacle, looked up, while the passengers edged nearer to hear the news. Pritchard lifted his telescope, while Foster went aloft for a better view.

"Edisto Island, as I said, cap!" hailed the pilot; "and beyond it is the Carolina coast. We're close to home, gentlemen and ladies."

There was a cheer from the little group gathered near the helm, but directly afterward came two shrill cries of "Sail ho!"

"Uncle Sam's barkers. We must put out a few miles yet, cap," said the pilot, as he leisurely descended the rope-ladder. There were many good glasses on board, and we all gazed eagerly through them, and with beating hearts we recognized the portholes, the grinning cannon, the "star-spangled" flags, and warlike display of the Federal blockading squadron. The steamer was put about, and we stood further out, until shore and ships were alike lost to view. The disappointment of the passengers, who had been granted a mere glimpse of the land that to them was home, was considerable; but none could doubt the prudence of delaying our entrance into Charleston harbor until night should assist us in eluding the hostile war-vessels. There was no going to bed on board the Bonny-bell that night; we all kept to the deck, eagerly gazing over the sparkling and phosphorescent sea, glimmering and glancing with St. Elmo's fires. There was a pale young moon—a mere sickle of silver—in the sky; and objects were so faintly discernible that the utmost caution was necessary. The second mate took the helm, while the first mate superintended the almost constant heaving of the lead, and the captain and pilot stood on the forecastle, noting the

replies of the sailor, chanted as they were in a shrill monotone, in accordance with old custom.

"Ten fathoms sheer! By the deep, nine! By the mark seven!" called out the leadsman, from the chains.

"Water allers does shoal here, cap. I know the channel, though, as well as I know my parlor ashore, at Nantucket—at Savannah, I mean," said the pilot, with some confusion.

"By the mark, five!" was the next call.

Captain Pritchard here grew uneasy. He did not pretend to equal the pilot in local knowledge, but he was too good a seamen not to take alarm at the abrupt lessening of the depth of water. He gave orders to reduce the speed, and we moved but slowly on, the lead going as before.

"Are you sure, Mr. Foster, you are not mistaken? It seems to me the water shoals at the rate of a fathom for every hundred yards traversed. We may have missed the Swash, left Moultrie to leeward and got into the network of sandbanks near. Hilloa! what's that ahead of us? Boats, as I'm a sinner!"

At the same moment the pilot thrust his hand rapidly into the breast of his coat, drew out something and flung it on the deck, where it instantly began to sputter and hiss, and directly afterward the lurid glare of a blue light flashed through the darkness, showing funnel and rigging, the pale faces of the passengers, the narrow channel of fretted water and the sandy islets on either bow. Nor was this all, for by the ghastly light we could distinguish two dark objects on the foamy sea ahead of us—boats full of men, pulling swiftly but noiselessly toward us, and no doubt, with muffled oars.

"By the mark, two! Shoal water—we're aground!" cried an ill-boding voice, that of the sailor in the chains; and the

Bonny-bell came suddenly to a check, throwing most of the landsmen from their feet, while the ominous scrooping of the keel told that the steamer was aground. A loud clamor instantly arose, many voices shouting at once in tones of inquiry, dismay, or command; but even above this turmoil arose the hurrah of those who manned the boats, and who now came dashing up, pulling and cheering like madmen.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried several of the passengers and crew, pointing to where the pilot stood beside the blue-light that his own perfidious hand had kindled, while already the man-of-war's men, for such we could not doubt them to be, began to scramble on board.

"The Yankee bloodhounds, sure enough; but *you* shall not live to share the prize money!" exclaimed Pritchard, snatching up a handspike, and aiming a blow at Mr. Zack Foster that would have been a lethal stroke, had not that astute person swerved aside, receiving the weapon on his left shoulder. Our men set up a faint cheer, and a shot was fired, luckily without effect. But resistance would have been madness, so thickly did the American sailors crowd up our gangway, their pistols and cutlasses ready for the fray, while among them were nine or ten marines, well armed with musket and bayonet, and who drove the Bonny-bell's crew below hatches without any serious show of fighting. The Federal lieutenant in command, to do him justice, seemed anxious that no needless violence should be used; and while proclaiming the vessel a prize to the boats of the United States war-brig Dacotah, he yet restrained the fury of that precious guide, Mr. Zack Foster, who had recovered from the effects of his knock-down blow, drawn a bowie-knife, and rushed upon Pritchard, who was struggling in the hands of his captors.

"Gently, sir," said the lieutenant; gently Quartermaster Fitch. These caged birds are under Uncle Sam's protection, and I cannot allow any ill-usage of my prisoners. Do you hear me, sir?"

"Quartermaster!" exclaimed poor Captain Pritchard, as his wrists were thrust into the handcuffs. "You don't mean that that double-dyed villain, that Judas of a pilot, is a Yankee petty officer, after all! I wish I'd only guessed the truth a few hours back, and—if I swung for it—I'd have chucked the spy overboard as I would a mangy puppy!"

The lieutenant made no answer, but ordered the captain and mates to be sent below, and proceeded at once to seize the steamer's papers, to place the passengers under arrest, and to take steps for getting the Bonny-bell off the sand-bank. He then compelled the engineer to set the machinery at work, and we ran down, under the skilful pilotage of Mr. Fitch, to Edisto island; in which anchorage we came to our moorings, under the guns of the Dacotah, and within a short distance of several other vessels of the blockading squad-

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"SWAMP ANGEL" INCIDENT.

COLONEL SERRELL, of the New York Engineers, had the charge of the construction of the "Swamp Angel," at Morris Island, S. C., and being of an energetic constitution himself, and not afraid to enter swamps, his surprise can be imagined when one of his lieutenants, whom he had ordered to take twenty men and enter that swamp, said that "he could not do it—the mud was too deep." Colonel Serrell ordered him

to try. He did so, and the lieutenant returned with his men covered with mud, and said :—

“Colonel, the mud is over my men’s heads; I can’t do it.”

The colonel insisted, and told the lieutenant to make a requisition for any thing that was necessary for the safe passage of the swamp. The lieutenant *did* make his requisition in writing, and on the spot. It was as follows :—

“I want twenty men, eighteen feet long, to cross a swamp fifteen feet deep.”

The joke was a good one. It secured, however, not a cubit to the stature of the lieutenant, but rather his arrest for disrespect to his superior. The battery, nevertheless, was built with the aid of wheelbarrows and sand. Like Jonah’s gourd, it sprang up in a night.



A HEARTY PRAYER.

A GOOD anecdote is told of a lad on one of the Union gunboats. The vessel was just going into action, and our soldier was upon his knees, when an officer sneeringly asked him if he was afraid?

“No, I was praying,” was the response.

“Well, what were you praying for?”

“Praying,” said the soldier, “that the enemy’s bullets may be distributed the same way as the prize money is, *principally among the officers.*”

“GOOD SHOOTING.”

THE color-bearer of the tenth Tennessee (Irish) having been shot down in the battle of Chickamauga, the colonel ordered one of the privates to take the colors. Pat, who was loading at the time, replied: “By the holy St. Patrick, colonel, there’s so much good shooting here, I haven’t a minute’s time to waste fooling with that thing.”

THE PASSAGE OF THE PORT HUDSON
BATTERIES.

THE rebels had blockaded the Mississippi from the beginning of the war with their batteries. In the progress of the war Farragut had captured the batteries below New Orleans, and above as far as Prophet’s island, just below Port Hudson, and Foote, Davis, and Porter had made a conquest of the batteries above Vicksburg, leaving only the Vicksburg, Warrenton, and Port Hudson batteries—a distance of two hundred and thirty-two miles by the river. Of these, the batteries at Port Hudson were, with the exception of those at Vicksburg, the most formidable on the river.

The bluff, rising forty feet above the level of the river, was covered with forts for a distance of nearly four miles, constructed upon the most scientific principles of modern military art, and armed with the most approved and heaviest ordnance which England, seeking the ruin of the republic, could furnish the rebels. The river, just at the bend, suddenly narrows, and the current, striking upon the west bank, is thrown across, running with great velocity, and carrying the

channel almost directly under the base of the precipitous cliffs. Any vessel attempting the passage would be compelled to run the gauntlet of a plunging fire from batteries which commanded the range for several miles above and below.

It was proposed, in order that the fleet might be able to co-operate with General Grant in the siege of Vicksburg, to attack Port Hudson, and, under the fire of the bombardment, to attempt to force a passage by several of our gunboats up the river.

To Rear-Admiral Farragut, already renowned for his naval victory at Forts St. Philip and Jackson, was assigned the work of attacking and passing this formidable river fortress. The fleet consisted of the flag-ship "Hartford," a fine sloop-of-war, carrying twenty-six guns; the "Richmond," a vessel of the same class and armament; the side-wheel steamship "Mississippi," with twenty-two eight and nine inch guns; the "Monongahela," a smaller steam sloop-of-war, with sixteen heavy guns; and the gunboats "Kineo," "Albatross," "Sachem," and "Genesee," each carrying three columbiads, and two rifled thirty-two pounders, together with six mortar boats, intended to assist in the bombardment, but not to attempt the passage of the batteries.

On the morning of the fourteenth of April, the squadron having ascended the river from New Orleans, anchored off Prophet's island, and the mortar boats took their position, and early in the afternoon commenced a vigorous bombardment of the rebel works. At half-past nine o'clock in the evening, a red light from the flag-ship signaled the ships and gunboats to weigh anchor. The "Hartford" led, the "Albatross" being lashed on her starboard side; the "Richmond" followed, having the "Genesee" lashed to her; next came the



"Monongahela" and the "Kineo," while the "Mississippi" and the "Sachem" brought up the rear. The mortar boats, from their sheltered anchorage, were prepared to renew their bombardment with marked effect so soon as it should be necessary.

Signal lights were flashing along the rebel batteries, showing that they were awake to the movements of the Union squadron. Soon the gleam of a fire kindled by the rebels was seen, which blazed higher and more brilliant till its flashes illumined the whole river opposite the batteries with light of day. This immense bonfire was directly in front of the most formidable of the fortifications, and every vessel ascending the stream would be compelled to pass in the full blaze of its light, exposed to the concentrated fire of the heaviest ordnance. Still it was hoped, notwithstanding the desperate nature of the enterprise, that a few at least of the vessels of the squadron would be able to effect a passage.

Silently in the darkness the boats steamed along, until a rebel field-piece, buried in the foliage of the shore, opened fire upon the "Hartford." The challenge thus given was promptly accepted, and a broadside volley was returned upon the unseen foe. The rebel batteries, protected by strong redoubts, extended, as we have mentioned, with small intervening spaces, a distance of nearly four miles, often rising in tier above tier on the ascending bluff. Battery after battery immediately opened its fire; the hill-side seemed peopled with demons hurling their thunderbolts, while the earth trembled beneath the incessant and terrific explosions. And now the mortar boats uttered their awful roar, adding to the inconceivable sublimity of the scene. An eye-witness thus describes the appearance of the mammoth shells rising and descending in their majestic curve:—

"Never shall I forget the sight that then met my astonished vision. Shooting upward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the rapidity of lightning, small globes of golden flame were seen sailing through the pure ether—not a steady, unfading flame, but corruscating like the fitful gleam of a fire-fly, now visible and anon invisible. Like a flying star of the sixth magnitude the terrible missile—a thirteen-inch shell—nears its zenith, up, and still up, higher and higher. Its flight now becomes much slower, till, on reaching its utmost altitude, its centrifugal force becoming counteracted by the earth's attraction, it describes a parabolic curve, and down, down it comes, bursting, it may be, ere it reaches *terra firma*, but probably alighting in the rebel works ere it explodes, where it scatters death and destruction around."

The air was breathing gently from the east, and dense volumes of billowy smoke hung over the river, drifting slowly across in clouds which the eye could not penetrate, and adding greatly to the gloom and sublimity of the scene. It strains a ship too much to fire all the guns simultaneously. The broadsides were, consequently, generally discharged by commencing with the forward gun, and firing each one in its turn in the most rapid manner possible—as fast as the ticking of a clock. The effect of this bombardment, from ship and shore, as described by all who witnessed it, was grand and terrific in the extreme. From the innumerable batteries, very skilfully manned, shot and shell fell upon the ships like hail. Piercing the awful roar, which filled the air as with the voice of ten thousand thunders, were heard the demoniac shrieks of the shells, as if all the demons of pit had broken loose, and were revelling in hideous rage through the darkness and the storm.

In the midst of this scene of terror, conflagration, and death, as the ships were struggling through the fire against the swift current of the Mississippi, there was heard from the deck of the "Richmond," coming up from the dark, rushing stream, the cry of a drowning man. "Help! oh, help!" The unhappy sufferer had evidently fallen from the "Hartford," which was in advance. In such an hour there could not be even an attempt made to rescue him. Again and again the agonizing cry pierced the air, the voice growing fainter and fainter as the victim floated away in the distance, until he sank beneath the turbid waves.

The whole arena of action, on the land and on the water, was soon enveloped in a sulphurous canopy of smoke, pierced incessantly by the vivid flashes of the guns. The vessels could no longer discern each other or the hostile batteries on the shore. It became very difficult to know how to steer; and in the impenetrable gloom the only object at which they could aim was the flash of the guns, the danger became imminent that they might fire into each other. This gave the rebels great advantage; for their stationary guns trained upon the river, though they fired into dense darkness, they could hardly fire amiss. Occasionally a gust of wind would sweep away the smoke, slightly revealing the scene in the light of the great bonfire on the bluff. Again the black, stifling canopy would settle down, and all was Egyptian darkness.

At one time, just as the "Richmond" was prepared to pour a deadly fire into a supposed battery, whose flash the gunners had just perceived, Lieutenant Terry shouted out, "Hold on, you are firing into the 'Hartford!'" Another quarter of a minute and they would have been pouring a destructive broadside into the flagship, which could scarcely have failed to sink her.

A shell from a rebel battery entered the starboard port of the "Richmond," and burst with a terrific explosion directly under the gun. One fragment splintered the gun-carriage. Another made a deep indentation in the gun itself. Two other fragments struck the unfortunate boatswain's mate, cutting off both legs at the knee, and one arm at the elbow. He soon died, with his last breath saying, "Don't give up the ship, lads!" The whole ship reeled under the concussion as if tossed by an earthquake.

The river at Port Hudson, as we have mentioned, makes a majestic curve. Rebel cannon were planted along the concave brow of the crescent-shaped bluffs of the eastern shore, while, beneath the bluff, near the water's edge, there was another series of what were called water-batteries lining the bank. As the ships entered this curve, following the channel, which swept close to the eastern shore, they were, one after the other, exposed to the most terrible enfilading fire from all the batteries following the line of the curve. This was the most desperate point of the conflict; for here it was almost literally fighting muzzle to muzzle. The rebels discharged an incessant cross-fire of grape and canister, to which the heroic squadron replied with double-shotted guns. Never did ships pass a more fiery ordeal.

Lieutenant-Commander Cummings, the executive officer of the "Richmond," was standing with his speaking-trumpet in his hand, cheering the men, with Captain Allen by his side, when there was a simultaneous flash and roar, and a storm of shot came crashing through the bulwarks from a rebel battery, which they could almost touch with their ramrods. Both of the officers fell as if struck by lightning. The captain was simply knocked down by the windage, and escaped unharmed. The speaking-trumpet, in Commander

Cummings' hand, was battered flat, and his leg was torn off just below the knee.

As he fell heavily upon the deck, in his gushing blood, he exclaimed:—

“Put a tourniquet on my leg, boys. Send my letters to my wife. Tell her that fell in doing my duty!”

As they took him below, and into the surgeon's room, already filled with the wounded, he looked around upon the unfortunate group, and said:—

“If there are any here hurt worse than I am, let them be attended to first.”

His shattered limb was immediately amputated. Soon after, as he lay upon his couch, exhausted by the operation and faint from the loss of blood, he heard the noise of the escape of steam as a rebel shot penetrated the boiler. Inquiring the cause, and learning that the ship had become disabled, he exclaimed with fervor:

“I would willingly give my other leg if we could but pass those batteries!”

A few days after this Christian hero died of his wound.

Just above the batteries were several rebel gunboats. They did not venture into the melee, but anxiously watched the fight, until, apprehensive that some of our ships might pass, they put on all steam and ran up the river as fast as their web feet could carry them. But now denser and blacker grew the dark billows of smoke. It seemed impossible, if the steamers moved, to avoid running into each other or upon the shore. An officer of each ship placed himself at the prow, striving to penetrate the gloom. A line of men passed from him to the stern, along whom, even through the thunders of the battle, directions could be transmitted to the helmsman. Should any of the ships touch the ground be-

neath the fire of such batteries their destruction would be almost sure.

It was a little after eleven o'clock at night when the first shot had been fired. For an hour and a half the unequal conflict had raged. The flag-ship "Hartford" and the "Albatross" succeeded in forcing their way above the batteries, and in thus gaining the all-important object of their enterprise. The "Richmond" following, had just passed the principal batteries when a shot penetrated her steam-chest, so effectually disabling her for the hour that she dropped, almost helpless, down the stream. The "Genesee," which was alongside, unable to stem the rapid current of the river, with the massive "Richmond" in tow, bore her back to Prophet's island. Just as the "Richmond" turned a torpedo exploded under her stern, throwing up the water mast-head high and causing the gallant ship to quiver in every timber.

The "Monongahela" and "Kineo" came next in line of battle. The commander of the "Monongahela," Captain M'Kinstry, was struck down early in the conflict. The command then devolved on a gallant young officer, Lieutenant Thomas. He manfully endeavored through all the storm of battle to follow the flag-ship. But in the dense smoke the pilot lost the channel. The ship grounded directly under the fire of one of the principal rebel batteries. For twenty-five minutes she remained in that perilous position, swept by shot and shell. Finally, through the efforts of her consort, the "Kineo," she was floated, and again heroically commenced steaming up the river. But her enginery soon became so disabled under the relentless fire, that the "Monongahela" was also compelled to drop down with the "Kineo" to the position of the mortar fleet. Her loss was six killed and twenty wounded.

In obedience to the order of Admiral Farragut, the magnificent ship "Mississippi" brought up the rear, with the gunboat "Sachem" as her ally, bound to her larboard side. She had reached the point directly opposite the town, and her officers were congratulating themselves that they had surmounted the greatest dangers, and that they would soon be above the batteries, when the ship, which had just then been put under rapid headway, grounded on the west bank of the river. It was an awful moment; for the guns of countless batteries were immediately concentrated upon her. Captain Smith, while, with his efficient engineer Rutherford, he made the most strenuous exertions to get the ship afloat, ordered his gunners to keep up their fire with the utmost possible rapidity. In the short space of thirty-five minutes they fired two hundred and fifty shots. The principal battery of the foe was within five hundred yards of the crippled ship, and the majestic fabric was soon riddled through and through by the storm with which she was so pitilessly pelted. The dead and the wounded strewed the decks, and it was soon evident that the ship could not be saved.

Captain Smith prepared to destroy the ship, that it might not fall into the hands of the rebels, and to save the crew. Captain Caldwell, of the iron-clad "Essex," hastened to his rescue. Under as murderous a fire as mortals were ever exposed to, the sick and wounded were conveyed on board the ram. Combustibles were placed in the fore and after part of the ship, to which the torch was to be applied so soon as the crew had all escaped to the western shore. By some misunderstanding she was fired forward before the order was given. This caused a panic, as there were but three small boats by which they could escape. Some plunged into the river and were drowned. It is related, in evidence of the coolness of

Captain Smith, that in the midst of this awful scene, while lighting his cigar with steel and flint, he remarked to Lieutenant Dewey :

“It is not likely that we shall escapè, and we must make every preparation to secure the destruction of the ship.”

After spiking nearly every gun with his own hands, and seeing that the survivors of his crew were fairly clear of the wreck, Captain Smith, accompanied by Lieutenant Dewey, Ensign Bachelder, and Engineer Tower, sadly took their leave, abandoning the proud fabric to the flames. Scarcely had they left, when two shells came crashing through the sides of the “Mississippi,” overturning, scattering, and enkindling into flame some casks of turpentine. The ship was almost instantly enveloped in billows of fire. A yell of exultation rose from the rebels as they beheld the bursting forth of the flames. The ship, lightened by the removal of three hundred men, and by the consuming power of the fire, floated from the sand bar and commenced floating, bow on, down the river.

The scene presented was indeed magnificent. The whole fabric was enveloped in flame. Wreathing serpents of fire twined around the masts and ran up the shrouds. Drifting rapidly downward on the rapid current, the meteor, like a volcanic mountain in eruption, descended as regularly along the western banks of the stream as if steered by the most accomplished helmsman. As the ship turned round, in floating off, the guns of her port battery, which had not been discharged, faced the foe. As the fire reached them the noble frigate, with the stars and stripes still floating at her peak, opened a new bombardment of the rebel batteries. The shells began to explode, scattering through the air in all directions. The flaming vision arrested every eye, on the land

and on the ships, until the floating mountain of fire drifted down and disappeared behind Prophet's island. And now came the explosion of the magazine. There was a vivid flash, shooting upward to the sky in the form of an inverted cone. For a moment the whole horizon seemed ablaze with fiery missiles. Then came booming over the waves a peal of heaviest thunder. The very hills shook beneath the awful explosion. This was the dying cry of the "Mississippi" as she sank to her burial beneath the waves of the river from which she received her name.

Captain Caldwell, of the "Essex," who, as soon as he saw the "Mississippi," to be on fire, gallantly steamed to her aid, directly under the concentrated fire of the batteries, succeeded in picking up many who were struggling in the waves, and in rescuing others who had escaped to the shore. There were about three hundred men on board the "Mississippi." Of these sixty-five officers and men were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Seventy, who escaped to the shore, wandered, for many miles, down the western banks of the stream, in constant danger of being taken captive, wading the bayous, and encountering fearful hardships, until they finally reached the ships below. Two ships, the "Hartford" and the "Albatross," succeeded in running the gauntlet.



RUNNING THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.

THE fate of the "Mississippi," in her attempt to pass the batteries at Port Hudson, might well have appalled the stoutest heart; but, in war, necessity is stronger than law—stronger than human suffering, or than any obstacle which

may oppose its action. It was necessary for General Grant, while marching his troops overland on the west side of the Mississippi, toward the point from which he intended to cross and attack Vicksburg from the south and east, to have transports and gunboats below the Vicksburg and Warrenton batteries to bring supplies and ferry his troops across the Mississippi, as well as to attack the Warrenton batteries from below.

On consultation with Admiral Porter, that brave officer proposed to send down eight gunboats, three transports, and a number of barges and flat boats, laden with commissary supplies, past the batteries to New Carthage. These were all manned by volunteers, who were not deterred by the previous misfortunes of Farragut's squadron from undertaking this perilous expedition.

The former attempts at running the Vicksburg batteries had been made shortly before, or at daylight; this time a change was resolved upon. Eleven o'clock at night was appointed as the hour at which the boats should leave their rendezvous, which was near the mouth of the Yazoo river. To the anxious expectants of the coming events, the hours stole slowly by. As the appointed moment drew near, the decks of the various steamboats were crowded with watchful spectators.

A sort of apprehensive shudder ran through the collected gazers when it was announced that the first boat destined to pass the batteries was approaching. Sombre and silent it floated down, near the Louisiana shore; scarcely were its dark sides to be distinguished from the foliage lining the bank. Stealing slowly on, it passed the group of steamers, and at a point below took an oblique course, steering for the Mississippi side of the river; and, in the gloom, it was soon confounded with the dark shadow of the trees beyond.

Before this boat was lost sight of, another succeeded, and

to that another, and another, until, before midnight, the whole had gained the Mississippi side of the river, and were swallowed up in the dim obscurity. With breathless interest their transit was watched by all of those on the boats of the fleet, whose position, a little above the entrance of the first canal, brought the rough heights of Vicksburg within their sphere of vision, though the town lay, for the present, buried in the darkness except where now and then the twinkling of a starry light was seen.

As the boats, with lights out and fires carefully hidden, floated past, indistinct as the ghost of Ossian in the mountain mists, it was curious to note the effect upon the spectators. Before they appeared, the hum of conversation was heard all around. All were busy with speculations as to the probabilities of success. The desponding prognosticated unmitigated disaster. The hopeful indulged in confident speculations. All were contented to endure some loss, provided a sufficiency arrived at the destined point to accomplish the object contemplated.

As the various boats came slowly into view, stole past with noiseless motion, then vanished into the recesses of the shadowy shore, each voice was hushed; only in subdued and smothered tones were persons, at intervals, heard to ask a question or venture an observation. It seemed as if each one felt that his silence was due to the impressive scene; as if an indiscreet utterance on his part might raise the veil of secrecy, so necessary to be preserved in the presence of a watchful foe.

A painful expectation weighed on every spirit. The boats must now be near the point opposite the beleaguered city. Will they be discovered at the first approach, or will a kindly fortune give them easy passage by? Suddenly a

flame starts up! Another and another leaps into the darkness of the night! The enemy has seen the passing boats, and is sending across the river his death-dealing messengers. Rapid now dart the momentary fires; the iron rain of the remorseless cannon hurtles upon the dim and gliding boats. Dull upon the heavy air, scarce nerved by the night wind, which blows in a direction unfavorable for their hearing, reverberates the heavy thud of the cannon.

As the time passes, the batteries lower and still lower come into action. The gazers can trace the course of the fleet by new flames, that each moment startle the strained sight; and cannon, for miles along the hazy shore, are hurling their destructive missiles. A new accessory now adds its influence to the exciting scene. While the spectators had been engaged in watching the vivid flames leaping from cannon mouths and exploding shells, a gleam of light, first pale and soft, then red, and lurid, and at last glaring and refulgent, stole up into the heavens above the opposing city. For the first time the silence was broken by the gazing crowds upon the steamboats of the fleet. "Vicksburg is on fire!" was uttered in excited tones. But it was not so. Steady and with wonderful brilliancy, upon the hill on which the city stands, the fire assumed a circular outline on the upper edge, much like a third part of the full moon when, apparently magnified, it is rising above the horizon. The flame glowed brilliant and beautiful—no smoke was visible to dim its splendor. It was a beacon light, placed in a position to throw its beams along each arm of the bend of the river, the convex side of which is turned toward Vicksburg. So powerful was the light that, at the point where the steamboat fleet was moored, the shadow of a hand, held a foot from the boat's side, was distinctly thrown upon it. This

beacon, with treacherous fidelity, showed to the foe the now fast disappearing boats; but happily, it was fired too late. The sight of the boats appeared to add new rage to the enemy, who could not fail to count the cost to him of such a fleet joining Farragut's three gunboats already between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. The firing became more rapid. From the upper batteries to the last ones down at Warrenton, leaped flame on flame. The dull echo of the cannon, and the whirr and shriek of the flying shells, startled the midnight air. But now comes a roar which tells that the Union boys are awake and lively! The light that showed the boats to the enemy, revealed to the gunners on the gunboats the outlines of the batteries, and the roar which deafens the ear to every other sound is the peal of their heavy pieces. After an interval of the maddest rage, the upper guns of the enemy almost cease their fire. It is evident that the boats have passed the first reached batteries—all of them that have escaped the deadly onset. That no large portion of them is missing, is apparent from the activity of the forts at Warrenton, and the answering thunders of the Union guns.

By this time the beacon light was burnt down, and ceased to render its cruel aid. Just as the gathering darkness and the yet longer and larger intervals of silence gave intimation that the exciting scene was nearly over, another startling incident woke anew the emotions of the time. Midway between the extinct beacon in the city and the lower batteries at Warrenton, a new glow of light, soft as the dawn, but rapidly blushing into deeper intensity, climbed gently toward the sky. "They are lighting another beacon," shouted many voices; but again the speakers were mistaken. The light grew stronger every moment; it wanted the mellow, vivid,

space-penetrating brilliancy of the beacon; above it rolled volumes of thick curling smoke; and more—the light, with slow and equal pace, was moving down the stream! There was no disguising the truth—one of our own boats was on fire. The white color of the smoke showed that among the fuel to the flame was cotton. The inference was plain; it was not a gunboat but a transport that was burning, for the latter, alone, were protected by bales of cotton. On floated the doomed vessel; her light doubtless exposed to the rebels' view the floating flat-boats and barges; further firing, especially from the Warrenton batteries, was for a short time violently renewed.

The glow of the burning boat continued in sight until the beams of morning hid its glare. Before this, moreover, the solemn drama had reached its termination. The spectators reluctantly retired to their cabins, when nothing remained to engage the attention but the flaming wreck and scattering shots:—

“The distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.”

It was not until noon of the next day (April 17, 1863), that the account of the fate of the expedition reached the Union camp at Young's Point. The eight gunboats reached their destination with but slight injuries or loss of life, only one man having been killed and two wounded. The transport, *Henry Clay*, was burned; but the other transports, flat-boats, etc., made the passage in safety, and the crew of the *Henry Clay* reached the shore and joined some of the other boats. A few days later, Admiral Porter sent a second squadron of gunboats and transports down, but the transports in this expedition were seriously damaged.

A FRIGHTENED CONTRABAND.

AN army correspondent on the Rappahannock related the following:—

An amusing incident occurred in camp a night or two since. A portly young contraband, from Charleston, South Carolina, who escaped from his rebel master at Antietam, and was for a while quartered subsequently in Washington, was engaged by one of our junior staff officers as his body servant, and brought down here to his quarters to attend him. It chanced that the officer had served his country gallantly at Sharpsburg, where he lost a leg, below the knee, the absence of which had been made up by an artificial limb, which the captain wore with so easy a grace that few persons who met him suspected his misfortune—his sable attendant being among the blissfully ignorant as to the existence of the fact.

The captain had been “out to dine,” and returned in excellent spirits to his tent. Upon retiring, he called his darky servant to assist him in pulling off his riding boots.

“Now, Jimmy, look sharp,” said the captain. “I’m a little—ic—flimsy, Jimmy, t’night. Look sharp, an’—ic—pull steady.”

“Ise allers keerful, cap’n,” says Jimmy, drawing off one long, wet boot, with considerable difficulty, and standing it aside.

“Now, mind your eye, Jim! The other—ic—a little tight;” and black Jimmy chuckled and showed his shining ivories, as he reflected, perhaps, that his master was quite as “tight” as he deemed his boot to be.

“Easy, now—that’s it. Pull away!” continued the captain, good-naturedly, and enjoying the prospective joke, while he

loosened the straps about his waist which held his cork leg up—"now you've got it! Yip—*there* you are! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!" screamed the captain, as contraband, cork-leg, riding-boot, and ligatures tumbled across the tent in a heap, and the one-legged officer fell back on his pallet, convulsed with spasmodic laughter. At this moment the door opened and a lieutenant entered.

"G'way fum me, g'way fum me—lemmy be! lemmy be! I ain't done nuffin," yelled the contraband, lustily, and rushing to the door, really *supposing he had pulled his master's leg clean off*. "Lemmy go! I didn't do nuffin—g'way! g'way!" And Jimmy put for the woods in his desperation, since which he hasn't been seen or heard from, though his captain has diligently sought for him far and near.

THE CUMBERLAND.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
 On board the Cumberland sloop-of-war;
 And at times from the fortress across the bay
 The alarm of drums swept past,
 Or a bugle blast
 From the camp on shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
 A little feather of snow-white smoke,
 And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
 Was steadily steering its course,
 To try the force
 Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs
Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebound our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag !" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain,
"Never !" our gallant Morris replies ;
"It is better to sink than to yield !"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head,
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day !
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas,
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream,
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam.

THE FIGHT WITH THE "ALBEMARLE."

ONE of the most remarkable naval conflicts of this or any other war—a single-handed encounter between a delicate river steamer and a most formidable "iron-clad"—occurred on the 5th of May, 1864, in Albemarle Sound, about twenty miles below the mouth of the Roanoke river. On the afternoon of that day, three side-wheel gunboats, the "Mattabessett," "Sassacus," and "Wyalusing," were lying at anchor in the sound, awaiting the appearance of the "Albemarle," a most formidable rebel iron-clad ram, whose recent exploits in sinking two of our gunboats, near Plymouth, rendered the prolonged occupation of the sound by our forces somewhat uncertain and problematical. To the three vessels above named had been especially assigned the duty of encountering, and, if possible, destroying this dreaded iron monster; and, on the afternoon in question, an advance-guard of picket-boats, comprising four or five of the smaller vessels of the Union fleet, with the "Miami," had been sent up to the mouth of the Roanoke, with the design of decoying the rebel "ram" from under the protection of the batteries at Plymouth into the open waters of the sound. The ruse succeeded, and falling back before the "Albemarle," as she left

her moorings to pursue them, they quickly drew her into a favorable position for attack. Shortly after three, P. M., in obedience to signals from the "Mattabesett," the three vessels got under way, and forming in line ahead, in the order in which their names are above written, proceeded at ordinary speed up the sound. At four, P. M., the "Mattabesett" communicated with the army transport, "Massasoit," coming down, and immediately signalled to her consorts, the "ram is out." Almost at the same instant, they discovered the picket boats falling back slowly before the advancing foe; and beyond them a glistening speck upon the waters, with two other dark objects hovering near, which they knew to be the ram, accompanied by her consorts. The Union vessels were now cleared for action, and every preparation was made for a determined struggle with their formidable antagonist, toward whom they were driving under full steam. The day was charming, the broad expanse of water was undisturbed by a ripple, while the sun's beams were dazzlingly reflected from the inclined sides of the "Albemarle," till she seemed like a mass of silver, while above her waved an unusually large and handsome Confederate flag. The rebels were now seen to be communicating by boats, and one of their vessels, a white, stern-wheel steamer, which was afterwards ascertained to be the "Cotton Plant," *cotton-clad*, and manned by two hundred sharp-shooters and boarders, put hastily back to Plymouth. The other steamer, which proved to be the "Bombshell," closed up on the "ram's" quarter, in readiness for the coming conflict.

Sweeping gracefully along, under a full head of steam, the Union vessels approached, and while the "Mattabesett" hauled up abreast of the "Albemarle," the "Miami," some distance astern, threw a good but ineffectual shot, to which

the "ram" promptly responded, from guns that were evidently of the heaviest calibre. Almost at the same moment the "Mattabesett" delivered her full broadside, at three hundred yards' distance, and sweeping round the "ram's" stern, ran by the "Bombshell," close aboard, while the latter lay in the quarter post of the "ram." The "Sassacus" now entered the fight, and the "ram," which had failed to get at the "Mattabesett," as she swept by, turned her bow squarely for the former, whose pilot, quickly measuring the distance, sheered his vessel slightly, and passed some one hundred and fifty yards ahead of the "Albemarle," the "Sassacus" delivering with precision her whole broadside of solid shot, which, however, rebounded from the iron-clad like cork balls. Then, sweeping around the stern of the "Albemarle," the "Sassacus" paid her attentions to the "Bombshell," by whose sharp-shooters she had been considerably annoyed, and poured into her hull a full broadside, which brought the rebel ensign down, and sent the white flag up in short order. Directing her to drop out of fire and anchor, which order was promptly executed in good faith, the "Sassacus" turned again to the "Albemarle," whom she found hotly engaged by the "Mattabesett" and "Wyalusing." The latter was particularly attracting the attention of the "ram," which was steaming slowly, though using her guns rapidly and with effect, and whose whole side was just then most opportunely exposed to the "Sassacus," now only some eight hundred yards distant. Comprehending, at a glance, the value of the opportunity thus offered, the gallant captain of the "Sassacus" unhesitatingly gave a preconcerted signal, "four bells" again and again repeated, to the engineer, and the ship was headed straight for what was supposed to be the "ram's," weakest part, where the casemate or house joined the hull.

The fires were clear, and with thirty pounds of steam on, and throttle wide open, the "Sassacus" dashed upon her adversary under a headway of nine or ten knots, striking her a fair, square, right-angled blow, without glance or slide! The iron-clad reeled under the blow, and her black hull was forced under water by the bow of the "Sassacus," till the water flowed over it from side to side, and it seemed as if the monster was sinking. "As we struck her," says one of the participants in the fight, "the 'ram' drove a hundred-pounder Brooke's shot through and through us, from starboard bow to port side. Our stem was forced into her side, and keeping up our headway, we careened her down beneath our weight, and pushed her like an inert mass beneath our weight, while, in profound silence, our gunners were training their heavy ordnance to bear upon our astonished enemy. Now a muzzle protrudes from the 'ram's' open port, and the loaders of our Parrott rifle, standing on the slide, served the guns within fifteen feet of that yawning cannon's mouth. It was a grand reproduction of the *old days* of 'broadside to broadside,' and 'yard-arm locked to yard;' but the immense guns, now grinning defiance across the few feet of space which separated them, each one carrying the weight of metal of a whole tier of the old time carronades, rendered this duel of ponderous ordnance a magnificent and imposing spectacle.

"Still we pushed her broadside-to before us, our engine at full speed, pressing our bow deeper and deeper into her. Still she gave way. * * * It was a grapple for life. A silent but fearful struggle for the mastery, relieved only by the sharp, scattering volleys of musketry, the whizzing of leaden bullets, and the deep, muffled explosion of hand grenades, which the brave fellow in our foretop was flinging in the

enemy's hatch, driving back their sharpshooters, and creating consternation and dismay among the closely packed crew of the iron-clad; but not until the pilot-house and smoke-stack had been spattered all over with the indentation of rifle balls. No one had yet fallen. We had thrown shot and shell square into her ports from our rifle guns on the hurricane deck, and driven volley after volley of musketry through every aperture in her iron shield, and now our heavy one hundred pounder was training for another crushing blow."

At this juncture, the sharp, false stern of the "Sassacus," which had cut deeply into the side of the ram, gave way under the pressure, and the two vessels swung around abreast of each other, their guns thundering away with simultaneous roar. At the same moment a shot from the "Albemarle" pierced the boiler of the "Sassacus," and then was heard the terrible sound of unloosed, unmanageable steam, rushing in tremendous volumes, seething and hissing as it spread, till both combatants were enveloped and hidden in the dense, suffocating vapor. Now the contest deepened in intensity, it was a savage fight for life. The gunners of the "Sassacus" felt that their only chance of injuring their antagonist was to throw their shots with accuracy into her open ports, and that upon their own frail wooden vessel the enemy's every shot would tell with terrible effect. Muzzle to muzzle the guns were served and fired, the powder from those of the "Albemarle" blackening the bows and side of the "Sassacus," as they passed within ten feet. A solid shot from the latter's hundred pounder struck the "Albemarle's" port sill, and crumbled into fragments, one piece rebounding to the deck of the "Sassacus," and the rest entering the port-hole and silencing the enemy's gun. Through the same opening followed, in rapid succession, a nine inch solid shot, and a twenty pounder

shell, and as the tough-hided "ram" drifted clear, the star-board wheel of the "Sassacus" ground over her quarter, smashing the launches that she was towing into shapeless driftwood, and grating over the sharp iron plates with a raw, dismal sound. Then, as the "ram" passed the wheel of the "Sassacus," the crew of the latter drove solid shot into her ports from their after guns—and her armor was rent by a solid shot from the Parrott rifle gun, which, however, had received such damage to its elevating screw that it could not be depressed so as to fire into the enemy's ports. All this cool gunnery and precise artillery practice transpired while the ship, from fire room to hurricane deck, was shrouded in one dense cloud of fiery steam. The situation was as appalling as imagination can conceive. The shrieks of the scalded and dying sufferers, rushing frantically up from below, the shrivelled flesh hanging shred-like from their tortured limbs, the engine without control, surging and revolving without check or guide, abandoned by all save the heroic engineer, who, scalded, blackened, sightless, still stood to his post with an indomitable will which no agony of pain could swerve from his duty, and whose clear voice, sounding out from amidst that mass of unloosed steam and uncontrollable machinery, urged his men to return with him into the fire room to drag the fires from beneath the uninjured boiler, now in imminent danger of explosion. His marvellous fortitude in that hour of intense agony, aided by the bravery of his assistants, saved the lives of the two hundred persons on board the ship—for, as there was no means of instantly cutting off communication between the two boilers, and all the steam in both rushed out like a flash, the vessel was exposed to the additional horror of *fire*. All this time, in the midst of this thick white cloud of stifling vapor, the "Sassacus" moved on, working

slowly ahead on a vacuum alone; but her guns thundering steadily and indomitably against her adversary. At last, the cloud of steam lifted from the scene of conflict, and the rebel "Albemarle" was seen gladly escaping from the close lock in which she had been held, for nearly a quarter of an hour, by her slight but stubborn antagonist. Her broad ensign trailed, dragged and torn, upon her deck, and she looked far different from the trim, jaunty, and formidable vessel which an hour before had defied the slender river craft who had vanquished her. The gallant captain of the "Sassacus" could not refrain from giving her "another turn," and turning his vessel around, with helm "hard-a-port," which she answered slowly but steadily, she again passed down by the "Albemarle." The divisions stood at their guns, the captain, calmly smoking his cigar, gave his orders with surpassing coolness, and directing the movements of his vessel with wonderful precision and relentless audacity, kept his guns at work, so long as they could be brought to bear upon the retiring foe, till the "Sassacus" was carried, by her disabled engine, slowly, gracefully, and defiantly out of range.

Of course, in this hand-to-hand fight between the "Sassacus" and "Albemarle," little aid could be rendered, at close quarters, by the former's consorts, as such aid would have merely endangered her safety. Yet, the "Wyalusing," the "Mattabesett," and the "Miami" did effective service, as opportunity offered, and the little "Whitehead," during the fiercest of the fight, steamed alongside of the iron monster, and delivered shot after shot from her one hundred pounder Parrott gun. The "Commodore Hull" and "Ceres" were also gallantly handled, and rendered all the assistance in their power.

But the main brunt of this novel and unequal engagement

fell upon the "Sassacus," an inland light draught river steamer. The result, so contrary to all preconceived ideas of "iron-clad" invincibility, was eminently gratifying. The rebel gunboat "Bombshell," with four rifled guns and a large supply of ammunition, was captured, with all her officers and crew, and the "Albemarle," which was on her way to Newbern to form a junction with the rebel force then moving upon that place, was beaten with her own weapons, in a fair stand up fight, and driven back with her guns disabled, her hull terribly shaken, and leaking so badly that she was with difficulty kept afloat. Twice, also, had her flag been cut down and trailed in the water which swept over her deck. Her discomfiture proved to be the saving of Newbern, which had already been summoned to surrender by the rebel General Palmer, and undoubtedly it prevented the whole department of North Carolina from being lost to our government. The "Sassacus," although disabled in guns, machinery, and hull, and suffering severely in killed, wounded, and scalded, was ready, with two months' repair to return again to active duty, staunch and strong as ever. Her exploit, on the 5th of May, 1864, justly ranks as one of the most remarkable on record, while the skill and coolness of her officers, and the indomitable bravery of her crew, rival the heroic traditions of the days of DECATUR and Commodore JOHN PAUL JONES.

AN HIBERNIAN'S TUSSLE WITH A "MISSISSIPPI TIGER."

THE dogged, obstinate, and bitter character of the rebel gulf troops was one of the familiar facts of the war, as the following incident which happened near Martinsburg, Virginia, will show. A son of Erin captured one of the famous "Mississippi Tigers," but while bringing him to the Union camp, the "Tiger," an immense fellow, managed to free himself and run. The plucky Hibernian disdained to use his musket, but chased him with the wildest speed. At last seizing him, at it they went, in the most logical style of rough-and-tumble. The "Tiger," maddened by the stinging whacks which the lusty Hibernian dealt, basely bit him, nearly severing his thumb. The Celt dropped the soldier then, and retaliated in the same way; finally he conquered him after a tremendous whaling, which dislocated his shoulder. The next day he visited the son of the "Repudiation State," in the hospital, went up to him, and shaking his well arm with a hearty grip, observed, with his "rich Irish brogue," "I haven't a bit of a grudge agin ye; be jabbers! ye are almost as good as meself."

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

THE rebel iron-clad ram, the "Albemarle," whose contest with and discomfiture by the "Sassacus," in May, 1864, has been previously described in this volume, and which had become a formidable obstruction to the occupation of the North Carolina sounds by the Union forces, finally met her

late in October of the same year. During the previous summer, Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, commanding the "Monticello," one of the sixteen vessels engaged in watching the "ram," conceived the plan of destroying their antagonist by means of a torpedo. Upon submitting the plan to Rear-Admiral Lee and the Navy Department, he was detached from his vessel, and sent to New York to provide the articles necessary for his purpose, and these preparations having been at last completed, he returned again to the scene of action. His plan was to affix his newly-contrived torpedo apparatus to one of the picket launches—little steamers not larger than a seventy-four's launch, but fitted with a compact engine, and designed to relieve the seamen of the fatigue of pulling about at night on the naval picket line—and of which half a dozen had been then recently built under the superintendence of Captain Boggs, of "Varuna" fame. Under Lieutenant Cushing's supervision, picket launch No. 1 was supplied with the torpedo—which was carried in a basket, fixed to a long arm, which could be propelled, at the important moment, from the vessel, in such a manner as to reach the side of the vessel to be destroyed, there to be fastened, and exploded at the will of those in the torpedo boat, without serious risk to themselves. Having prepared his boat, he selected thirteen men, six of whom were officers, to assist him in the undertaking. His first attempt to reach the "Albemarle" failed, as his boat got aground, and was only with difficulty released. On the following night, however, he again set out upon his perilous duty, determined and destined this time to succeed. Moving cautiously, with muffled oars, up the narrow Roanoke, he skilfully eluded the observation of the numerous forts and pickets with which that river was lined, and passing within twenty yards of a

picket vessel, without detection, he soon found himself abreast of the town of Plymouth. The night was very dark and stormy, and having thus cleared the pickets, the launch crossed to the other side of the river opposite the town, and sweeping round, came down upon the "Albemarle" from up the stream. The "ram" was moored near a wharf, and by the light of a large camp fire on the shore Cushing saw a large force of infantry, and also discerned that the "ram" was protected by a boom of pine logs which extended about twenty feet from her. The watch on the "Albemarle" knew nothing of his approach till he was close upon them, when they hailed, "What boat is that?" And were answered, "The 'Albemarle's' boat;" and the same instant the launch struck, "bows on," against the boom of logs, crushing them in about ten feet, and running its bows upon them. She was immediately greeted with a heavy and incessant infantry fire from the shore, while the ports of the "Albemarle" were opened, and a gun trained upon the daring party. Cushing promptly replied with a dose of canister, but the gallant young fellow had enough for one man to manage. He had a line attached to his engineer's leg, to pull in lieu of bell signals; another line to detach the torpedo, and another to explode it; besides this, he managed the boom which was to place the torpedo under the vessel, and fired the howitzer with his own hand. But he coolly placed the torpedo in its place and exploded it. At the same moment he was struck on the right wrist with a musket ball, and a shell from the "Albemarle" went crashing through the launch. The whole affair was but the work of a few minutes. Each man had now to save himself as best he might. Cushing threw off his coat and shoes, and leaping into the water struck out for the opposite shore; but the cries of one of his drowning

men attracting the enemy's fire, he turned down the stream. The water was exceedingly cold, and his heavy clothing rendered it very difficult for him to keep afloat; and after about an hour's swimming he went ashore, and fell exhausted upon the bank. On coming to his senses, he found himself near a sentry and two officers, who were discussing the affair, and heard them say that Cushing was dead. Thinking that he had better increase the distance between the rebels and himself, he managed to shove himself along on his back, by working with his heels against the ground, until he reached a place of concealment.

After dark, he proceeded through the swamp for some distance, lacerating his feet and hands with the briars and oyster shells. He next day met an old negro whom he thought he could trust. The negro was frightened at Cushing's wild appearance, and tremblingly asked who he was. "I am a Yankee," replied Cushing, "and I am one of the men who blew up the 'Albemarle.'" "My golly, massa!" said the negro, "dey kill you if dey catch you; you dead gone sure!" Cushing asked him if he could trust him to go into the town and bring him back the news. The negro assented, and Cushing gave him all the money he had and sent him off. He then climbed up a tree and opened his jack-knife, the only weapon he had, and prepared for any attack which might be made.

After a time the negro came back, and to Cushing's joy, reported the "Albemarle" sunk and the people leaving the town. Cushing then went further down the river, and found a boat on the opposite bank belonging to a picket guard. He once more plunged into the chilly river and detached the boat, but, not daring to get into it, let it drift down the river, keeping himself concealed. At last, thinking he was far

enough away to elude observation, he got into the boat and paddled for eight hours until he reached the squadron. After hailing them, he fell into the bottom of the boat, utterly exhausted by hunger, cold, fatigue, and excitement, to the surprise of the people in the squadron, who were somewhat distrustful of him when he first hailed, thinking him a rebel who was trying some trick.

Nothing, indeed, but an overruling Providence and an iron will ever saved Cushing from death. He saw two of his men drown, who were stronger than he, and said of himself, that when he paddled his little boat, his arms and his will were the only living parts of his organization.

One man of the party returned on the "Valley City," having been picked up after he had travelled across the country and been in the swamps nearly two days.

But one or two were wounded, and the larger part were captured by the rebels, being unable to extricate themselves from their perilous position among the logs of the boom, under the guns of the "ram." The "Albemarle" had one of her bows stove in by the explosion of the torpedo, and sank at her moorings within a few moments, without loss of life to her crew. Her fate opened the river to the Union forces, who quickly occupied Plymouth—the North Carolina sounds were again cleared from rebel craft, and the large fleet of vessels, which had been occupied in watching the iron-clad, were released from that arduous duty. Lieutenant Cushing, to whose intrepidity and skill the country is indebted for these results, was engaged in thirty-five fights during the war, and, exhausted as he was after this gallant exploit, made the journey to his home in western New York, near Dunkirk, to vote, being one of those who believe that ballots are as important as bullets, in the preservation of the national life and liberties.

HARD TO TELL PORK FROM TOMATOES.

WHILE the Brooklyn fourteenth were in Virginia, it was noticed that where they were the enemy's pigs got scared, and that in the promiscuous state of things thereabouts, an accident would sometimes occur by which pig was turned into pork, and then—

"Hallo, my man! where did you get that pork?" called out the major to a soldier staggering along with something wrapped up in his shelter tent, and crimsoning the ground as he passed.

"It isn't pork, sir, it's tomatoes; you don't know, sir, how hard it is to tell pork from tomatoes in this country."

The major, a pleasant hand at a joke himself, was conquered at once, and did not press his inquiries.

A GALLANT TAR.

WILLIAM REID, an old sailor and man-of-war's-man, who was on board the Owasco, was one of the heroes of the fight at Galveston. During the hottest moments of the battle between the Owasco and the rebel batteries, this man received a severe wound while in the act of loading his rifle. His two forefingers on his left hand were shot away, and the surgeon ordered him below; but he refused to go, and, tying his pocket-hankerchief around his fingers, he remained on deck, and did good execution with his rifle. Not more than thirty minutes after, another shot struck him in his right shoulder, and the blood spirted out through his shirt. Master's Mate Arbana then ordered him to go below, and have the surgeon

dress his wounds. The brave old fellow said: "No, sir; as long as there is any fighting to be done, I will stay on deck!"

After the engagement was over, the noble-hearted sailor had his wounds dressed and properly attended to. He remained on board the *Owasco*, and whenever they beat to general quarters, William Reid was at his post ready for orders. He was told one day by the captain to go below, as he was on the sick list, and his place was in the hospital. He was displeased with this remark, and replied: "No, captain, my eyes are good, and I can pull a lock-string as well as any on 'em." The lock-string is a lanyard connected with the cap that fires the gun.

AN EASY CAPTURE.

CAPTAIN WOOD, of the fourth Rhode Island regiment, was sailing around alone, a day or two after the occupancy of Carolina City, N. C., and seeing a suspicious schooner coming down toward the fort, he sailed alongside, and the following colloquy ensued:

"What kept you so long?" queried the captain.

"Well, bad weather, etc., etc.," responded the unsuspecting skipper, adding, "have the Yankees got down this way yet?"

"Oh, no! They're up toward Newbern, I hear."

The captain ingratiated himself, and told them his "nice new clothes" were the uniform of Branch's men (rebels), who now were encamped at Carolina City.

He learned their cargo was salt, etc.: they had a mail, dispatches, money, etc., for Colonel White, and, finally, under pretext of seeing the "general" at the depot, got them to

make fast to the railroad pier. The skipper introduced Mr. ———, who piloted lots of vessels through our blockade, and two other men. The captain chatted, and drew them unsuspectingly into the depot, where, fortunately, General Parke was, and introduced the four to the general.

"Well! I'm blowed if that ain't the smartest Yankee trick yet! Well, I'll have to gin in," was the skipper's ejaculation.



THE ESCAPE OF THE "PLANTER."

A CORRESPONDENT on board the gunboat Onward, on duty in the port of Charleston, gives the following account of this important event:—

"We have been anchored in the ship channel for some days, and have frequently seen a secesh steamer plying in and around the harbor. Well, this morning, about sunrise, I was awakened by the cry of 'All hands to quarters;' and before I could get out, the steward knocked vigorously on my door: 'All hands to quarters, sir! de ram is a coming, sir!' I don't recollect of ever dressing myself any quicker, and got out on deck in a hurry. Sure enough, we could see, through the mist and fog, a great black object moving rapidly, and steadily, right at our port quarter. Notwithstanding '*Merrimacs*,' *Iron Rams*, *Turtles*, and death and destruction in all shapes, were instantly conjured up in the minds of all, yet every man worked with a determination and will that showed too plainly that be it a *Ram*, *Turtle*, or the old boy himself, he would meet with a warm reception. Springs were bent on, and the Onward was rapidly warping around so as to bring her broadside to bear on the steamer,

that was still steadily approaching us; and when the guns were brought to bear some of the men looked up at the Stars and Stripes, and then at the steamer, and muttered: 'You! if you run into us we will go down with colors flying.' Just as No. 3 port gun was being elevated, some one cried out, 'I see something that looks like a white flag;' and sure enough there was something flying on the steamer that would have been *white* by an application of soap and water. As she neared us, we looked in vain for the face of a white man. When they discovered that we did not fire on them, there was a rush of contrabands out on her deck, some dancing, some singing, whistling, jumping, and others stood looking toward Fort Sumter, shaking their fists, and muttering all sorts of maledictions on Fort Sumter and the '*heart of the South*' generally. As the steamer came under the stern of the Onward, a very ancient old darky stepped out of the crowd, and taking off his hat, said, 'Good morning, sir! I'se brought you some of dem old United States guns, sir!—from Fort Sumter, sir!' and all the others around him set up a yell—'Hi! dat's so! yah!' and the antics and capers they cut could only be done by slaves, who, by a bold and successful move had gained their freedom—running a steamer out of a large city—passing the frowning battlements of Castle Pinckney, Forts Moultrie and Sumter. Had such a feat been performed by a white man, Congress would have passed a vote of thanks, and the public would have gone into ecstasies, and feted them. But to continue: As soon as she came up, Captain Nichols went alongside of her, and was joyously received on board. They all flocked around him, and asked eagerly, 'Has you got one of dem old flags, sir?' 'We'd like to see him, sir!' The boat's flag was hauled up, and bent on the halliards of the steamer, amidst

the greatest excitement. The male contrabands again commenced dancing, singing, whistling, and cheering, and in a few moments out came five female contrabands and three children. As soon as the females came out, they commenced shouting—looking up to the old flag, 'Hi! yah! dat's him! dat's de same old fellow! I know'd him! and one rather good-looking one, with a very young child, elevated her baby over her head, and said, 'Just look up dare, honey! it'll do you good, I knows it will;' and she held the infant close to her breast, and cut the 'pigeon wing,' with a vim, across the deck, and then shook her clothes like a hen in a rain-storm, and settled down the happiest looking creature the world ever saw.

"We learned from some of the most intelligent that they had been concocting this thing for three weeks. The leader in it was an old darky, named Robert Small—they call him the 'major.' The major says they would have run two weeks ago, with a large number of rifle-cannon on board, but there was one fellow that they couldn't trust; so they were compelled to postpone it. They have done very well as it is, for they have brought off four long thirty-two-pounders, one one hundred and twenty-eight-pounder rifle cannon, and one small mortar, besides minie rifles, ammunition, derricks, and a lot of apparatus used for planting heavy guns in battery. One of the men has been on her for some time, in the capacity of an engineer, and another as pilot. The whole number on her is sixteen, *viz.*: eight men, five women, and three children.

"The old 'major' said he thought he'd try it, any way; for if he staid there he'd get killed, and he couldn't more than get killed in making the attempt, and wound up by saying, 'I tells you what it is, sar! I was born under de old flag,

and I'se gitting old, and I jist feel as though I'd like to d..s under it, and all we wants of you, gentlemen, is to let us live under de old flag—give us a little to start on, and we will earn our own living. We ain't no poor, lazy niggers.' The steamer is now on her way to Augusta, the flag-ship on this station, and as she passes by the different vessels, the crews man the rigging, and it would do your heart good to hear the hearty and prolonged cheers that greet her as she is passing through the fleet. I have forgotten to tell you that the steamer is the 'Planter.' She is armed with the thirty-twos and a howitzer, and is the same one we have seen so often. The other guns and apparatus were put on board the day before, to be transported to a new battery they are building."

THIRTY TREMENDOUS MINUTES.

THE bombardment of Fort Sumter, by the iron-clads under Admiral Dupont, was equally magnificent and terrible. Unfortunately, the *Ironsides* got disabled by the current at a most critical hour. In this plight, however, it only remained for Admiral Dupont to signal to the fleet to disregard the movements of the flagship. This he did, and the ships then assumed such positions as were available and they could gain, the whole number being at the mouth of the harbor, between Cumming's Point and Sullivan's Island, and opposite the northeast and eastern face of Fort Sumter, at distances of from six hundred to a thousand yards. While the manœuvres of the admiral were thus going on, the enemy was not inactive. The powerful work on Cumming's Point, named Battery B, opened; the long range rifle ordnance of Fort

Beauregard joined in; Moultrie hurled its heavy metal, the fifty guns lining the Redan swelled the fire; and the tremendous armament of Sumter vomited forth its fiery hail.

There now ensued a period of not more than thirty minutes, which formed the climax and white heat of the fight; for though, from the time when the fire was opening on the head of the approaching line, to the time when the retiring fleet passed out of the enemy's range, there was an interval of two hours and a half, yet the essence of the fight was shut up in those *thirty tremendous minutes*.

The best resources of the descriptive art, are feeble to paint so terrific and awful a reality. Such a fire, or any thing even approaching it, was simply never seen before. The mailed ships were in the focus of a concentric fire of those five powerful works, from which they were removed only some five to eight hundred yards, and which in all could not have mounted less than three hundred guns, *viz.*: the finest and largest guns from the spoils of the Norfolk navy-yard, the splendid and heavy ten and eleven-inch guns, cast at the Tredegar works, and the most approved English rifled guns, Whitworth, and others, of the largest calibre made. There was something almost pathetic in the spectacle of those little floating circular towers, exposed to the crushing weight of those tons of metal, hurled against them with the terrific force of modern projectiles, and with such charges of powder as were never before dreamed of in artillery firing. During the climax of the fire a hundred and sixty shots were counted in a single minute, and the shot struck the iron-clads as fast as the ticking of a watch.

It was less of the character of an ordinary artillery duel, and more of the proportions of a war of the Titans in the elder mythologies.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

ON the 10th of April, 1862, a month after the great naval fight in Hampton Roads, there was a grand reception in New York of the surviving heroes of the Congress and the Cumberland.

In the course of the evening Mr. Willard, one of the sailors on the Congress, gave, in his vigorous way, an account of the action, as follows:—

“Gentlemen and ladies: I am not acquainted with this kind of speaking. I am not used to it. I have been too long in a man-of-war. I enlisted in a man-of-war when I was thirteen years of age. I am now forty. I have been in one ever since. We had been a long time in the Congress, waiting for the Merrimac, with the Cumberland. I claim a timber-head in both ships. I belonged to the Cumberland in the destroying of the navy yard and the ships at Norfolk. On the 8th of March, when the Merrimac came out, we were as tickled as a boy would be with his father coming home with a new kite for him. [Loud laughter and applause.] She fired a gun at us. It went clean through the ship, and killed nobody. The next one was a shell. It came in at a port-hole, killed six men, and exploded and killed nine more. The next one killed ten. Then she went down to the Cumberland. She had an old grudge against her, and she took her hog-fashion, as I should say. [Great laughter.] The Cumberland fought her as long as she could. She fired her spar-deck guns at her after her gun-deck was under water, but the shot had no more effect than peas. She sunk the Cumberland in about seven fathoms of water. You know what a fathom is—six feet. We lay in nine fathoms; and it would not do to sink in that. We slipped our cable, and

ran into shallower water to get our broadside on the *Merri-mac*, but we got her bows on. That gave them a chance to rake us as they did. The commander opened a little port-hole and said: 'Smith, will you surrender the ship?' Says he, 'No, not as long as I have got a gun, or a man to man it.' They fired a broadside. The men moved the dead bodies away, and manned the guns again. They fired another broadside, and dismounted both the guns, and killed the crews. When they first went by us, they set us afire by a shell exploding near the magazine. I know where the magazine is—you folks don't. Last broadside she killed our commander, Mr. Smith, our sailing-master, and the pilot. We had no chance at all. We were on the spar-deck—most of us—the other steamers firing at us, and we dodging the shot. No chance to dodge down below, because you could not see the shot till they were inside of the ship. We had no chance, and we surrendered. The rebel officers—we knowed 'em all—all old playmates, shipmates—came home in the *German-town* with them—all old playmates, but rascals now. She left us, and she went toward Norfolk to get out of the way. She returned in the morning to have what I'd call a 'fandango' with the *Minnesota*; and the first thing she knowed, the little bumble-bee, the *Monitor*, was there, and she went back. I have no more to say, people; but there is the flag that the fathers of our country left us, and, by the powers of God above us, we'll—"

The brave soldier's closing sentence was broken off by long and repeated cheers from the audience.

A SHELL ON BOARD SHIP.

A SHELL from a rifled cannon must be a very nice visitor to "drop in" to a small party, if we may judge from the exploits of one which struck the United States steamer Massachusetts, off Ship island, and which a writer who was on board describes as follows:—

"During the action I think we hit her, the Florida, four times, and I know she hit us once with a sixty-eight pound rifle shell (that is the way we got the exact size of her rifled gun). The shell entered on our starboard quarter, just above the iron part of the hull; it came through the side, angling aft (as we were a little abaft her beam when it struck us), and took the deck in the passage way between two state-rooms, and completely cut off eighteen of the deck planks, and then struck a beam, which canted it up a little, so that it took the steam-heating pipes under our dining-table, cutting off five of them, and tearing our dining-table all to pieces—then went through the state-room, bulkhead, and ceiling of the ship on the opposite side, and struck one of the outside timbers, and broke every plank abreast of it short off, from the spar to the gun deck: it then fell down on to the cabin deck and exploded, knocking four state-rooms into one, breaking all the glass and crockery ware, shattering the cabin very badly, breaking up the furniture, and setting fire to the ship; but we had three streams of water upon the fire at very short notice, and put it out before it did any damage—keeping up our chase as though nothing had happened."

A letter from the surgeon of the Massachusetts, Dr. John H. Mackie, gives information that he was the only person wounded by this destructive visitor. He was struck by a splinter on the shin.

AT PORT ROYAL.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea ;
The night-wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outslide,
Our good boats forward swing ;
And while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing,

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song—
The gold that kindly Nature sifts
Among his sands of wrong ;—

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home-comforts please ;
The quaint relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the West with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate ;
The rout runs mad and fast ;
From hand to hand, from gate to gate.
The flaming brand is passed.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles ;
Not theirs the terror, hate, and loss
That fire yon blazing piles.

With oar-strokes timing to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days ;—

The triumph-note that Miriam sung,
The joy of uncaged birds :
Softening with Afric's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

SONG OF THE NEGRO BOATMAN.

O, praise an' tanks ! De Lord he come
To set de people free ;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.
De Lord, dat heap de Red Sea waves,
He jus' as 'trong as den ;
He say de word : we las' night slaves
To-day de Lord's free men !
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice and corn ;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn !

Ole massa on he trabbles gone ;
He leaf de land behind :
De Lord's breff blow him funder on,
Like corn shuk in de wind.
We own de hoe, we own de plough,
We own de hands dat hold ;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But neber chile be sold.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn ;
O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
De driver blow his horn !

We pray de Lord ; he gib us signs
 Dat some day we be free ;
 De norf wind tell it to de pines,
 De wild-duck to de sea ;
 We tink it when de church-bell ring,
 We dream it in de dream ;
 De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
 De eagle when he scream.
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 We'll hab de rice an' corn ;
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
 De driver blow his horn !

We know his promise nebber fail,
 An' nebber lie de word :
 So, like de 'postles in de jail,
 We waited for de Lord ;
 An' now he open ebery door,
 An' trow away de key ;
 He tink we lub him so before,
 We lub him better free.
 De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
 He'll gib de rice an' corn
 O nebber you fear, if nebber you hear
 De driver blow his horn !

So sing our dusky gondoliers ;
 And with a secret pain,
 And smiles that seem akin to tears
 We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust
 Nor yet his hope deny ;
 We only know that God is just,
 And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song ; each swarthy face,
Flame-lighted, ruder still ;
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill ;—

That laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed ;
And close as sin and suffering joined,
We march to fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts ! your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or bloom,—
The vala-song of Liberty,
Or death-rune of our doom !



“DEM ROTTEN SHELL.”

AN officer in the Mississippi fleet is authority for the following :—After the battle and capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the fleet were lying at Cairo. The prisoners were passing the fleet, and among them there was a contraband, an old servant of one of the officers. In passing the “Essex” he shook his head, and remarked, “I doesn’t like dat one-pipe boat, for when she cum along and throwed dem rotten shell ob hers we couldn’t stan’ it no longer ; den massa run, and after dat I leff, too !” Just previous to the battle I had filled my shells with an incendiary matter of my own invention, which had not the most agreeable *smell*, and hence the old darkey’s remark. I used the same shell in my attack and destruction of the Arkansas.

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THE HISTORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE.

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☛ When SECRETARY SEWARD was before the Judiciary Committee, May 16th, 1867, in answer to Mr. Eldridge's question, "Do you know LAFAYETTE C. BAKER?" he said, "Yes sir, very well; he is GENERAL BAKER, the DETECTIVE. I perhaps owe it to Mr. Baker to say that I have always thought him to be a PATRIOTIC, LOYAL, EARNEST, AND ZEALOUS MAN. I had him in the detective service and always thought well of him and believe him to be TRUTHFUL."

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